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MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. INCHBALD:

INCLUDING HER

FAMILIAR CORRESPONDENCE

WITH

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PERSONS OF HER TIME.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

THE MASSACRE,

AND

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE;

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM HER AUTOGRAPH COPIES.

EDITED BY

JAMES BOADEN, ESQ.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
(SUCCESSOR TO HENRY COLBURN.)
1833.

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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. INCHBALD.

CHAPTER I.

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THE time seemed to be come for the production of her second novel, 'Nature and Art.' Previously to entering as to terms with her book-

seller, and the sequent labours of the press, she accepted of a *gaudy* day or two at the Priory; and on Saturday, the 2nd of January, 1796, left Leicester Square for the Marquis of Abercorn's at Stanmore. She found there Lord and Lady George Seymour, Mr. Copley, Mr. Hamilton, (the artists,) Mrs. Kemble, and her musical niece, Miss Sharp. On Sunday the Marchioness went to church; Mrs. Inchbald stayed at home, employed upon her novel. If curiosity should be at all tempted to inquire how a party so distinguished got through the day, we are fortunately in a condition to gratify them. A little more *gold leaf* was really all the difference between them and their humblest neighbours. After dinner they conversed on *religion* and *politics,* and after supper they played at *Crambo.* Now though we are clear that Mrs. Inchbald was not born under a *rhyming* planet, yet there is no reason to question her perfect equality with her noble and well-bred compeers; and perhaps sometimes the pleasant Italian poet might have exclaimed—

> "Mirate la *dottrina* che s' asconde
> Sotto 'l velame di quei *versi strani.*"

She passed *Good Friday* at the same elegant retirement—the Kembles were both there, and Dr. Howley, (the present Archbishop of Canterbury,) then a young divine, called upon the Marquis, and displayed his powers of mind to their

great delight. She looks upon Sundays and holidays as at her disposal; but as early as seven o'clock on the following morning is always on her way home, to resume her daily toil. She practised the counsel of her favourite Imogen:

> "Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
> Is breach of all."

It was on the 11th of January that her steady friend Robinson bought her second novel. He gave her one hundred and fifty pounds for the work, and she does not seem to have considered her commodity as undervalued. Two volumes in twelves, that, at trade price, could not well yield the publisher four shillings per copy, required more than one impression to bring him any profit upon the outlay. To be sure this branch of literature was then greatly underrated; and this would be felt by none so sensibly as the *dramatic* writer; to whom, a lucky farce, (a fortnight's labour perhaps,) by the humour of the times, or the rage for some favourite actor or actress, would produce considerably more than a long-meditated work, the epitome of the author's whole intellect; which yielded him but a trifle, and could never be repeated. We have spoken freely of 'Nature and Art' when illustrating the letters of her friend Hardinge. It enabled her to invest £88. 15*s.* in the Long Annuities, which added five pounds to her yearly income. She had a little before this,

by converting her stock into annuities, realised one hundred pounds.

A second edition was called for, and she began to prepare for it in May, so that the first had gone off in about six months. Neither Holcroft nor Charles Moore, the doctor's youngest son, were much pleased with 'Nature and Art.' Mr. Twiss, and Mr. Whitfield, Mrs. Mattocks, and her sister Dolly, however, wrote very favorable critiques upon it, and she received a variety of complimentary calls and letters. She now seriously resumed her important object, a five-act comedy. This was entitled 'Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are.' She had written it with extreme care as to the brilliancy and point of the dialogue; and as to some improbabilities in the structure and progress of the fable, though she had felt them all, she yet thought them within the modern limits of critical indulgence. Indeed she saw, for the most part of her experience, that the *manner* was nearly every thing; and if you could but hit upon the *right* mode, the objectionable in the abstract would pass upon the stage as it does in real life. In October she offered her comedy to Mr. Harris, who returned it to her. But in December Mr. Wroughton called upon her with proposals to receive it at Drury-Lane. The truth was, that the friendly trio of dramatists, Reynolds, Holman, and Morton, were now in possession of the Covent-Garden stage, with 'Fortune's Fool,'

'Abroad and at Home,' and 'A Cure for the Heart-Ache,' and really threatened a monopoly; which they did not endanger by the wilful omission of a character for Lewis. "But with the year, seasons return," as the sublimest of poets has said; and in the year following we shall find the comedy of Mrs. Inchbald acted at Harris's theatre.

Wroughton was now acting manager of Drury-Lane theatre. Kemble had resigned the situation on account of the irregularities in the house, and indeed there was an interest perpetually thwarting him even in the principle of his management. They would have been glad to detach such a writer as Mrs. Inchbald from Covent-Garden, where a succession of simple coat-and-waistcoat plays, running their one-and-twenty nights to full houses, rendered almost ridiculous the sturdy persistance of the other theatre in more regular, costly and classical exhibitions.

Her health this year does not appear quite so good as usual. She is a good deal troubled with a scorbutic complaint. Her sister Dolly too seems to have required medical aid, and Mrs. Inchbald took her to Dr. Warren on the 7th April. He prescribed, and his fair friend writes on returning home, "I admired him more than ever." We shall not be surprised to find that she again called upon him in May, and on the subject of her *sister* had much conversation with the good

doctor. In August, Warren being in the country, she sent for Dr. Pearson, and we suppose, by his permission, took "Ward's white drop herself."

Her sister-in-law Simpson naturally excited much of her attention from the loss of her husband; and to render things worse, her son's military conduct had excited the marked displeasure of his colonel. Upon this subject she very feelingly gave his poor mother accurate intelligence. Her niece, Nancy Hunt, this year married a Mr. Jarrett, which gave her a new connexion in life. Her most respected friend, Sir Thomas Gage, however, died in March: he had greatly distinguished her for a series of years. In August Mrs. Wells was again lodged in Newgate, at which she could express no surprise: from no doubt a variety of causes, the crowd of visitors seems greatly on the increase. Dr. Parr is at the head of the learned, whom, with his two daughters, she formerly met at her friend Mr. Godwin's.

Her publisher, Robinson, with great gallantry escorted her to different scenes of amusement; in July, with a large party, to see the Tower of London, and then dine at Greenwich. In August he took her in a chaise to Warley Camp: they dined at Brentwood, and at nine in the evening returned to town. On the 2nd of September she accompanied him to Whitehall, where they embarked to visit the Oxford East Indiaman.

Miss Alderson, on the 17th of April, accom-

panied her to Westminster, to hear a sermon from the Bishop of Rochester, Horsley. Her reading this year consisted of the current works of the day;—'Mr. Burke and his answerers, Miles and Thelwall;' 'Godwin's Political Justice,' and 'Edward Gibbon's Life.'

The green-room of the theatre this year introduced to her speaking acquaintance Lord Miltown, who highly complimented her person, youth, and talents. Lord Mountnorris might, perhaps, omit the *youth*, or commute it for youthful *appearance*. She resided through the year in Leicester Square, and her landlord's daughter, Louisa, waited upon her until the rudeness of her aunt, Mr. Shakespear's sister, induced her to decline any further attendance from the niece. However, the good woman had some excuse for bad temper; her brother's debts were become extremely oppressive, and Mrs. Inchbald anticipated some not very distant claim by him upon her kindness.

This was verified in the beginning of the year 1797, when he borrowed ten pounds, and explained his situation to her. Nor did the death of his uncle, which she saw announced in the papers, relieve him to any extent. She speaks of his will as having greatly afflicted his nephew and nieces. In September Mrs. Wells, perhaps very competent authority, told Mrs. Inchbald that her landlord was in the Fleet Prison. His daughter, Louisa, had been permitted to resume her atten-

dance upon their considerate lodger; who, after some unpleasant detections, was compelled to part from her for *ever*, as at least she writes.

The year 1797 opened favorably, in a dramatic point of view, to Mrs. Inchbald. The overtures from both theatres were renewed for her comedy. Harris, however, had the preference in this competition. He was not given to *lose* the pieces entrusted to him, and he *paid* for them liberally and at sight. Mr. Harris would have thought himself *disgraced* by such conduct as the present times seem to consider fashionable. Though Morton's 'Cure for the Heart-Ache' had met with prodigious success on its first appearance in January, the wary manager had no sooner seen the triumphant arrival of one vessel in the port of safety, than he turned himself to another under a different commander; and on the 25th of that month Mrs. Inchbald read her play of 'Wives as they Were,' &c. in the green-room of Covent-Garden theatre. Some remarks that were then made upon it greatly offended her. However, Mr. Harris's written agreement arriving on the 28th, the play was read again on the 31st. But she had seen something rather unwelcome in the business, and accordingly, with the full power of an author, on the 9th of February she reclaimed her comedy, called back the parts from the performers, and refused to rehearse it on the day following. We cannot be surprised that Mr. Harris should

now be offended in his turn: however, he knew his fair friend's attachment to the *essential* on such occasions, completed the purchase of the comedy on the 15th, and from that day till its performance on the 4th of March she most commonly attended the rehearsals. She, however, was not in the house on its first performance; but was relieved, soon after the curtain fell, by congratulatory visits from her affectionate Mrs. Phillips, Sir Charles Bunbury, and many others, on its great success. The next day she says, that she found the piece had many faults, and cut it where it hung in the effect. On the 6th she saw it, and was not pleased; on the next day, however, Mr. Harris called, and seemed not to have given up his hopes from the play. On the 9th it was performed to a good house, and went off *well*. On the 13th she saw it again, in company with Mrs. Siddons and her family, Mr. Cam and Mr. Lawrence. That gentleman wrote a short but very pleasant letter to her on this occasion, which we were glad to find among her papers.

"Greek Street.

"My dear Madam,

"Can you, in this hour of triumph, listen to so humble a request as that of an order for the play?—I am growing economical; and, as I understand there is a gentleman in this new

piece,[1] whose system of economy agrees very much with my new thoughts upon the subject, I am unwilling to lose the benefit of the lesson.

"You must think I am serious when even my mode of taking it is in the true spirit of the science. Dear Madam, ever yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

On the 16th she began to prepare it for the press; and on the 28th of April was surprised to find that it had gone through three editions. In May it was commanded by their Majesties; and she herself, with her sister and Miss Pearce, enjoyed their gracious applause from the boxes.

Of the profits from this comedy she, at three several purchases, invested £427. 10*s*., for which she got thirty pounds per annum in the Long Annuities. She this year felt something of the pain, which riches occasionally give.—The funds were reported to be in a very unfavorable condition, and the Bank, it was asserted, must shortly break. But though, on such occasions, it was her practice rather to increase the famous basket of guineas in her room, she was not weak enough to run with her property to any foreign security for greater safety.

The reader will, if he be humane, have painfully remembered the expression given by Mrs.

[1] 'Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are.'

Inchbald to her state of mind on the subject of religion from time to time. On the 21st of May this year she met, at her niece Mrs. Jarrett's, a Protestant divine, of the name of Wheeler; and she appears to have entered upon the great subject with him, and to have expressed without disguise the doubts which she entertained, as opening the way, if he chose it, to any deliberated communication by letter, after he had reflected upon them. That gentleman accordingly on the 23rd addressed a letter to her, which she thus notices:—"Received a book and an elegant letter from Mr. Wheeler." The letter we transcribe with pleasure.

"May 23rd, 1797.

"MADAM,

"I have availed myself of the permission which you were so kind as to grant me of sending you a book on the subject of the Christian religion. I hope it will contribute to remove your doubts, and to *blow* to a lively *flame* of animated conviction the *sparks* which I seemed to trace, in your conversation and your looks, of something very different from a settled state of confirmed incredulity. It is short;—and therefore I have the satisfaction to think that, should it not have the desired effect of carrying conviction to your mind, it will not fatigue you by its length. I could indeed have wished to present you with something more embellished with the charms of ele-

gant diction, and therefore more congenial with the delicacy of your taste; but not having at present a work of that description in my possession, (at least in the English language) on the important subject in question, I thought I could not do better than send you such an one as, without being offensive to your feelings by the coarseness and barbarism of its style, might afford to the perspicacity and solidity of your judgment the advantage of clear and forcible argumentation. The sincerity and candour with which so obligingly you exposed to me your sentiments, or, to speak more accurately, your doubts on the subject of Christianity when I had the satisfaction of meeting you last Sunday, and the amiable and engaging manner which accompanied the exposition, have certainly made no small impression upon my mind. To the sense of duty with which, as a minister of the Gospel, I hope to be always penetrated in whatever regards the promotion of the cause of religion, they have added that warm interest which such circumstances are calculated to inspire. I have only to say, that no feeble endeavours shall be wanting on my part to give you every satisfaction in my power; and that it is my sincere wish and most ardent prayer, that the Supreme Ruler of minds and hearts may graciously reward the diligence of your inquiries with success proportionate to the magnitude and importance of the object of pursuit.

" I have the honour to remain, with unfeigned respect and esteem, Madam, your very humble servant, " J. WHEELER."

" To Mrs. Inchbald, Leicester Square."

The book thus transmitted was a translation of Grotius's tract on the Truth of the Christian Religion. On the reasonings of Grotius she wrote remarks, which she with care transcribed, and sent in a letter to her reverend friend, which was completed in July. We do not find among her papers any further communication from him; nor are we at all aware of the impression made by the perusal of the Treatise. Her thoughts were no doubt deeply turned to the subject, and in the month of June she might call with sincerity upon its consolations on account of the unexpected death of her beloved Dr. Warren. Great indeed was the impression which he had made on her mind; she repeats in her diary for many days—" Thought of Dr. Warren;" " Talked of Dr. Warren's death." On the 28th of that month her sister Dolly dined with her, and we find her record that they talked on death, and she read the burial service. This partiality of hers, mingled as it might be in its causes, settled in a steady regret for the loss of his talents and his virtues; and these sentiments, when propriety allowed her to do so, she addressed to Mrs. Warren, his widow, in the following lines, perhaps the best she has written:—

LINES BY MRS. INCHBALD TO MRS. WARREN, ON THE LOSS OF HER HUSBAND, RICHARD WARREN, M.D.

Death is the doom of man—yet must we grieve
That one of wisdom sure, of high renown,
Of skill the pangs of others to relieve,
So soon should fall a victim to his own.

Yet must we worth lament which all would prize,
If all had known; and chant the prouder claim
To talents, of such excellence, and size,
That envy, shrunk, and dared not to defame.

Nor stop we here, nor be his praise confined
To depth of science, or superior art:
No—the strong spring of his sagacious mind
Was ruled and temper'd by a feeling heart.

Hence doth his fame (though much to that be due)
Not on his health-restoring skill depend,
The splendid actor shone in every view,
As husband, father, relative, and friend.

Mrs. Pope, the actress, died also this year: and though no very particular intimacy existed between them, she was much lamented by Mrs. Inchbald. Her aunt Haslandine died towards the end of the year, and also Mr. Frank Hunt, her cousin's husband. The death of Mrs. Godwin (formerly Imlay), which happened in the month of September, she thus alludes to in a letter to Mrs. Phillips:

"She was attended by a woman, whether from partiality or economy I can't tell—but from no affected prudery I am sure. She had a very bad time, and they at last sent for an intimate acquaintance of *his*, Mr. Carlisle, a man of talents. He delivered her; she thanked him, and told him

he had saved her life: he left her for two hours —returned, and pronounced she must die. Still she languished three or four days. This is the account I have heard, but not from *him*;[1] he has written to me several times since; but they are more like distracted lines than any thing rational."

An interruption of friendly intercourse seems to have originated from this unhappy occurrence. Mr. Godwin appears to have been goaded into as much severity as could come from *him;* and subsequently to have striven, but in a manly way, to renew the intimacy. In the year 1799, we shall resume the subject.

Perhaps no one year of her life ever produced a greater number of annoyances. Her sister Dolly had quitted the Staple-Inn Coffee-house, which indeed was for sale, and gone down into Suffolk. Mrs. Inchbald became uneasy about her, and in June wrote to say explicitly what it was in her power to allow her. But her health was now attacked so seriously that her life was considered in danger, and, after having recovered sufficiently to write with her own hand to her benevolent sister, she suffered a relapse; however, better accounts succeeded. About the same time her niece Mrs. Jarrett was brought to bed of a girl, after a labour so distressing, that her life was

[1] Mr. Godwin.

despaired of, and she passed a good deal of her time with her sister Hunt, Mrs. Jarrett's mother. However, her niece was soon sufficiently recovered to receive a lying-in visit from her aunt. Nor must we forget her poor humble friend Davis, who had suffered many distresses, and sickness among them. She was no sooner informed of his condition by Mrs. Grist, than she sent him some wine and a guinea. Her friend Mr. Whitfield owed his engagement at Covent-Garden this year entirely to her exertions.

The reader will not have forgotten the little altercation between the manager and Mrs. Inchbald at the rehearsal of 'Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are.' Managers seldom really excuse such interferences with their arrangements. On this subject it is probable that there might pass what she calls an *insult* to her in the green-room by Mr. Harris, before Mrs. Mattocks. This, oddly enough, in April he followed by a kind of *love-letter*, to which on the day following he sent for an answer. The sort of answer he would get may be easily imagined; and Harris explained himself out of his dilemma with the address of an experienced general.

TO MRS. INCHBALD.

"I came into the Square to-day, meaning to protest against the *insult* with which I am charged; but I durst not trust my feelings, and passed your door. I wish you knew my whole heart! but it

has sensations that are too keen, and is obliged to take refuge in stubborn *silence*, or reasoning, or (if you will) *compelling* itself to APATHY. 'Intentional insult?'—No: not to you.

"Shall I take places for the new opera at D. L. on Saturday? Will you go? T. H."

But the circumstance gave her uneasiness at the time and after it. As to her health amidst these calls upon her feelings, it was, for the most part, good, except a slight nervous affection in her head, which, however, Dr. Gisborne assured her was of no moment. In May, too she was in some "fear lest her *beauty* should be impaired from the consequences of breaking one of her *teeth*;" and she adds, querulously enough—"Much hurt, that Ruspini would do so little for my broken tooth."

But all these disasters did not make her forget to keep up the equipoise of life, by taking its amusements as they offered themselves to her acceptance. She this year greatly augmented the list of her acquaintances. On the 1st of February Mr. Prince Hoare was introduced to her in the green-room; and on Sunday the 19th at Mr. Twiss's supper she met Mrs. Damer, Lord Derby, &c. &c. She probably could hardly repress a smile, when she thought of her friend Twiss's old heresy as to Miss Farren's acting: but as Kemble with good-humoured dryness used to observe on such occurrences: "Why, one *does* change one's

opinion about acting: Este once did not like ME." Kemble himself was desirous to see her at his table, when he had visitors of distinction, and on the 17th of March she met, at tea and supper, Mrs. Damer again, and Sir William and Lady Milner. As she had a bad cough upon her, Lady Milner the next day wrote a note to her, which contained a prescription; we hope from the kindness it was effective. On the 24th of April, Mrs. Fitzherbert came in her carriage to the door, but the object of her calling upon Mrs. Inchbald is not mentioned: she was not acquainted with her. Lawrence, the painter, she constantly met on her Sunday visits to the Twiss's, and he frequently walked home with her. She sat to him again in July for her picture. Moore, in September, told him of that great artist's love for Maria Siddons. One grand ball this year at Miss Wallis's she was at, and staid till four in the morning, and on the 11th of May she took Miss Fanny Phillips to the Presence-chamber, to see the company go to court: she there saw many persons whom she knew, and talked some time with that amiable nobleman, the Duke of Leeds, the "*friend* of genius."

Her sister-in-law, Simpson, married again this year.

CHAPTER II.

The year 1798 commences with illness—Her family losses—June brings her a German play to model—'The Child of Love'—Her production of 'Lovers Vows'—The Kemble family—Maria Siddons—Mr. Twiss—Year 1799 Kotzebue sends his MS. 'Writing Desk' to Harris, who brings it to Mrs. Inchbald—She proposes terms for her 'Wise Man of the East'—Fashionable parties—Curran—Godwin, his letter, and the reply to it—Letter to Mrs. Phillips—Mr. Shakespear—More Prizes in the Lottery—General Martin's death, her account of him—Sir Charles Bunbury—A letter from him—Her bounties.

THE year 1798 commenced with illness. Mrs. Inchbald had a severe cold upon her in January, and in the month following she had an alarming *fever*, which obliged her friend Mr. Phillips to see her twice a day. On the 25th she found herself much better, and, in the language of her hasty record, which we prefer greatly to the modern jargon,—"In the evening prayed, cried, and felt purely." Let no one disdain the sensibility who could *not* write 'The Simple Story:' the few who *could*, will see all that it implies. Similar bad health, we find, attended several of her rela-

tions this year. Her sister Dolly recovered by great care; but their cousin, Mrs. Hunt, died in the month of June. Mr. Bigsby wrote to her to lament the sad condition of his wife: she, however, at last got better, and he himself was the sudden victim in November.

All these occurrences made terrible inroads upon her studies. However, she carried on the 'Memoirs of her Life,' which Robinson would have purchased for an annuity had she chosen absolutely to sell; and she worked with care and caution at a five-act comedy, her grandest card in the deal, when it fell to her turn. In the month of June Mr. Harris brought her a translation, made by a German, of Kotzebue's 'Child of Love,' and desired her to fit it to the English stage; which Mrs. Inchbald felt to be a task of so much difficulty, that she was often on the point of abruptly closing her labour. She at length surmounted all difficulties, and happily, in her 'Lovers Vows,' produced a play so purified, that no English reader has ever for a moment endured the rival publication of Miss Plumptre. The version used by Mrs. Inchbald was in bad English and German idioms; added to which, we should remember, much feeling so outrageously *tudesque*, that the purest diction would never have passed it upon English critics. At this distance from the performance, it would be inexcusable to go deeply into the subject for proofs of all this; and Mrs. Inchbald's

own concise declaration may be safely taken. With the exception of a few common-place sentences only, she has totally altered the characters of Count Cassel, Amelia, and Verdun the butler. The Baron (Wildenheim) is changed in the most important point—his behaviour towards his son as a *robber;* and the audience are thus carefully prepared for the grand effect which closes the fourth act. Among minor points, (if it be a *minor* one,) she has rendered the fondness of Amelia more delicate. There is no reserve at all in *German passion:* to use the classical reference to the state of the Romans under Trajan, and their mental liberty—

"It *feels* at will, and what it feels *declares.*"

The conduct of the English lady allows of no *license,* but that which conducts her to the altar. A wretched and vulgar fame was, a few years back, achieved by a few women (very few) of high rank among us, who "gave their worst of thoughts the worst of words;" but this "cat-a-mountain" phraseology gave real disgust to the laughing loungers who heard and reported it—and this impudent swagger has now sunk into a disgrace from which may it never again arise!

In three months 'Lovers Vows' was completed, by close application; and during the first week of October, its anxious author attended the rehearsals regularly. On the 11th it was per-

formed for the first time, and received with unbounded applause. Mrs. Inchbald was herself in the house, and gratified in the fullest extent. For several days her *knocker* was the most frequented of any in the Square; and on the 24th she was again in the theatre, when her play was honoured by a Royal command. Mr. Harris, this year, once asked her to meet his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, we suppose at dinner; but she probably declined it, as we find no account of such an interview.

Harris seems now to have adopted the less liberal style of paying for an altered play differently from an original one. Alas! what strictly *can* be original? He desired her "to make a demand for her *trouble*:" but, after some chaffering, he unconditionally put the MS. into her hands, which she sold to Robinson, who paid for it immediately, and it was published on the 28th of December. She got £150 from her bookseller, who, at the same time, issued a fourth edition of her 'Simple Story.' Thus she filled no small space in the public eye.

The Kemble family, in 1798, occupied a good deal of her thoughts. Mr. Siddons informed her that he had wholly disengaged Mrs. Siddons from Drury-lane theatre, and she immediately communicated the information to Mr. Harris. To her great surprise, when he called upon her two or three days afterwards, she found him very *cool*

upon the subject. She had felt a good deal of interest as to the very lovely daughters of that family, and had entered (as who did not?) into the question as to Mr. Lawrence's attentions there; it was with much grief, therefore, that she learned the death of Maria Siddons on the 7th of October. Her early and most valued friend, Mr. Twiss, this year experienced some check to his commercial prosperity; and found, in consequence, that it would shortly become necessary to retire into the country, to abridge the expenses which a town life had drawn him into, with his liberal habits and splendid connexions.

'Lovers Vows,' however paid by the manager, put her in a condition to make her usual presents upon every new success. Her relations had their ten and five-pound notes; and the two Mrs. Shakespears, where she lodged, her landlord's sisters, had their *presents*, instead of *lovers' vows*, which were no longer expected. Mrs. Inchbald's rent was something raised this year. Her two interesting friends, Miss Alderson and Miss Wallis, received bridal visits from her, on the one marrying Mr. Opie the painter, and the other lady becoming Mrs. Campbell.

The year 1799 opened upon her in the way most welcome to her habits—full employment. Kotzebue had himself transmitted to Mr. Harris his play called 'The Writing Desk, or Youth in

Danger;' and Mrs. Inchbald was applied to by the manager to make an English play of the German comedy. In February she began her task, and completed it on the 6th of August; Mr. Harris having previously agreed that the copyright should be wholly hers, in remuneration of her labours. Upon a fair copy being made, Mr. Harris desired her to state her terms for the purchase of the manuscript. As we are anxious to obtain for *living* authors something equivalent to their labours, we lay with pleasure before them Mrs. Inchbald's proposals to Mr. Harris, for the translating and *adapting* of what she named 'The Wise Man of the East.'

LETTER FROM MRS. INCHBALD TO MR. HARRIS.

"Leicester Square, August 29, 1799.

"SIR,

"According to your desire I send you the terms, as fairly as my calculation can make them, on which it will be worth my while to hazard the success of the German play I have been altering; and if there should be any thing in my demand which does not meet with your perfect concurrence, I will most willingly submit to the arbitration of any two persons you and I shall appoint, and suffer that our agreement be regulated by their judgment.

"I ask one hundred pounds on the third, one hundred on the sixth, and one hundred on the

ninth night of the representation of the play; making in the whole three hundred pounds. For every night it is played after, during twenty-one nights, which will exactly include the thirtieth, I ask twenty pounds a night.

"This will make my demand on the theatre three hundred pounds for the first nine nights, five hundred and twenty on the twentieth night's performance, and seven hundred and twenty pounds should the play be so fortunate as to run thirty nights.

"For the above proposals I reserve to myself the sale of my own altered manuscript; but which manuscript, whatever good success may attend the play, you may purchase of me, at any time previous to the third night, for two hundred pounds; which is the sum I received for 'Lovers Vows,' at the late date of the twenty-third night, when it was first published, and had many original manuscripts published six weeks prior to it to injure its value.

"I beg leave to mention that this play has given me equal trouble of invention that any one wholly my own ever did; and that I have gained more by one of my own on the twentieth night, than I could now gain upon the thirtieth; and that the original manuscript will be saleable in proportion to the success of mine, and no doubt will repay the demands of the original author.

"Please to add your approbation (if you should

approve of these terms) on the next page of this paper, and return it to me.

"Your most humble servant,

"E. INCHBALD."

There was another scheme sent, which amounted to something more; but Mr. Harris wholly rejected these terms, and on the 9th of September made her a decisive offer of five hundred pounds, which she was too wise to refuse, and the bargain was completed satisfactorily by the intervention of Lewis; who in this, and every other function of a stage-manager, was the most truly genteel and amiable person that was ever in that difficult situation. On the 17th of September the manuscript was delivered to Mr. Harris; and on the same day she wrote the following letter to Mrs. Phillips:—

"Leicester Square, Tuesday, Sept. 17, 1799.

"MY DEAR MRS. P.,

"I once more date from home, where I am returned with most grateful remembrance of the hospitality I received at your house; but so long had I been kept from my own lodgings that I was glad to return. The complaint of weakness and excessive pain in my legs is returned, and I now consider it as the effect of sitting fifteen hours a day, for ten weeks past, at the German play of Kotzebue's, in which I have exerted all my strength, both of body and mind. At the

end, Mr. Harris has not treated me as I expected. My verbal agreement was, that I should have the same reward as if the piece had been wholly my own; but having *once* sold a play of my own, before it was acted, to him for five hundred pounds, he wished to make that sum the estimate of my present payment. After some contention, I this day gave up my altered manuscript for that price; though had I run the risk I wished to run, the sum in case of success had been *double*. I now have nothing to fear or hope from pecuniary reward for my labour; still, I have anxiety as to discredit; and as I am not in want of money, I had rather have hazarded both together. But where money is the subject, I feel great delicacy, and had rather receive too little than too much: but not any thing can pay me for the loss of health."

On the 25th the play was read for the first time. Reynolds, however, being ready with his annual offering, 'Management,' kept the theatre full till the middle of November; when it came into rehearsal, and 'The Wise Man of the East' was acted a first time on the 30th, and received with much disapprobation. The *depravity* of the hero ought to have destroyed it outright; and Munden's Ava Thoanoa had somewhat of the *ludicrous* in his goodness, which Dowton perhaps *only* could have avoided. Mrs. Inchbald employed the next day in cutting and otherways altering

the piece, and on the 2nd of December it went off extremely well. By the middle of the month it was published.

The departure of her friends Twiss from town, which took place on the 1st of April this year, broke up that chain of family parties in which Mrs. Inchbald had been so many years included. Those who remained, seem to want some *charm* to bring them again together. Mrs. Inchbald turned herself now almost entirely to the society at Mr. Phillips's, and no where could be met with greater sincerity and warmth. She had been introduced to some people of distinction at Lady Milner's parties—met Lady Harcourt at Mrs. Siddons's, and Lady Charles Spencer at Mrs. Mattocks's. Rogers the poet had chambers in the Temple at this time, and Lady Pomfret and much company were there assembled, to see the colours presented to the corps of Templars; for the Law was now militant—" tam Marte quam Mercurio." At the Opies' she met Mr. and Mrs. Fuseli, and at Kemble's the celebrated Curran, who took care to send her his infinite *admiration* through that great actor. Curran afterwards called upon the lady at her own residence, and, after conversing with her some time, resolved to write a note to his friend Godwin on the subject of the estrangement that some time had existed between Mrs. Inchbald and the worthy Philosopher. Mr. Godwin willingly availed himself of the Orator's hint,

and, waving ceremony, addressed the following letter to his old friend. It is extremely characteristic, measured, and temperate, and quite polite:

MR. GODWIN TO MRS. INCHBALD.

"MADAM,

"Mr. Curran, immediately after a visit he paid you in Leicester Square, knowing how much I regretted the breach that had arisen between us, wrote me a note, advising me by all means to wait upon you, and assuring me that the difference between us, whatever it was, had at present ceased to exist. I frankly confess I had not the courage to take his advice. I could not presume, after what had passed, to intrude upon you unexpected; and I considered that he was not fully master of the merits of the case. I therefore, at that time, resolved to do what I am now doing. I determined to request your acceptance of a copy of my novel, and to ask you seriously whether you did not think two years' banishment, expiation sufficient for a reproach which you, slowly and reluctantly on my part, wrung from me, at a period the most painful and agonizing in human life. I allow you ten days from the date of this, to say, if you please, that you respect or despise, as the case may happen, my talents in the present book—but that you feel an invincible repugnance, if you can be so severe, to the renewal of our acquaintance. If I do not

hear from you by that time, I shall then venture to come to your habitation.

"I am, with much respect, your sincere admirer, "W. GODWIN."

"29, Polygon, Somers-Town. Nov. 28, 1799."

MRS. INCHBALD'S ANSWER.

"With the most sincere sympathy in all you have suffered, with the most perfect forgiveness of all you have said to me, there must nevertheless be an end to our acquaintance *for ever*. I respect *your prejudices*, but I also respect *my own*."

The answer may reasonably excite surprise. We have already alluded to the agonizing period when the offence was taken, and can only regret that instead of writing the words, "there must be an end to our acquaintance for *ever*," she had not rather remembered the injunction of Rosalind to Orlando,—

"Say a DAY, without the ever."

Mrs. Inchbald had been disarmed of all resentment, we should have thought, by the allusion she has made to the state of Mr. Godwin's mind on this subject; and as to the *prejudices* on either side, she was too much of a philosopher not to know that they merited but little *respect*, whoever owned them. Truth and propriety are always

injured by this juggle between contending follies, under the name of *prejudices*.

The following letter to Mrs. Phillips we presume alludes to her sister Bigsby, who died, we find, in the April of 1799. It is equally characteristic of her tenderness, and of her exact and prudential economy:—

TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"April 14, 1799.

"Whether you write to me or not, I feel every satisfaction that the present circumstances will admit of. I know that you are not neglecting any thing that may conduce to my welfare; and I want no professions or attention to me, to increase the confidence I have in you.

"I am more apt than most people to start at expense, but believe me 'tis only when I witness expenses that are superfluous. Upon an occasion like the present, with you for the manager of my purse, I shall consider every farthing expended as indispensably necessary, and from my heart rejoice that I have earned and saved a little money for so good a purpose.

"I have no one direction to give you, because you perfectly understand my wishes—every thing requisite to the comfort and decency of her and those about her, and nothing further. I will add, it would be more satisfactory if the weekly expenses, after you come away, could be ascer-

tained; and that no bill of any kind should be run on her account, but an immediate demand sent to me, or an immediate statement of any thing taken up on an emergency. I do this, to preserve myself from the *temptation* of thinking I have been imposed on by unnecessary expenses, and a kind of *selfish surprise,* which too frequently accompanies the receipt of the most just bill.

"Whatever money is weekly wanted shall be most punctually sent. I hope you saw my brother. I want some of my family, as well as myself, to thank you for your kindness. My spirits are better than you would imagine: time, and the total deprivation of hope in her recovery, has reconciled me to the expected loss of my sister. The only great affliction that can now befall me on her account, is, if she should regain her health and not her senses. Ask some one to correspond with me while my poor sister survives. Mr. Pemsey is a most intelligent writer, and perhaps may at times go over, or can depend on what information he receives from Hemstead: but this I leave, among other things, to your judgment."

Her sister Dolly soon after was again seized with fever. She had either to save or comfort, as the case stood, every relation afflicted by illness; and her influence was always exerted in their favour. She obtained for Mrs. George Inchbald, a situation in Mr. Collins's theatrical company at

Portsmouth. She had a letter from that lady on the subject, in a strain of dissatisfaction; to which Mrs. Inchbald replied by "bidding her *farewell.*" Yet, when she came to town, she was received and entertained as if no difference whatever had existed between them.

Mrs. Inchbald's landlord, Mr. Shakespear, had this year the good fortune to come into a considerable property by the death of an insane cousin; and almost immediately gave up the lease of his house in Leicester Square to a Mr. Brooks, who with his newly-married wife had lodged there since Christmas. Mrs. Inchbald remained as before, Mrs. Brooks and she paying a maid-servant between them. General Martin, in August, quitted the Square, to reside entirely at his country-house. Repairs and painting usually arrive with new landlords, and Mrs. Inchbald's apartments were occupied by the painters in the summer: as with her constitutional malady it was impossible to remain there, she was prevailed upon by Mr. and Mrs. Phillips to preserve herself under their hospitable roof.

We had almost forgotten Dr. Gisborne, who even seems to have quietly resumed his afternoon habits, and passed three or four evenings in the week with the Muse, and sometimes her sister was of the party. Her affairs continued in a flourishing state, and she had again four small

prizes this year in the Lottery. She gave Dolly as much as ten pounds in the same month, and after her illness in July paid the apothecary's bill. At Christmas she again presented her two sisters with ten pounds each. We find one, and only one, religious record at this period: these are the words—"May 30th. Low, then in better spirits; said many prayers with fervour and weeping." She also once went to the Chapel Royal on a Sunday, when the family were present. In all probability majesty was here the sole attraction to her and others.

In the spring of 1800 General Martin returned to his town lodgings, and, after a short illness, died on the 1st of May. She notices the event in a letter to Mrs. Phillips; and it is so amusingly circumstantial, that we are happy to lay a copy of it before the reader:—

MRS. INCHBALD TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"Thursday, 8th of May, 1800.

"I sat in the same box with Mrs. Hughes on the first night of 'De Montford.' That fine play, supported by the most appropriate acting of Kemble and Siddons, is both dull and highly improbable in the representation; and sure it is, though pity that it is so, its very charm in the reading militates against its power in the acting.

"I have passed a most melancholy week, and have sustained a great loss in the death of General

Martin. He was a very polite man, and had every requisite to render my abode here perfectly comfortable: and most of all, his extreme parsimony made every creature in this house look up to me, (with all my economy,) as the most munificent of human beings. But though I did most willingly forgive all his niggardliness while living, I abhor his avarice beyond the grave; for he has left all his money in one heap where it was not wanted; and his poor housekeeper, who has been his slave these twenty years, unable to save a sixpence in his service, is now, at the age of seventy-six, going to a workhouse. His mistress, the daughter of Baron Alt, whom he seduced many years ago, and visited to his death, and whom, while living, he allowed seven shillings a week, (the ancient board wages,) he has left without a farthing.

"General Martin was the man who first led from the path of virtue the noted Kitty Fisher; and he has been always supposed to have added a greater number to the women on the town than ever any one man did. But he dies a bachelor, and white plumes and white gloves are preparing.

"I was not invited to Lord Abercorn's ball, neither *really* nor *fictitiously*. His marriage amazes me to the very loss of my respect for him."[1]

On the 28th of February her bookseller paid

[1] His Lordship had been divorced by Act of Parliament in 1799.

to her six hundred pounds; and her stock-broker, Morgan, now increased by purchases of thirty pounds, and five pounds a year, the amount of her income in the Long Annuities.

We have this year a rather clearer light thrown upon the intercourse between Sir Charles Bunbury and Mrs. Inchbald; all their differences, perhaps, were not respecting the affairs of the *heart*. She once ordered her servant to tell this gay man that she had quitted her lodgings on purpose to avoid seeing him, and he reasonably wondered at so rude a mode of dismissal. By accident, a letter from him has turned up, and we allow him the retort *courteous* upon his fair friend.

"Whitehall, May 23rd, 1787.

"Sir Charles Bunbury presents his compliments to Mrs. Inchbald; he wants words to express his astonishment and concern at being informed by her maid yesterday, when he did himself the honour to wait upon her, that her mistress had just left the house, *on purpose to avoid seeing him.*

"He is at a loss to conceive how any behaviour could justify such a message being delivered to a servant; but what adds to his surprise is, that, the last evening he had the pleasure of seeing her, he was not only received with that politeness and good-humour so natural to her, but was upbraided on going away, with his passion for race-horses,

which was said to prevail so, during the summer months, as to make him *neglect his friends*. He flatters himself that he never *neglects*, much less *abandons* his friends; and, if he ever thought he had cause to complain of them, should take occasion, either in conversation or by letter, to mention the circumstances *to themselves;* which he imagines would be as justifiable a mode, and certainly as polite an one, as ordering his servant to slap the door in their faces.

"Sir Charles hopes Mrs. I. will be so obliging as to explain to him the *cause* of this rough and undeserved treatment, for which purpose he will wait upon her on his return from the Oaks, where he is going for a few days."

The calls upon Mrs. Inchbald's purse were general and unsparing. During the illness of her step-son, George Inchbald, who died on the 28th October, she gave him, through his wife, pecuniary aid at several times, once as far as a ten-pound note, and solicited for him the compassion of other relatives. She gave money to her sister Dolly; and, through Morton, sent poor O'Keeffe a guinea. "Mr. Morrell called and begged a few shillings." We fear this was her landlord in Hart Street, who, the reader will remember, had a hazard-table in his house while she lived there. A Mr. Vasser, who was a borrower, she refused. Robert Inchbald too passed his draught upon her, without

permission, to a Mr. Smart; it was dishonoured, as he no doubt expected.

We cannot go into the long lists of what "Archer" calls *How d' ye's*, which Mrs. Inchbald had the unwearied patience to put down; but we find that the Piozzi's, having seen her at Mrs. Siddons's, sought her acquaintance; and she returned the visit at their hotel. Mr. Porter, in March this year, painted her portrait, and it was in the Exhibition: she liked it so well, that in June she sat to him again.[1]

A Mr. Calcot and his family succeeded General Martin in the apartments he had occupied; and his poor housekeeper, Mrs. Pearce, remained there, assisted by Mrs. Inchbald.

[1] Could this be the elegant Sir Robert Kerr Porter, before he went abroad?

CHAPTER III.

The Year of Visits, 1801 — Fondness for an infant — Mrs. Siddons and her son Harry—Her landlady and her maid Patience—Mrs. Inchbald's heart in full action—Her sisters—Step-son—Death of George Robinson—Letter of A. Chalmers—Mr. John Robinson's visit. Sheridan's address — 'Deaf and Dumb' — Excursions — Masquerade, Mrs. Morton Pitt — A bit of blue — Lady Cork and Orrery—Lady Milner—Lady Charlotte Rawdon—Lord and Lady Mount Edgecombe—Mrs. Barbauld—Mrs. Weddell—The Duchess of Devonshire—Lady Elizabeth Foster—Wimbledon—The Abercorns — Pic-nics and Noble Theatricals — With domestic drudgery—The rival judgments of Solomon.

If we were to characterize the years of Mrs. Inchbald's life by a word, the year 1801 would be that of *visits:* she was now advancing rapidly to fifty, yet at no time was the opinion so general of the beauty of her person, and the elegance of her manners; and at no time was she in so much elegant society. As she did not publish any literary work, and Mr. Harris did not accept her tragedy, her private life alone challenges our attention; but it has abundance of attraction from the peculiar features it displays. She continued to reside in Leicester Fields,

and the Prince de Condé unconsciously amused her by living at the hotel next to her; and, as a condition "twin-born with greatness," having his door incessantly besieged by carriages belonging to the *beau monde.* She had a female friend, a Miss Cruikshanks, who called daily to accompany her walk in the enclosed plantation of the Square. She acquired also a *pet* of a different kind in the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, who kept the house she lived in. The child's name was "George," but his beauty secured him the more tender appellation of "Pretty;" and when that was lost, it clung to him from habit. The following extract respecting him will interest all who are either mothers, or who wish to be:

"The only thing which I can at present think of, which you will not probably read in a newspaper, is that I lament more than ever I did the not having had a child. I was always fond of children, but, till of late, I never paid any attention to them till they could speak. A child was born in this house last October, and I, having seen it every day since that time, have been so enchanted by its increasing beauty and sense, that, though I have not the smallest acquaintance with either of its parents, I think I love it almost better than any thing in the world. A child of this age is the most curious thing I ever met with; the most entertaining and the

most affectionate. I shall never again have common patience with a mother who complains of *any thing* but the loss of her children; so no complaints when you see me again. Remember you have had two children, and I never had one." We may as well mention, from her minutes, what she says farther as to her darling. In July she took great trouble in assisting to wean him. The child fretted himself ill, and she nursed him carefully. When he was a little recovered, his mother took him out of town a few days for change of air: on the 20th of August they returned to town in the evening, and Mrs. Inchbald being out, she did not see him till the following morning, when he came to her, evidently knew her, and she retained him some time. But on the 29th *Pretty* got a fall, even in *her* room, and she was dreadfully alarmed; however, sleep, 'nature's soft nurse,' banished the recollection of it, and with *that* all that he suffered.

The anxiety of a mother for a child is never any where out of place, particularly when that mother happens to be such a woman as Mrs. Siddons. Young Siddons this year made his appearance as an actor in town, and his great and unrivalled parent writes thus to Mrs. Inchbald, as to her alarm for his Hamlet after the "perfect model," as she calls it, which his uncle Kemble had so long exhibited.

"Bannister's Lodge, near Southampton, 1801.

"MY DEAR MRS. INCHBALD,

"I received your kind letter, and thank you very much for the interest you have taken in my dear Harry's success. It gives me very great pleasure to find that Mr. Harris appreciates his talents, which *I think highly of*, and which I believe will grow to great perfection by fostering, on the one hand, and care and industry on the other. I have little doubt of Mr. Harris's liberality, and *none* of the laudable ambition of my son to attain this. It is so long since I have felt any thing like *joy*, that it appears like a dream to me; and I believe I shall not be able *quite* to convince myself that this is *real*, till I am present to 'attend the triumph and partake the gale.' I am all anxiety and impatience to hear the effect of *Hamlet;* 'tis a tremendous undertaking for so young a creature, and where so perfect a model has been so long contemplated. I was frightened when I yesterday received information of it. Oh, I hope to God he will get well through it. Adieu, dear Muse! Believe me

"Your very obliged and affectionate

"S. SIDDONS."

This is a reply to the following, from her zealous friend:—

" Leicester Square.

" My dear Madam,

" Mr. Harris has just left me, the first time I have seen him since your son performed: he has requested me to convey to you his sincerest thanks for the very great acquisition you have rendered to Covent-Garden theatre by the recommendation of so valuable an actor.

" It may appear strange to you that I should have a commission of this kind from Mr. Harris, but he sometimes honours me with his confidence; and having this morning communicated to me the very high value he places upon his new performer, I was so sincerely delighted that I believe he thought it would gratify me to fulfil the task he then set me.

" Do not imagine that I had not formed my opinion of Harry's abilities before I knew what Mr. Harris's was; but a manager's opinion can frequently counteract those of a whole town, and it is difficult even for dramatic *genius* to bear up against a dissatisfied employer. On this account I tell you of the manager's high estimation of your son with a peculiar pleasure, though it has not in the least augmented my own.

" With the greatest respect,

" E. Inchbald."

" To Mrs. Siddons.

" Sunday, 11th of October, 1802."

A few more domestic incidents, and we shall attend the lady with pleasure in her visits to the gay world, as indeed everybody else did. From the work, which increased upon her servant, Mrs. Brooks was obliged to let Mrs. Inchbald know that it could no longer be a joint concern of theirs; and accordingly, as she was doing nothing, Mrs. Inchbald proposed to her sister Dolly to do that for her, which *she* had so often done for herself. But the work was, it appeared, too *much* for Dolly; so she again turned *herself* to the drudgery; did it easier the *second* day than the first, and relinquished Dolly, who preferred an idle dependance to an endeavour to balance obligation. Old Mrs. Pearce, too, whom that heartless debauchee, General Martin, after her long service, had left to the charity of her parish, had seemed inclined to assist her; but on more consideration withdrew: the truth was, that Mrs. Inchbald's *door* at this time required youth, activity, and intelligence. But the sequel is highly interesting indeed. In the midst of this inconvenience, "Patience," Mrs. Brooks's maid, who had been formally, perhaps not very kindly, withdrawn from aiding the "*aid* of every body," was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. On this occasion what did Mrs. Inchbald? Did she with sullen coldness leave her polite landlady to struggle through as she could, and let the poor girl be

conveyed to an hospital? in the cant of common life, "wash her hands of the business?" Oh, no: —on the contrary, from that moment, she devoted her whole attention to the girl; went herself to fetch, first Mr. Phillips, then Dr. Pearson: she also sent for Mrs. Pearce to sit up all night, remaining *herself* with her till four in the morning: the next day "Patience" was better, and afterwards gradually recovered. And this lady could *doubt* about her being a true CHRISTIAN!

On the 2nd of December Dolly came to borrow five pounds for Mr. Whitfield. On this occasion Mrs. Inchbald told her explicitly what she thought of her conduct; and very unhappy, the sisters wrote farewell letters to each other. Her sister Hunt greatly alarmed her this year by a swelling in the right arm: she accompanied her to Mr. Douglas, a surgeon, and saw an operation performed: after which the arm recovered its powers, and a lameness which was threatened in the hand was fortunately averted. Money of course flowed, during her indisposition, with the general stream of kindness; and to *both* sisters. Mrs. George Inchbald, so long indebted to her friendly concern, had the baseness to write two impertinent letters to her this year. Her brother, Edward Simpson, wrote in December to acquaint her with the death of his wife.

But in June she received the intelligence that her "best friend upon earth," as she delighted to call him, "George Robinson," her publisher, a man to whose liberal dealing we are ourselves obliged, and who did honour to a profession which is among the most honorable, had suddenly expired. That event was announced to her by Mr. Alexander Chalmers.

"DEAR MADAM,

"It is with extreme regret I have to communicate to you the death of our mutual friend, Mr. Robinson, sen., who expired yesterday morning, at five o'clock, after an illness of twelve days.

"The sudden termination of our good friend's life yesterday prevented myself, or any of the family, from recollecting to inform you sooner of the event.

"I am, dear Madam, with respect, your most obedient servant,

(Signed) "ALEX. CHALMERS."

"To Mrs. Inchbald."

We shall err but little in estimating the effect which the death of this good man produced upon the affectionate mind of Mrs. Inchbald. He had

but recently repurchased her two novels, and had paid her six hundred pounds for the extended copy-right: he had delighted in her society, and strove to diversify her time by contriving pleasurable excursions for her health and amusement. Mr. John Robinson himself in the month of August waited upon her, and with much feeling presented to her a mourning ring, to be worn in remembrance of their departed friend.

She appears to have this year resumed her religious duties, in attending Mass, private prayers, and sacred studies, and frequent examinations of the silent examiner, her conscience. We can now conscientiously attend her upon her innocent excursions and amusements.

And first as to the theatre. It has been already mentioned that Mr. Siddons had withdrawn his wife from Drury-Lane, and yet the dexterity of Sheridan had contrived to replace Kemble in the management, by holding out to him the bait of purchase, and his own retirement. All the claimants, literary and otherwise, upon him, he had treated in the merciless style of an enraged wit. Let us hear Mrs. Inchbald on the subject, who knew, admired, and wondered at him in his eccentric course.

"He has now with only one short speech—but I am told appropriate, both in sense and address, as if delivered by Milton's Devil,—so infatuated all the Court of Chancery, and the whole town

along with them, that every body is raving against poor Hammersley, the banker, and compassionating Sheridan; ALL, except his most intimate friends, who know all particulars: THEY shake their heads and sigh!

"Kemble, unable to get even five hundred out of four thousand pounds, packed up his boxes, made a parting supper to his friends, and ordered the chaise at seven o'clock the next morning. As they were sitting down to supper, 'Pop! he comes, like the catastrophe.' Mr. Sheridan was announced.—Kemble and he withdrew to the study; and the next morning I heard ALL WAS SETTLED."

One of the consequences of this arrangement was the bringing out of 'Deaf and Dumb,' so exquisitely acted in its three principal characters. Mrs. Inchbald had proposed it, in vain, to the rival theatre.

FROM A LETTER IN THE YEAR 1801.

'DEAF AND DUMB.'—1801.

"I am greatly out of spirits, but not from any affliction in which you will sympathise. *Avarice* and *vanity* are the passions which have received the mortification under which I suffer; but those are not the less sensible of pain for being unamiable passions. Of the various tastes and opinions among men of talents of what is fit or unfit for

dramatic representation, and the total want of knowledge on this subject in those who are wise on all other subjects, we have daily instances. I am at present groaning under the weight of false judgment, on the probable reception of a French drama in London.

"The beautiful play of 'Deaf and Dumb,' just performed with universal admiration at Drury-Lane, was sent a few months ago to me in French as performed in Paris. I was struck with the novelty and beauty of the story, and more particularly with the exquisite taste with which it was simply but pointedly told. I was charmed to have my author in a language I could read, instead of being in the dress of a miserable translator, as my *German* plays had been. I gave the play to Mr. Harris; told him I would instantly prepare it for his theatre; and yet he, who is for ever tormenting me to write or translate for him, positively refused 'Deaf and Dumb,' as a play that must infallibly be condemned. Le Texier too, who is even as well acquainted with the English stage as myself, (and of course knows more of the French than I do,) gave it as his decided opinion it would not be suffered by an English audience. I argued, I contended, I scolded, I stampt; I almost tore my hair to convince them. All in vain, Mr. Harris '*dared not venture it.*' It has been brought out at Drury-

Lane by Mr. Hill: he will get a thousand pounds, and the managers ten thousand by it. Mr. Harris is ready to shoot himself, and I am too unhappy to write another word."

Mrs. Inchbald seems to have been better skilled in the art of dealing with theatres than most of her cotemporaries. A thousand pounds! why Mr. Herbert Hill, or whoever the author was, (we believe it was Holcroft,) was begging in vain for fifty pounds, as the reader may learn from a letter of Mr. Kemble in Nov. 1800 to Peake the treasurer: "If you possibly can, send me a draught for the fifty pounds, (which you promised to have given me last Monday se'nnight,) for the author of 'Deaf and Dumb.'" It may be readily conceded to Mrs. Inchbald that, do it how they could at Covent Garden, it must have had *some* effect; but when we look at the Covent Garden company, we may be fully satisfied that Kemble was the only actor suited to the Abbé de L'Epée; as Miss Decamp was the paragon representative of Theodore. We have said elsewhere of this performance that her *expression*, in look and gesture, was even more intelligent than speech; "it was the lightning of the mind, and reduced the labour of disclosure to a *point*, and the detection of villany to a glance." With respect to the translation, that was done

which was said of Pope's Odyssey. The translator prepared the piece for the manager:

"Broom went before, and kindly swept the way."

Kemble used the file admirably: he knew well, as Tooke said of Shakspeare, that all good prose has a *tune;* and that sentences should be written, not merely to the eye, but to the ear. Some writers, who give their meaning the best of words, and their arrangement the strictest grammar, defy the human organs to utter their language, from a want of point and measure.

Cibber, speaking of Sir John Vanbrugh's style, says—"There is something so catching to the ear, so easy to the memory, in all he wrote, that it has been observed, by all the actors of my time, that the style of no author whatsoever gave their memory less trouble than that of Sir John Vanbrugh; which I myself, who have been charged with several of his strongest characters, can confirm by a pleasing experience."

We proceed now on our fashionable excursion. In June the Kembles took her in their carriage to Mrs. Morton Pitt's masquerade in Arlington Street. The Prince of Wales, and all the distinction and fashion in town were there. On so splendid an occasion our heroine prepared herself with her usual care. She wrote to an intimate friend the following letter:—

" Leicester Square, Thursday.

" Have you an old blue handkerchief, or an old blue sash, or any thing of a light faded blue, you can lend me, to decorate my faded person for Mrs. Morton Pitt's masquerade to-morrow evening?—My domino is lent me; and, as I love uniformity in my expenses, as well as in my dress, I mean on this occasion to be at no expense at all. Observe,—any thing BLUE:—a *blue* work-bag; a *blue* pincushion; or, a pair of *blue* garters I can fasten about me somewhere. E. I.

" I shall send for an answer after dusk this evening, or to-morrow morning."

The dear lady at last, we see, revealed the *character* she intended to assume—if *she* could call it assuming. We have no doubt she supported the *Blue Stocking* with a point and bitterness that made some of her *male* assailants repent their rashness. So near to royalty, we hope the *garters* bore the true motto—" Honi soit qui mal y pense."

We shall next notice the invitations, which Lady Cork and Orrery was so obliging as to write to Mrs. Inchbald.

(Copy) " New Burlington Street.

" MADAM,

" Lady Milner tells me she will bring you to me next Sunday. I should have done

myself the pleasure of calling upon you, but my carriage is painting, and I hate a chair in a morning, or walking the streets when people are about. I would walk to you any morning *at or before* eleven o'clock, if you would admit me; or be happy to see you here any day from twelve to five. But I suspect your time is better employed than in paying and receiving morning visits.

"I doubt you will think me very troublesome, when I tell you I want to beg your company at dinner next Tuesday at seven. The hurry is, my friend Lady Charlotte Rawdon (Lord Moira's sister) leaves town next Wednesday: she has for years wished to make an acquaintance with you; and, as you were so good as to say you would come to me on Sunday, I thought I might so far build upon our extended acquaintance to propose this little dinner to you.

"I am, Madam, with the greatest esteem, your obedient humble servant,

"M. Cork & Orrery."

She met Lord and Lady Mount-Edgecombe and many other nobility at Kemble's; Mrs. Barbauld at Mrs. Opie's. She sat next Sheridan at one of Perry's suppers of "all the talents" of every kind; and dined with the Marquis of Lorn, Sir Francis Burdett, and others, at Sheridan's house. She visited Mrs. Hoare at Beckenham, Mrs. Wed-

dell at Chislehurst. She saw the volunteers in Hyde Park, reviewed by the Duke of York, from the windows of Boddington's house in Park-Lane, where she met Mrs. Cosway. The Duchess of Devonshire appointed to be introduced to her in Kemble's private box at the theatre: accident prevented her Grace from coming, and Lady Elizabeth Foster, as not *unusual*, came in her *place*, and made her friend's apologiés to the Muse. She met Lady Mount-Cashel at one of these parties, and a great intimacy ensued between them. Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson took her to Wimbledon, where they walked in Lord Spencer's delightful park; saw Dundas's house, and called also upon Horne Tooke, and walked in his garden. She paid visits to the Abercorns, to meet the Castlereaghs; and every where found her beauty, her wit and her manners distinguished by the reigning examples of them all. Such is the administration of *foreign* affairs: let us see them in full contrast with her *domestic*, as displayed in one of her most remarkable letters at this period.

'DRUDGERY AND FASHION'—'PRIVATE THEATRICALS'—'PIC-NIC'—'MONK LEWIS,' &c.

"26th of May.

"I have been very ill indeed, and looked even worse than I was; but since the weather has permitted me to leave off making my fire, scouring the grate, sifting the cinders, and all the *et-cetera*

of going up and down three pair of long stairs with water or dirt, I feel quite another creature; and it is my intention never again to hazard the greatest blessing God in his mercy can bestow, *health,* for any other enjoyment. Still I will not allow but that I am both able and willing to perform hard bodily labour: but then the fatigue of being a fine lady the remaining part of the day is too much for any common strength. Last Thursday morning I finished scouring my bed-chamber, while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at the door to take me an airing. By the bye I met Mr. and Mrs. Jekyll the other evening at the Countess of Cork and Orrery's. They both behaved with marked attention to me, though I believe I was the only person there, except themselves, without a *title.* What pleased me most of all, Mrs. Jekyll insisted on taking me home in her carriage. Independent of the convenience this was to me, I took it as a mark of great kindness and politeness, as I had never seen her but once before in my life. She did not look like the same woman as when I saw her in the morning at my house. Her dress was totally plain; not an atom of art (not even rouge) appeared on her face, and yet there appeared the greatest improvement in her whole person: she looked fair and delicate to a degree, and her black eyes were brilliant. Upon my word I thought all this before she offered to take me home.

"I have had tickets from the Pic-Nic, but not been there yet, nor do I intend to go. The acting would tire me to death, and the hour of returning home totally disqualify me for the next day.

"To my extreme sorrow I am at present under the dread of being a party in a private theatrical myself. I was surprised into a promise, and now go every morning to attend rehearsals; still I foresee many impediments, which I will as far as in my power increase. One is, the drama on which they have fixed has a supper in it, and I have represented that the hurry of clearing away the table, which is a part of the comic incidents of the piece, will probably break the wine bottles and throw the hot dishes against the beautiful hangings and furniture of the room. This observation gave Mr. Monk Lewis, M. P., (who is one of the performers,) an opportunity of saying an excellent thing to the lady of the house, who, alarmed at my remark, immediately cried out she would not have a *real* supper, but that every thing should be *counterfeit*. On which she rang for her butler, and ordered him to go and bespeak a couple of wooden fowls, a wooden tongue, wooden jellies, and so forth. 'Nay,' cried Monk Lewis, 'if your ladyship gives a wooden supper, the audience will say all your actors are STICKS.'

"It was not less entertaining to see the surprise of the butler or house-steward (a good-looking

grave elderly man). He knew there was a supper to be given to the company after the play; and not knowing there was a supper to be *in* the play, he was confounded at the orders given him, said he would see them executed as far as in his power, but with great humility represented, that 'he thought the company would like a *real* supper better.'

"I do not name the lady, at whose house it is to be, because I am sworn to secresy, (for we are to surprise the Pic-Nics,) but I venture to send this account of our first meeting, as you are too far off to tell it again. I must add one thing more. I positively protested that I would not *act*, would not expose myself, except with women older than myself. My age was asked. I stated fifty. There was then the greatest difficulty to find any woman so old as myself.

"The maid came up the other day and said Mr. Phillips was below, and wished to speak to me on business, if I was alone. I ran to the door, 'Pray walk in, Mr. Phillips.' A tall, black-looking, vulgar man entered. I was astonished; it was Phillips, the bookseller, of St. Paul's Church-yard—a total stranger to me. He came to offer me a thousand pounds for my 'Life,' without wishing to read a line of it beforehand. This summer I shall sit in judgment on it and decide.

"E. I."

Mrs. Inchbald in her professional labours was not destined to meet with many obstructions. Mr. Harris was extremely zealous about her, and he had power beyond the management of his own theatre. The following letter, however, alludes to a slight disappointment, on which we shall offer a temperate observation or two.

MRS. INCHBALD TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

(Summer of 1802.)

"Leicester Fields,

"My dear Mrs. Phillips—I so seldom write a letter, or indeed any thing, that I am more at a loss than yourself when I am called upon to correspond. I thank you a thousand times, but I shall not come to Suffolk. I know your invitation is from your heart; and if I was at all like other people in my feelings, such an invitation would be very precious to me. A country visit at this beautiful time! and one unrestrained by any forms of ceremony! But Leicester Square is so beautiful! from the vast rains it is green as in the spring! and London so *still*, at least to me, that I am certain I surpass you in solitude. Your son James is the only person who has called on me for this week. I consider it as a great proof of his judgment and observation, that he knows I am glad to see him; and a still greater proof of his disinterestedness that he likes to see me; for, poor

boy, except a cake or an apple, I have nothing to offer him: I had not one hot dinner all last week; for as the master and mistress were from home, and no fire in our kitchen, I had not *heart* to make one there myself, while I could almost boil my kettle in the sun in my own room.

"What do you say to Mr. and Mrs. * * *? I say that even marriage cannot make *her* an honest woman, unless indeed she could be married to every man with whom she has gallanted, and so have five hundred husbands.

"The dramatic mortification I have sustained is merely a passing grief, though a renewal of it is likely in the winter. Mr. Harris engaged me to translate a little three-act serious drama (M. Caigniez' 'Jugement de Salomon'): I sat up, after all my work was over in the day, and did it in the nights of Easter week. Accident (after all the haste I had made) made it almost necessary to defer the representation till next winter; but lest the Haymarket theatre should procure another translation in the time, Mr. Harris had a promise from Mr. Colman he would accept of none; and on those terms only Mr. Harris deferred performing mine. Another was offered Mr. Colman, and Mr. Harris was *prevailed* on to consent to its being acted; resolving to bring mine out all the same, in which I have to contend with a first impression, and a plot already discovered."

What Mrs. Inchbald alludes to was this:—Perfectly unconscious that she had translated the 'Jugement de Salomon' of M. Caigniez, Mr. Boaden had rendered it, with alterations, suitable to the English Stage, and offered 'The Voice of Nature' to his friend Colman for the summer season. To his great surprise, that gentleman told him that he would act it with much pleasure, *but* that Mr. Harris having had it done for Covent Garden, and not being able to produce it last winter, he had engaged Mr. Colman by promise not to forestall him, by letting it appear at the Haymarket, before the next winter season of Covent Garden. Mr. Boaden, who had worked for Mr. Harris with success, went to him on the business, and represented the hardship of authors in being left only a *single* market, by this compact between managers; and that it was doubly hard to be denied a small summer pavilion, when they were not permitted to occupy the winter palaces. Harris, one of the best men we have ever known, said that he had "*paid* his author unfortunately: however, he had no right to turn Mr. Boaden's cart out of the *Hay*-market; and therefore he had no objection to release Colman from his promise; provided the author would consent not to *print* his piece till the rival play had been acted." Mr. Boaden consented: 'The Voice of Nature' was eminently successful. Young Byrne under-

went the judgment of Solomon; and the admiration then began, which has constantly attended him in his course, though on that occasion he did not *dance*.

The following season, when Mrs. Inchbald's version was called into preparation, the *company* decided against it, on several grounds, and it was given up; which Mr. Harris immediately notified to the *fortunate* author, who then printed his play.

The year 1802 had no striking features, except a dispute at dinner between Mrs. Inchbald and her friend Miss Cruikshanks; but this was warm enough to make the young lady go away without her tea, and say she should "return no more." The loss of nephews and nieces, and even moneys in trust for a brother, are not subjects to call, after so great an interval, for more than a passing allusion, as having interested the subject of our work.

CHAPTER IV.

The bidders for her Memoirs—Theatrical love of Lords—Mrs. Inchbald negotiates with Harris for Kemble—Mrs. Kemble's letters while Kemble was in Spain; really clever—Year 1803—The Prince of Wales—The Priory—Lady Cork—Mrs. Inchbald's desertion of the Beau Monde—Quits Leicester Square, and resides at Annandale House, Turnham Green—The ladies of that convent—The comforts of a genteel table—The philosophy of life—Mrs. Inchbald at first charmed—'Ver vert'—The vulgar Superior—Attends Mass in the Chapel—Mrs. Siddons—Galindo—Kemble's rage—Mrs. Inchbald's opinion—1804, additions to her Life—'To marry or not'—Master Betty—The Kembles—Death of her brother, Edward Simpson—Harris, in 1805, pays six hundred pounds for her comedy—Godwin again like himself—Longman engages her to write prefaces to plays—Reflections—Results—Quarrels with Kemble—Goes to lodge in the Strand—Her river view—Her politics—Sights on the Thames—Terrible disaster—Visit to Mrs. Phillips at Barton.

When Mr. Harris said he *had* paid for 'The Judgment of Solomon,' he meant that he *must* pay, which with him was the same thing. As we have observed in its place, it was given up, and he returned it to Mrs. Inchbald with his accustomed regret that she should be disappointed. She immediately did herself at least *pecuniary*

justice, and wrote to the treasurer of Covent Garden, demanding one hundred pounds for her trouble. The demand was politely received: on the 2nd of March the money was paid to her by Mr. Harris, and, agreeably to good old custom, immediately invested in the funds.

On the subject of her 'Memoirs,' Phillips of St. Paul's Church-yard had really proposed to give her one thousand pounds for them, without seeing a single line of the MS. Her heart (no wonder) was with the Robinson house; and they agreed to buy, if they liked the work on perusal. It was returned, with a letter from Mr. Chalmers, which seems to have, for the time at least, suspended the desire to publish. However, though she did not send for Phillips and take his thousand pounds, she went again to work upon them in the way of alteration and addition, and submitted her 'Memoirs' to the judgment of Mr. Hardinge and her new friends, Dr. and Mrs. Moody. When she was spoken to by her female friends in the theatre, as to publication, she used to assume a look of terror, and exclaim, "Would you have me *mur-dered?*"—all well enough calculated to keep up an excitement upon the subject; but she would have destroyed herself with her fashionable friends, if her work really were of so alarming a cast: and who is above the weakness of coveting the society of high life? The theatre, at least,

never went a step but it was to *meet* rather than shun a lord.

Mr. Kemble, on his final rupture with Drury, had put himself in the hands of Mrs. Inchbald to negotiate the purchase of a sixth of the Covent-Garden Patent; and while he visited France and Spain in the year 1802, he wrote to his wife, who communicated with Mrs. Inchbald: and this unnatural coalition was ready for sealing and signing, on his return to England, in the spring of the year 1803. The day of signature was the 7th of April.

How perfectly fitted Mrs. Kemble was to perform the perpetual stimulant of her husband's interest in his absence, will be apparent on perusal of the following really excellent letter to Mrs. Inchbald:—

"Priory, Nov. 28, 1802.

"My dear Mrs. Inchbald,

"Enclosed in this you will find a letter from Mr. Kemble to Mr. Harris; it is not sealed. He desires you will be so good as to read it, and if you think it a proper letter, put a wafer into it and send it to him, saying, it came enclosed in one to me: if you think it not properly worded, tell me any thing you think better, and he will write another and send it from Madrid; which, from the time of my writing until I can receive an answer, will be seven weeks. As a letter is three weeks going to Madrid, he has endeavoured

to write in such a manner as must, he thinks, save Mr. Harris from being at all implicated, should that ever be the case. I have written to Mr. Morris and requested him to call upon you, as Mr. Harris, knowing he is to be Mr. K.'s agent in this business, may wish to meet him. Mr. Kemble wrote from Bilboa instead of Madrid: as he could not possibly be at Madrid until the end of this month, and as the answer he receives from Mr. Harris will very much determine him with regard to the length of time he shall remain in Spain, he thought it better not to put it off till he arrived there. He has gone much out of his way to go to Bilboa, the capital of Biscay: he has crossed the Pyrenees twice. He says the grandeur of the country he has gone through is not to be described; that our Welsh mountains are mole-hills to Mount Ossuna: then, such torrents, woods, mouldering towers, and broken arches of bridges, as made it delightful, and amply repaid him for the risks he has run in victory; for he says he has been often in great danger. He is in most perfect health: I wish I could say as much for myself. I have been confined to my room some days, with a sore throat. I am better to-day; and should I continue mending, I shall not come to town for some time, unless you want me: if you do, you know I shall come instantly. This house is as full as it can hold—the Portuguese and Neapolitan Ambassadors, and family, Lord

Westmoreland, Sir Charles Hamilton, Sir Charles and Lady Asgill, Lady Cahir, and twenty other great people. Lady Abercorn sits with me an hour in the evening: upon my honour, she treats me with the affectionate kindness of a sister. They were very sorry you could not come; they hoped to have kept you a week. You will write me word what Mr. Harris says, and what you think of Mr. K.'s letter.

"Adieu!—ever your obliged and affectionate friend, "P. KEMBLE."

"Mr. K. saw a play at Bilboa; a handsome theatre, and wretched actors. The King of Spain had actually fourteen thousand mules on his journey from Barcelona to Madrid; which was dreadful to Mr. K., as not a mule was to be had for money. He luckily met with a lowland gentleman, who had hired six to take him to Madrid at an enormous price, and accepted him as a companion, or he must have remained at Bayonne. He says there is no exaggeration in the cheating tricks of Spanish landlords."

"Priory, Jan. 24, 1803.

"MY DEAR MRS. INCHBALD,

"I have not written, as I intended, again to Bayonne, but wish to wait for another letter from Mr. Kemble, in hopes some of my last letters may have reached. I shall take care and inform him fully of every thing that passes; and

the nearer he gets to home, I shall be the more certain of his receiving my letters. As to what Mr. Harris means to say to Mr. Lewis, I do not know whether it can be of much consequence, as he must have made up his mind most unsteadily should that make any material alteration; and, with regard to Mr. Kemble, I am certain he will feel himself too independent in the whole transaction, to allow himself to enter into any engagement with Mr. Harris without having the most perfect confidence that it will turn out pleasantly to all parties.

"Our Friday evening was most splendid, and to me in every way triumphant. We had to dine and sleep in the house about forty persons—the Prince of Wales, Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Melbourn and family, the Castlereaghs, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, Lady Westmoreland, and the Ladies Fane, Lady Ely, &c. The audience consisted of about seventy persons—a large party from the Earl of Essex's; another from Prince Castelcicala; and every body supped. Nothing could be more brilliant: the whole theatricals under my direction, and, I do assure you, most excellently acted. Lady Cahir admirable in *Lady Contest*, and she was a blaze of diamonds! During dinner, the Prince inquired much after Mr. Kemble of the Marchioness; went into the most unbounded panegyric upon him; and said he had been only twice to Drury-

Lane, once to the Pantomime, and once to see Falstaff; and should certainly not go again till he returned. An epilogue was spoken by the Hon. Mr. Lamb, in which was a towering compliment to Mr. Kemble, warmly received; and after it was over, and supper over, the Prince came and sat down by me. He would not allow me to stand, and talked in the most familiar manner, and the most friendly, for an hour: all this in presence of my friend *Sheridan*. Sheridan was very civil, and so was I: sent a long message to Mr. K. wishing him to return, which I told him I should not send. He asked for his direction, which I laughed at; but told him, if he chose to write any thing, I would send it to him. I would not tell him when I thought he would return.

"I never saw any thing more beautiful than the supper-rooms. Mr. Sheridan came with a very elegant chariot, four beautiful black horses, and two footmen. The Duchess had only one. Mrs. Sheridan had a fine shawl on, that he said he gave forty-five guineas for—a diamond necklace, ear-rings, cross, cestus, and clasps to her shoulders—and a double row of fine pearl round her neck.

"I wish you had come, as I do believe there never was a thing of the kind went off better. The billiard-room was the theatre; and we had very pretty scenes, a band of music, and the organ struck up "God save the King" as soon as the

Prince was seated. Lord and Lady A. treated me with the most marked attention; and I dare say Sheridan wished me at the d——l: all the grandees talking of Mr. Kemble's return, and the desire they had to see him again. Sheridan is little-minded enough to be vexed at seeing any of his performers admitted into the society he lives with.

"I shall be in London next week, as the whole family will come then for the winter. We have a great dinner again to-morrow—Mr. Addington, and a very large party to meet him; which will I suppose be the last. I shall be here again at Easter, should I be in England. I have the pleasure of being convinced that I have not, by my long residence, lost any part of the good opinion the whole of this family have ever shown they had of me; which I do assure you is a very pleasant circumstance to me. I think the houses I have been in during my husband's absence, have been most creditable and serviceable to him, as he has been constantly kept before the eyes of the great world, passages in his letters talked of, &c. I will come and see you as soon as ever I come to town; but I hope before that to have heard from Mr. Kemble, that he has got the copy of Mr. Harris's letter.

"Yours ever obliged,

"PRISCILLA KEMBLE."

The early part of 1803 brought, as her *étrennes*, the usual confinement from colds, to which she was subject. Mr. and Mrs. Twiss were in town, and she was unable to enjoy their company: she was obliged to decline an invitation to pass a few days, with the Kembles, at the Priory. The Prince of Wales was there, to her infinite regret; however, she availed herself of the association, at least by paragraphs in the newspaper. Some time after this, she was again invited to meet his Royal Highness at a rout the Marquis gave in town: then she could not go on account of Mrs. Kemble's serious indisposition. On recovering from her own, Mrs. Inchbald insisted upon Mr. Phillips's taking from her a fee of five guineas, not as a payment of either his skill or friendly solicitude, but as a mark of her grateful remembrance of both.

On the 11th of June she was at one of Lady Cork's *conversaziones*, and speedily after this quitted the Brooks's, and "Pretty" himself, with all the summer *green* and lovely *quiet* of Leicester Square, with which she had fancied herself so delighted as to refuse Mrs. Phillips and Suffolk, when tendered to her unrestrained enjoyment. She quitted Leicester Square, as she says, probably for ever; after so neutralizing her mind as scarcely ever even to think of Dr. Gisborne; and went to reside at Annandale House, as it was called, at Turnham Green; the tenants of which

were all Roman Catholics, and the community, or sisterhood, had each their separate *dortoirs*, (bed-chambers,) meeting together at meals, provided by the superintendence of a Mrs. Wyatt. They are thus enumerated by Mrs. Inchbald:—

A Miss Meade, who must have been a dependent, for she stayed under the most harsh and insulting treatment; Mrs. and Miss Nicholson, the former Mrs. Inchbald discovered to be the daughter of an old acquaintance, a Captain Whitland of Bury; Mrs. O'Meara; Mrs. and Miss Bagg; Miss Franco; Miss Prendergast; Mrs. Wood; Mrs. Hopkins; Mrs. Sartorius; and Mrs. Flower. Mrs. Pilkington was a visitor there for some weeks, when Mrs. Inchbald first went.

She had now absolutely fled from loneliness, labour, and privation, to constant society, and a genteel and regular table. How admirably does this prove the fallacy pointed out by the philosopher:—

"Away then with all those vain pretences of making ourselves happy *within* ourselves; of feasting on our own *thoughts;* and of being satisfied with the consciousness of *well-doing;* and of despising all assistance and all supplies from *external* objects. This is the voice of PRIDE, and not of NATURE. And 'twere well if even this pride could support itself, and communicate a *real inward* pleasure, however melancholy or severe.

But this impotent pride can do no more than regulate the *outside;* and, with infinite pains and attention, compose the *language* and *countenance* to a philosophical dignity, in order to *deceive* the ignorant vulgar. The heart, meanwhile, is empty of all enjoyment; and the mind, unsupported by its proper objects, sinks down into the deepest sorrow and melancholy."

In her new situation we find her at first delighted; and, as she knew how to describe her satisfaction, we shall give her own language, in July 1803, addressed to her friend Mrs. Phillips.

"I have thought and said to myself a thousand times since I came, that it was impossible I could have gone from London, and have been half so agreeably situated as I am here. The house and gardens are quite as beautiful in my eyes as when I first saw them. I sit down every day to a far better table than ever I enjoyed for a constancy at any period in my life. Every thing is clean in perfection—and even MY HANDS; which, Heaven knows, they have not been before for many a day: and I don't know whether this does not constitute one of my first comforts. As to my associates, they are all obliging and respectable: and those who know but little, have the kindness to *say* but little; while others, for the short time we pass together at dinner and supper, are sufficiently entertaining to make those times a pleasing ex-

change from solitude. The scholars are no impediment to our comforts; we scarce ever *see*, and never *hear* them. There are but twenty; and my poor little boy in Leicester Square made much more noise in one hour, than they all together do in a month. Yet do not think I have forgot my affection for *London* — no; for it is frequently great consolation to me to plan that—'if Buonaparte should come, and *conquer*,' I may then, without reproach, stand with a barrow of oranges and lemons in Leicester Square, and once more have the joy to call that place my HOME."

The ladies of Annandale were at liberty to take their breakfast or tea in their own chambers if they chose, and invited their friends frequently. They all dined and supped together, and associated in the drawing-room, just as much as they pleased. We may easily imagine the delightful accession they found in Mrs. Inchbald; and if the reader of Gresset's enchanting 'Ververt' should be reminded on this occasion of that

"Perroquet non moins brillant qu'Enée,—"

we cannot restrain him from so touching a similitude.

Alas! too, Mrs. Wyatt was at hand, like the *bateleurs*, to mar the 'Simple Story' with the vulgar tongue! Mrs. Inchbald soon saw the impossibility of their continuing together, and in November she told Mrs. Wyatt that at Christmas

she should leave her establishment. Among even the amiable there will be selection, and the most intimate connexion which Mrs. Inchbald here formed was with Mrs. and Miss Baggs, and the latter indeed was her almost constant companion till the beginning of October, when she quitted Annandale House to be united to a Mr. M'Crohn. They were married by the Roman Catholic priest on the 8th of October, and at Chiswick Church on the 10th, when Mrs. Inchbald was present. After reading the 'Simple Story,' the young lady would look carefully that Mr. M'Crohn did not, like Dorriforth, slip a '*mourning*' ring upon her finger. The newly-married couple had lodgings in the neighbourhood for a short time; but, in December, quitted them for apartments in Holborn. Mrs. Inchbald associated chiefly with the ladies of the establishment, and some few families in the neighbourhood. She visited London frequently to seek for apartments, but called on no town friends but Mrs. Brooks, for the sake of seeing *Pretty*. The violence of Mrs. Wyatt was not likely to abate, on the approach of her loss; and Mrs. Inchbald, the 20th of December, writes —"Left Annandale House for *ever*. Came to London to lodge with Miss Baillie, a milliner in the Strand."

While she resided at Annandale House, she was pretty regular in her attendance at Sunday mass,

which was always performed in the chapel of that establishment. The theatre had this year little of her company.

Mrs. Inchbald was not inattentive to the feelings of the Kemble family, on the infatuation of Mrs. Siddons as to the Galindo's. She has written this very singular sentence upon the subject.

"When Kemble returned from Spain (1803), he came to me like a madman;—said Mrs. Siddons had been imposed on by persons, whom it was a disgrace to her to *know;* and he begged me to explain it so to her. He requested Harris to withdraw his promise (of engaging Mrs. G. at Mrs. Siddons's request). Yet such was his tenderness to his sister's sensibility, that he would not undeceive her *himself.* Mr. Kemble blamed ME: and I blamed HIM for his reserve; and we have never been so cordial since. Nor have I ever admired Mrs. Siddons so much since; for though I can *pity* a dupe, I must also *despise* one. Even to be familiar with such people was a lack of virtue, though not of chastity."

In the year 1804 she made more additions to her 'Life.' How she treated her *fashionable* friends, we can only imagine; if she intended to live in the same set after publication, she must have greatly curbed her caustic sincerity, which we see so constantly at work about them in her familiar letters. The truth is, she well knew the two conditions on which the inferior is admitted by exalted rank—her own vanity might lead

her to '*fiddle*,' but she was too proud to '*toad*' for her entertainment. But the love of money was always strong in her; and she now began seriously to think of growing old. Her independence once secured, she could leave the leaders of fashion to run after any fresher whim, and patronise, as usual, more for their *own* sakes than that of the object. Again, therefore, she tendered her 'Life' to Mr. John Robinson, and received his decision on the 9th of May, declining the purchase at *her* price. He soon afterwards became a bankrupt; so that she lost nothing perhaps by his refusal. She immediately went herself to Phillips, the gentleman who had so gallantly offered to buy in the *dark;* and left him with the impression that she had *sold* her work, and was soon to count over her thousand pounds. But whatever was the reason, on the 20th of June she received a *final* reply from St. Paul's Church-yard, which was unfavorable. Perhaps from their vicinity, the prior tender to Paternoster Row might have been buzzed some night in the Chapter Coffee-house. Nothing in fact ever came of this work.

However, she had a string to the bow yet untried, and she knew the strength of her arm—this was a comedy called at first 'Modern Love.' She read it to Mr. Harris; and also to the Kembles, after dining with them. With his usual liberality Mr. Harris bid her £600 for it: the title was finally changed, for 'To Marry or Not to Marry.'

While we are upon theatrical matters, we may as well mention that she was in Mrs. Kemble's box this year, on the first appearance of Master Betty, as Achmet in 'Barbarossa.' Her letter on the subject merits particular attention; and we shall place it here, though it bears the dates of 21st and 29th of January, 1805. His clashing with her *new* play; his acting in her *old* one; his sinking the Kemble family;' concurring causes to depress them; and her remark as to the amiable *morale* of Mr. Bull;—all render it delightful.

Her play 'To Marry or Not to Marry'—Master BETTY—her opinion—The KEMBLES, &c. :—

MRS. INCHBALD TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"Jan. 21, 1805.

"Had I written to you six weeks ago, I should have told you I had a play coming out—with every propitious omen in its favour. Now I have to tell you that every unlucky one is against it; and under such circumstances I have sold for six hundred pounds what possibly might have brought me a thousand, or possibly not gained me a sixpence.

"To take from the chief pleasure I had in selling, the Stocks unexpectedly rose the day I received my money, and my broker advising me to buy, lest they should still rise, has reduced my profits to about £100 less than I thought myself secure of.

"I have avoided giving my opinion of young Betty, because I am by no means confident it is a right one. I hate all *prodigies*—partly, I fancy, because I have no faith in them. Under this prejudice I saw his first performance, and was so disgusted by a monotony, a preaching-like tone, that I gave up my place at the end of the 3rd Act, and walked behind the scenes, where myriads of critics were gathered, to listen to their remarks. Here some vociferated that Garrick was returned to the stage; whilst others whispered, 'The Bottle Conjurer is come again.'

"But as all that is said for him is in a *loud* voice, and all against him in a *low* one, praise must go forth and criticism be scarcely heard. Indeed, on returning to my seat in the 5th Act, I found he had great spirit, great fire in the impassioned scenes, which gave variety to his tones, and made me say, 'This is a clever little boy,' and, had I never seen boys act, I might have thought him extraordinary.

"The next night I liked him better, in my own play, 'Lovers Vows;' he was more natural and more spirited, though he totally mistook the passion of his best scene—still he gave *a* passion, though not the right one; and the audience were charmed. I have seen no more of him, and what I *have*, not in a place from whence I can trust my judgment. My box was a private one, right over the stage: I cannot see with accuracy but in the front; though I can *hear* as I ought. This boy is

one of the reasons for my selling my play; had he not been ill, his novelty most likely would have been over by the time my play came out:—now, chance may send them both on the stage in the same week; and, such is the rage of the multitude, that a new play even from Shakspeare could hardly contend against him."

"January 29th, 1805.

"The boy is once more returned to the stage; and so far my play is clear of him;—but now Kemble, who is to play my principal character, is so ill, that I should not be surprised if he was never to act again. It is called a cold, but I fear it is fixed on his lungs, for such coughing I never heard, and nothing stops it but *opium*—opium in doses that appear to me frightful. If my fears are right, so far 'tis fortunate my play is sold; for I had measured his powers of acting, and the character will fit no other man.

"Mrs. Siddons is restored as by miracle. She had a nervous affection from her hip to her toe, which made that side wholly useless, yet in torturing pain that kept her sleepless for months: all medical art, such as embrocation, &c., failed. She heard of a new-invented machine that performed surprising cures by electricity. Her physicians all told her such an operation would make her disorder still worse. Her surgeon, Sir James Earle, said, No—but he assured her it would do her no good. On his word, fearing no harm, she

tried it, and was almost instantly cured. But the agony she suffered in the trial she describes as if burning lead was running through her veins where the sparks touched; and Mr. Siddons says her shrieks were such, that he really expected the mob would break open the door, and think he was killing her.

"By the bye, what wicked accusations have been laid against this woman! Poor John Bull loves to *set up*, but then he loves equally to *pull down:* but happily for the Kemble family, they made their fame and fortune before honest John perceived the height to which he had raised them; and now, I believe, in perfect *spite* to their *too conscious* elevation, he endeavours to exalt a CHILD above them."

Her fashionable visits this year were to the Kembles, to meet the Marquis of Abercorn, Lord Charles Bentinck, and a large party—to Miss Lee's—to a dinner and rout at Mrs. Siddons's twice; at one of them she was introduced to Lady Besborough. With Mrs. Phillips she took tea and supper at General Gwyn's, and found Lord Minto and much company there. The Phillips's being about to leave town in June, parties at Vauxhall, and a dinner at Sir Charles Bunbury's, somewhat atoned for the approaching separation.

Her brother Edward Simpson died in January this year, and, being his executrix, the disposition

of his affairs occupied much of Mrs. Inchbald's time. The property was divided between the sisters. In a family so numerous, the casualties were seldom long suspended; and her sister Hunt was now seized with a complaint in the legs, which caused her to become wholly lame. Many applications were tried without success, and Mrs. Inchbald on the 20th of July paid a fee of ten guineas to Mr. James Douglas for his advice: on the 23rd she resigned this hopeless case to the care of Mrs. Jarrett, her sister's daughter, but the following month sent her five guineas. Such was her substantial kindness; nor did the lighter manifestations of fondness escape her attention: she in the same month carried her "Pretty" a gun, and his brother a *hammer,* to secure the *quiet* of her old residence.

The year 1805 was ushered in by Mr. Harris's actual payment of £600. for her play, 'To Marry or Not to Marry;' and she carried the bill to Mr. Hoare's, to have the amount of it, when discounted, invested in the funds, a full week before she read the piece to the performers in the green-room. On the 16th of February, the first night of performance, the author was behind the scenes;—it was clearly *well* received, but the medium had been thickened by the long gloom of tragedy—it did not sparkle so brightly to the spectators as her former productions. Kemble seems to have done her full justice, in the opinion of an able

man, who certainly did not *worship* him at all. We have already ventured to think our heroine too obdurate as to this gentleman. After the following letter, we believe she relaxed in her resolve; and some degree of cordiality revived between them. Godwin himself never failed in temper, when he had once reflected. Thus he writes upon the subject of 'To Marry or Not to Marry.'

"Somers Town, Feb. 18, 1805.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I congratulate you on your success of Saturday night, which I witnessed with much pleasure. Kemble scarcely ever appeared to so much advantage: you inspired him, and he understood you.

"Though personally you have hidden yourself from the eye of curiosity, you are, I dare say, not so ignorant of what is going on in the world as not to know that you and I were delivered of our bantlings on the same day.[1] What a foundation for sympathy! I should, agreeably to good old custom, request your acceptance of a copy of my book; but alas! my bookseller is Richard Phillips, and not George Robinson, sen.: you know the rest.

"Can you, consistently with the preferences you will naturally yield to those friends who are

[1] Mr. Godwin's offspring was named 'Fleetwood.'

so fortunate as sometimes to *see* you, give me a few orders?—Any you please, provided they are useable a few days after sight, that one's relations or friends may have an opportunity of accommodating themselves with places, and provided further that your gift be not so liberal as it would make me blush to receive.

"I am, dear Madam, with great regard,

"*Votre ancien ami,*

"W. GODWIN."

The crowd at a manager's door electrically acts upon a publisher's, and a play that *draws* is already destined to the press. Messrs. Longman, Mr. Harris's relations, were the publishers of Mrs. Inchbald's play; and on the 18th of March its appearance in print entitled her to renewed or different congratulation.

The Longmans having thus succeeded to the Robinsons, Mrs. Inchbald corresponded much with them during the spring, as to the publication of her long-projected 'Life.' With them, too, the negotiation closed unsuccessfully. They were always a *cautious* house, and therefore might not feel disposed to plunge, after the *dashing* hero of St. Paul's had refused the leap. However, they did not fail, in due time, to require her aid; and in the mean while she began another comedy, which she continued with her charming assiduity, till in the month of October her new

friend, being about to publish a body of acting plays, she consented to write for them biographical and critical prefaces with her name prefixed; a measure not sufficiently weighed by her, and calculated to open various sources of displeasure against a person whose interest it assuredly was to conciliate every body. The living rival who was dissatisfied with even *commendation* below his wishes, while he dropped his *real* cause of displeasure, could point with affected astonishment at the sacrilege she had committed against genius enjoying the prescription of time. There is a something unfeminine, too, in a lady's placing herself in the seat of judgment. Criticism has been commonly supposed more nearly allied to LEARNING than to GENIUS; and although the posterity of the latter may consist of nearly an equal number of both the sexes, yet, as learning but seldom appears in the female garb, it is commonly thought that criticism requires something beyond genius to arm itself fully for its awful task. She wrote, however, with slender preparation, as she tells us, critiques upon 'The Fair Penitent,' 'Douglas,' 'King John,' 'Macbeth,' 'Hamlet,' 'The Stranger,' 'The Poor Gentleman,' 'The Mourning Bride,' 'Inkle and Yarico,' 'Wild Oats,' 'Lovers Vows,' 'The Mountaineers,' 'The Wheel of Fortune,' 'The Heiress,' 'The Road to Ruin,' and 'Measure for Measure.' She thus laid the foundation of a controversy far from

agreeable with Mr. Colman, the son of her early patron; and something like a slender estimate of her obligations to the sire, seems to have a little sharpened the expostulations of the son: but we shall lay the contest at a proper time before the reader.

She had the honour of a royal command to her play on the 12th of March, and visited the theatre frequently during its run. She sent her *ancien ami*, Godwin, a copy of her play when printed, and seems gratified by his perhaps unexpected attention to her fame and her interest. Mrs. C—— had during the early part of the year paid particular attention to Mrs. Inchbald; whether she suspected the arrangement, projected most probably when the parties were leaving town, we do not know; we think not: however, on the 27th of November she had a letter from Mrs. P—— in Suffolk, informing her of Sir C. B.'s marriage with Mrs. C——, and at the close of the year the newly-wedded couple arrived in town. The instability of all that relates to us is here exemplified. For years Sir C. B. could not be *driven* from Mrs. Inchbald's dwelling; yet he marries another lady.

In January Mrs. Inchbald dines with Mr. and Mrs. Kemble every Sunday; but, on the last of them, has some *dispute* with him: a day or two

after he met her in the green-room; solicited that the offence on both sides might be forgotten, and his fair friend gladly agreed to the act of oblivion. To *forgive* is really easier than to forget. Several calls passed between them, but she did not again *dine* with them during the whole year.

She pursued her course of reading, and paid a friendly attention to 'Holcroft's Travels;' Godwin's 'Fleetwood;' Mrs. Opie's 'Mother and Daughter;' and the epistolary *wonder*, 'Madame de Sevigné's Letters.'

But there is a theme much dearer to us than her readings,—her anxious and interesting *beneficence*. Among her papers we find the following letter of simple gratitude; the writer was one of the boarders at Annandale House, just able to pay the pension—it would be a sin against humanity to suppress it.

"Jan. 28th, 1805.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"My acknowledgment of your kindness cannot be too soon expressed; be pleased to accept the thanks of a grateful heart. It is to your goodness I was indebted for *a fire* last *winter*;[1] and the comfort you have now afforded me will be ever imprinted on my memory. As Mrs. Wood

[1] That is, in her *private* room. Mrs. Wood was another boarder in the same establishment.

has written you all the news, I have nothing further to add, but my best wishes for your health and happiness in whatever situation you may move.

"I remain, my dear Madam, your obliged and affectionate friend, "MARY HOPKINS."

"To Mrs. Inchbald."

The year 1806 showed her, at full length, the disagreeable nature of her critical labours. On the 30th of March she wrote to Mr. Longman, begging to decline any further progress: this however he could not be expected to permit; and she was therefore compelled to *remark* through the whole year, in a way that added but little to her fortune, and nothing whatever to her fame. We imagine the plays were selected by the publisher. She has frequently bright passages; and is extremely warm in her praise of her great rival Mrs. Cowley, whom she does not seem to have personally known. What was at hand she could turn to; but she was not required to make researches; so she did what others have done, *picked her way softly* through old Reed's 'Biographia Dramatica;' and put at least a pleasing *modern mask* over matter by the greater part of the world forgotten. She gave her *name* to the book; and that was certainly worth the sixty guineas, which seem to have been the consideration paid for it. Through the whole work, there are neither

prologues nor epilogues, which, when *striking*, it is treason to omit; and we dislike the other omission, of the dedication or preface, which show us frequently so much of an author's mind, manners, views, and connexions. Who, that can *hear*, wants the book as a companion to the theatre? The auditor is not constituted *prompter*, to watch the lapses of the actor's memory; and, for his own pleasure, he had surely better look at *intelligent faces*, than typography; even though he had the French octavo 'Repertoire' before him, which is worthy of such printers as the Didots and Renouards.

In June 1806 she received a letter from Mr. Kemble, with an invitation, which she declined; thinking that the intercourse between people resident in the same town, which had been suspended for eighteen months, might be postponed *sine die*, like any unwelcome measure in parliament. So the year 1806 followed the year 1805, and we hear of no congregations of nobility and gentry; they had sinned inexpiably in running headlong after Betty. She had now narrowed the circle of her friends: a lodging at a shop in the Strand was no address like a private-looking house in Leicester Square. The remains of Lord Nelson conveyed to Whitehall by water, brought Lady Bunbury up to her elevated *look-out* over the Thames, with her sister Dolly and Louisa Pelegrine; and on the day following she descended to her fellow lodger Mr. Hood's apartments on the first floor, to see with a

large company the land procession pass through the Strand. This gentleman had the same political leaning as Mrs. Inchbald herself, and he used to break in upon her two or three times a day, to exhibit his transports of joy at the successes of the French armies under Napoleon. But the reader will expect her politics from her own pen. She thus writes to Mrs. Phillips:—

"I regret the calamity which has befallen Germany, but it has reconciled my little hovel to me. A dungeon would hardly seem lonely with so sublime a subject for meditation. When the war is over, I will accept your invitation to Barton; but while ministers afford such grand spectacles to the mind's eye as the battle of Jena, I can put up with all the bodily inconveniences of London.

"Sheridan has been humbled, but now hopes are entertained of his final election; yet none flattering to his pride or his penetration, for he thought the mob loved him. He now finds out that he praised the volunteers in vain, and had better have paid his debts. Yet I like the man so well, and am with all my boasting so bad a patriot, that, if I had a vote, I would give it him. I am now more angry with Coke than with Windham; and hope the event may be the Prussian defeat in miniature."

Her lodging in the Strand gave her from "her watch-tower in the skies" a for ever-varying prospect of the Thames; but every situation has its evils, and she must often have reflected upon the polite society, and plentiful table of Annandale House. Here is another extract from her correspondence with the same excellent lady:—

"My evenings now begin to be dull, they are so long, and no *fire* to cheer them.[1] I would give a good deal, could I call on you one hour every evening; it would make my day's work go off with more spirit: but I have no evening's reward for the labour of the day; and in that I am poorer than the poorest wife or mother in the world. All the entertainment I require is the exchange of a few sentences, and that I do not sometimes obtain for days together. I have met with no lodgings that suit me. My sister's illness will most likely keep me here some time longer, for in this house my decreased expenses do not suffer me to feel the weight of hers.

"Last Sunday sennight what a dreadful sight did I behold from my window! The Thames was rough;—a child of two years old fell from its mother's arms into the water, and was carried from the boat a little distance, but upheld by its clothes. The father dashed into the river, re-

[1] She could go unwarmed herself, but not permit a common acquaintance to be so.

covered the child, gave it to the mother; then sunk himself never to rise alive."

But in another letter we have the conveniences of the cabin, given with the genuine spirit of a comic writer.

"My present apartment is so small, that I am all over black and blue with thumping my body and limbs against my furniture on every side: but then I have not far to *walk* to reach any thing I want; for I can kindle my fire as I lie in bed; and put on my cap as I dine; for the looking-glass is obliged to stand on the same table with my dinner. To be sure, if there was a fire in the night, I must inevitably be burnt, for I am at the top of the house, and so removed from the front part of it, that I cannot hear the least sound of any thing from the street: *but then*, I have a great deal of fresh air; more day-light than most people in London, and the *enchanting* view of the Thames; the Surrey Hills; and of *three wind-mills*, often throwing their giant arms about, secure from every attack of the Knight of the woful countenance."

She had, it is true, given Miss Baillie her landlady warning in March; but she lingered on, balancing the aforesaid comforts and discomforts, and finding nothing equally cheap, and equally

healthy in her darling residence London. On the 19th of July she received a letter from Mrs. Phillips containing a very pressing invitation to Barton; and in defiance of the lures of the Surrey Hills and the discourteous menaces of the windmills, she left town in the afternoon of the 5th of August in the Norwich coach, and arrived at five the next morning at her friend's farm at Barton, which she greatly admired; and passed a month there in so agreeable a manner, that she was jealous lest any succeeding pleasure should diminish the delight by comparison. They walked much n the fields, and in Sir Charles Bunbury's plantations. Frequently she rode out with Mrs. Phillips, and they saw a great deal of Lady Bunbury. Her husband did not come down till the last week of the Muse's stay, when they dined three or four times at his house. The family attended the Church service on a Sunday, but Mrs. Inchbald preferred her private reading and self-examination at home. She had sent to her friend Lady Gage a copy of her prefaces to the acting plays, and she and Mrs. Phillips had a chaise to Bury to call upon her Ladyship and Lady Blake. The latter, with Sir Patrick her husband, returned the visit in the most courteous spirit. On the 21st of August she writes, "Went to see my poor mother's house at Standingfield;" "some natural tears she dropt, but wiped them soon." On the 10th of September she left Barton in the Norwich stage

at nine in the evening, on her return to London, where she arrived at twelve the following noon, in great health and spirits. Her sister Dolly dined with her, and she resumed with perfect composure the secluded fashion of her domestic life. Miss Baillie having let her lodgings in the front to a new tenant, Mrs. Inchbald was annoyed immediately on her return by the painting of the apartments and the stair-case; and she slept three nights at Mrs. Pelegrine's, in order to escape the smell so decidedly pernicious to her.

Her family seems to have been devoted to misfortunes and accidents out of all common proportion. In October her favourite sister Dolly broke one of her fingers, and received of course the daily attentions of Mrs. Inchbald, till she could come abroad again. Our playhouse *critic* did not visit the theatre once in the present year. She read, it seems, 'Johnson's Lives,'—Mrs. Opie's 'Simple Tales'—'Garrick's Life' by Murphy, the most incorrect of all lives, and wretchedly inferior to Tom Davies's, which he probably undervalued without reading it; and Lady Milner's account of the miracle lately performed at St. Winifred's Well.

CHAPTER V.

Invited to write in 'The Artist'—Translates Corneille—The Stafford Collection—Raphael—President West—Visit to Hampstead—Circulating library—The Edinburgh Review—Enjoys its severity—Colman the younger attacks her prefaces—Her reply to him—Homer and Dacier—Hoppner and Murray—Their letters—Declines the Quarterly—Covent-Garden theatre—She examines the sympathy for the Kembles—The "*dear* creatures" of the stage—Losses of friends—Her sister's illness—Regulates her food—Interesting letter—Mrs. Jekyll, her husband's affliction—Apathy the blessing of age—Sir Walter's 'Lady of the Lake'—Tiger in Piccadilly.

THE sixty guineas appear to have been a sort of retaining fee given by Mr. Longman, not a payment for the prefaces; for twice in the year 1807 she bought stock with money paid to her by that house. Mr. Prince Hoare this year proposed to her to write in a periodical which he conducted, called 'The Artist.' The Discourses and Idlers of Sir Joshua Reynolds had inspired our painters with a desire of literary distinction; and there seemed to be *then* current a notion, that those, who had drawn and painted all their lives, might know more

of the *principles* of their art and of the difficulties and felicities of its *execution*, than the gentry of the *eye-glass*, who decide with such surprising ease in matters of which they have not the slightest knowledge, and yet affect the most accurate judgment. Mrs. Inchbald wrote upon the *stage* chiefly for this work; and contributed, with ourselves who loved the man, to combine a wreath not unfit to fall upon the hearse of poor Opie, to whose character one number was entirely appropriated. Mr. Fuseli, Mr. Hoppner, Mr. Westall, Mr. Northcote, and Mr. Opie himself, all wrote at least as well as they painted; and we do not intend to disparage them in this estimate of their powers.

Among the literary designs of this most ingenious lady, one appears to have been translating into English the plays of the great Corneille. She began her work in the month of August, 1807, but does not seem to have made any considerable progress. We imagine she soon discovered, that English prose would sink miserably under the force and melody of his versification;—that, for the most part, those who were competent to taste his *beauties* were already in possession of his language; and the merely vulgar among us were not at all likely to relish his plays. They have none of that hurry and variety of action in which the English delight; though they are lofty and full of imagination; and perhaps best convey the *romantic* garb in which modern nations exhibit that

"victor people," alternately the masters and the servants of the northern nations. Her model, we know, was the translation which Mrs. Lennox undertook and completed of the Greek Theatre of the Père Brumoy, at the suggestion and with the aid of two great men, Dr. Samuel Johnson and John Boyle the fifth Earl of Cork and Orrery, the friend of Swift and Pope.

Like Brumoy she would have translated only the *chefs-d'œuvre* fully, and contented herself with the fable and striking passages of the inferior plays. Instead of the dissertations on the Greek tragedy and comedy, the latter of which Johnson himself translated for Mrs. Lennox, she had the cardinal's controversy as to the '*Cid*,' which contains nearly every thing relative to dramatic criticism, and she had the copious and somewhat invidious commentary of Voltaire, sometimes to adopt and sometimes to repel. She wanted only *poetry* for her task; not indeed such poetry as Cibber gave to the 'Cid' in his 'Heroic Daughter.' But enough.

On the 29th of July, she accompanied Sir Charles Bunbury, Mrs. Phillips, and Mr. Nassau, to view the magnificent collection of the Marquis of Stafford. She prodigiously admired the *Holy Family* there by Raphael. We remember that Mr. West the President of the Royal Academy told us, on the subject of this lovely picture, that he was no great believer, for the most part, as to what are

called Raphael's *easel* pictures: the shortness of his life, and the various large works executed certainly by his hand, left him little time, and probably less taste, for the minute finish of small works. At the same time he added, that there could be no doubt they were *all* executed after his *designs:* and he should think *this,* pointing to her favourite, might really be by his own pencil.

On the 20th of August Mrs. Morris called and took her in her carriage to their beautiful cottage at Hampstead. On this subject we have fortunately her own pen to entertain us. She writes to Mrs. Phillips, on the 2nd September, the following very characteristic letter. Mrs. Morris was the daughter of Thomas Lord Erskine, who had become Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain in the year 1806, and she had married Edward Morris, Esq. a most amiable man, and a Master in Chancery.

MRS. INCHBALD TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"2nd September, 1807.

"I think I never was so low-spirited in my life. Your leaving town, and my visit to Hampstead, all in one week, have left me now totally to myself, and without one prospect which I can form to my own satisfaction.

"The uncommon beauty of the house at Hampstead quite overpowered my faculties; it is the combined taste of Lord Granville, Lady Crewe,

and Lord Camelford. The two last had it in two tenements; but the former bought Mrs. Crewe's share on Lord Camelford's death, and, after beautifying the whole like an Arcadian palace, has let it, furniture and all, to Mr. and Mrs. Morris, till Easter, when he returns again.

"This proves what I observed to you very lately, that the person who has many houses cares for none of them; while I love my own little apartments so well, I would not have let them for the five weeks I was at your house for five hundred pounds, and had my furniture *used* into the bargain. But what has led me to the account of the house is the advice I received there, and which is the chief cause of my troubling you with a letter thus early after your arrival.

"Mr. Morris, who you know has great political connexions, besides being the son-in-law of the late Chancellor, and a Master in Chancery himself, has so seriously and strenuously advised me to make a small purchase of *land*, and not trust all my money in the funds, that I think myself bound not wholly to neglect his caution. Will you, at your perfect leisure, and at his perfect leisure, present my compliments to Mr. Dan. Phillips, and ask him if he can recommend to me a little piece of ground of the value of from one to three thousand pounds. If I could get five per cent. for my money, I did not care if the sum I laid out was more; but, as I fear my yearly

income would be too much decreased at present by a large purchase, (on account of the interest land bears,) I do not care how small a farm I am the mistress of, provided it will only keep me a cow, a sheep, a pig, and a donkey, in case of invasion or other equally perilous event to the Bank of England. I wished much to buy near London; but am told I shall lose less by going further off. I looked at one farm the other day, at one hundred pounds an acre, on the Edgeware road, and should have been tempted to buy it, but it was just sold;—it contained thirty acres. I have been on this business to see the daughter of that Mr. Talbott, whom we called to see at Standingford: she is married to a Bigsby, and has one of the most beautiful farm-houses that ever was beheld, four miles only from Tyburn turnpike; and its appearance is as rural, as if it was a hundred miles off. When you begin to send me the Bury paper again, perhaps I may find something for myself among the advertisements: only pray tell me what interest I am like to make near you by buying and letting a farm?

"P. S. I am invited to Hampstead again, but can't go. It was so enchanting, I never slept a wink all night; but thought I saw Lord Camelford's ghost gliding through my room every half hour."

Though she was too fond of her independence

to trespass frequently on her friend Morris's domain at Hampstead, the spot seems to have had its accustomed fascination upon our admirer of *nature and art*. On the western side of it was situated the farm she went to see in possession of Mrs. Bigsby. On this occasion she took her sister Dolly with her, and they all drank tea at Kilburn Wells. Nay, as advanced in the season as the 6th of November, she put her landlady, Miss Baillie, with herself, into the stage that conveyed them to Hampstead, enjoyed a walk there in the pure freshness of the Heath, dined at the Castle, and returned to London by the stage at seven o'clock.

The happiness of Mrs. Inchbald consisted for the most part in her habits. She was therefore slow to admit novelties into her system. She had attained the 54th year of her age, when she thus sportively narrates the opening of a mine of intellectual enjoyment, which John Bell's establishment in the Strand afforded her, with a hundred respectful attentions into the bargain.

"I have found out that for eight shillings and sixpence a quarter, I can receive entertainment worth fifty times as much. Of all the years I have passed in the world, I never subscribed to a circulating library before; and I began now for the sake of reading *Marmontel*. And so, for this trifle of money, I have had four volumes at a time in my house of choice books, that I have

read at my leisure for the last six weeks, and the same comfort and instruction I have to enjoy for six weeks to come, and all for eight and sixpence. The last Edinburgh Review, just published, has given me great entertainment. If it should fall in your way, you will be highly pleased with the account of Lancaster's new mode of teaching. I have been very curious to have this explained, and here it is done to my wish, and to my perfect admiration of Lancaster.

"But what is one of the most pleasant critiques I ever read is that on Sir John Sinclair's large volumes 'upon Health:' I laughed most inhumanly, though I was certain poor Sir John could not read it without crying. There is much laughable severity upon Wordsworth's poetry also; yet he no doubt is a man of genius, which those poems that Mr. Halstead lent me can surely testify. I must own I enjoy this kind of satire very much —nor have I the slightest objection to be the subject of it; but perhaps I should if I were a man. But for a woman to expose the want of literary talent I conceive no reproach, provided she is not led to publish merely through self-conceit. My fortitude is however going to be put to the trial; for my bookseller has informed me that Mr. Colman has turned me and my prefaces into the greatest ridicule, in a book he is publishing.

"Mr. Phillips brought me a newspaper—I have had another since—I have not been in such per-

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fect health for this many a year; for of late I have regained refreshing sleep. I sleep as sweetly as I did at fifteen, and wonder I do not look so when I go to the glass."

With every probability that he would survive her, Mrs. Inchbald rejoiced when Mr. Edward Morris declared his willingness to become a trustee to her property; and she again made her will, which she took to her friends the Phillips's, and executed it there: but neither was this to be her last will, and her amiable trustee passed away before her, though we forget the exact period. In April this year she received a letter from Mrs. Inchbald of Malton, acquainting her with her husband's death. She was a good deal shocked at it, and exerted herself strenuously to procure for his widow the benefit of the Schoolmasters' Institute, which in the end that lady declined to accept. She undertook to allow Mr. Inchbald of Selby five pounds per annum, of which he gratefully accepted. Her sister Dolly, again ill, was, as at all times, the object of her attention and her bounty. On the 18th of June her nephew, George Huggins, called on her to request a loan of fourteen hundred pounds. Such a sum she could only give, when it was no longer vital to herself. Among her readings in 1807, besides Marmontel's 'Life,' we find Paley's 'Evidences of Christianity.' It is but a proper tribute to that able man to say, that she thought him the clearest and most convincing of

our divines, and never seems for a moment disposed to prefer one of her own *infallible* reasoners.

The year 1808 was ushered in by a request from Messrs. Longman for four more prefaces, with which she supposed herself to have completed what she calls her "dreadful task." They were all plays by the Younger Colman—'The Battle of Hexham,' 'The Surrender of Calais,' 'The Iron Chest,' and 'The Heir at Law.' They produced, as she probably expected, some expostulation from their admirable author; some rebuke, more pleasantry; some upon his own writings, some upon his fair critic. Upon one point the reader of the present work has the materials before him to enable him to decide between the litigants. Mrs. Inchbald says, "In thus acknowledging my obligations to Mr. Colman the *Elder*, let it be understood, that they amounted to no more than those usual attentions which every manager of a theatre is supposed to confer, when he first selects a novice in dramatic writing, as worthy of being introduced on his stage to the public."

"*Supposed* to confer"—by *whom* supposed, dear lady? "Those *usual* attentions!"—with Garrick they *were* usual, and he was *able* to confer them; but, except by *him*, any thing like the labour of re-modelling the whole piece, never either was done or could be done, for reasons referring to

inability, or indolence, or other occupation, all of which will occur when the managers are thought about. For the rest, though the missiles of her assailant cannot be said

"To tinkle *faintly* on her sounding shield,"

she receives them like an Amazonian warrior; and hurls back the *Dacier* and *Homer*, so as to somewhat stagger both herself and Colman. And now for the battle:

TO MRS. INCHBALD.

"MADAM,

"When I lately sold the copy-right of 'The Heir at Law,' (with two or three other dramatic manuscripts,) I required permission to publish any prefatory matter, which might appear eligible to me, in the first *genuine* impression of the plays in question. I had reason to suppose that they would be put forth in a series of dramas, with *Critical Remarks by Mrs. Inchbald.* On this account I more particularly urged my *postulatum.* I make no apology for writing Latin to you, Madam; for, as a scholiast, you, doubtless, understand it, like the learned Madame Dacier, your predecessor.

"Did not the opportunity thus occur of addressing you;—did it not absolutely fall in my way, I should have been silent: but as your *critique* on the present play, will, probably, go hand in hand

with this letter, I would say a little relative to those dramas of mine which have, already, had the honour to be somewhat singed, in passing the fiery ordeal of feminine fingers;—fingers which it grieves me to see destined to a rough task, from which your manly contemporaries in the drama would naturally shrink. Achilles, when he went into petticoats, must have made an awkward figure among the females; but the delicate Deidamia never wielded a battle-axe to slay and maim the gentlemen.

"My writings (if they deserve the name) are replete with error: but, dear Madam! why would you not apply to *me?* I should have been as zealous to save you trouble, as a beau to pick up your fan. I could have easily pointed to *twenty* of my blots, in the *right* places, which have escaped you, in the labour of discovering *one* in the wrong.

"But, Madam, I tire you. A word or two, first, for my *late father,*—then for myself,—and I have done. In your *criticism* upon 'The Jealous Wife,' (a sterling comedy, which must live on the English stage till taste and morality expire,) *you* say, that, after this play, "it appears Mr. Colman's talents for dramatic writing *failed;* or, *at least,* his *ardour abated.*" Fie on these bitters, Madam, which you sprinkle with honey! Whether his talent did or did not fail, (I presume to say *not,*) is no point in question: but you have gone out of the way to assert it; mixing, *ad libi-*

tum, the biographer with the critic. Oh, Madam! is this grateful? is it *graceful*, from an ingenious lady, who was originally encouraged, and brought forward, as an authoress, by that *very man*, on whose tomb she idly plants this poisonous weed of remark, to choke the laurels which justly grace his memory?

"As to the history of my father's writing 'The Clandestine Marriage' jointly with Mr. Garrick, it is a pity, (since you chose to enter into it,) that you had not proceeded to all the inquiry within your power, instead of trusting to vague report, or your own conjecture. I should have been gratified, Madam, in giving you every information on that subject, which I received from my father's lips; and you have no reason, I trust, to suspect that I should desert from his known veracity. How happened, Madam, this omission of *duty* to your publishers and the public?

"As to my own trifling plays, which you have done me the honour to notice, allow me merely to ask a few questions:

"'Inkle and Yarico.'—Pray, Madam, why is it an 'important fault' to bring Yarico from America instead of Africa; when Ligon (whence the story in the Spectator is taken,) records the circumstance as a *fact*? Pray, Madam, why did you not rather observe, that it is a worse fault (excusable only in the carelessness of youth) to put lions and tigers in the woods of America, and to give Wowski a Polish denomination?

" ' Mountaineers.'—Pray, Madam, why should you kill the ' Mountaineers ' with *Mr. Kemble?* Pray, Madam, has not Octavian been acted repeatedly (though, certainly, never so excellently as by Mr. Kemble) to very full houses without him? Pray, Madam, did you ever ask the Treasurer of the Haymarket Theatre this question?

" ' Poor Gentleman.'—Pray, Madam, do you mean a compliment or rebuke, when you say this comedy exacts *rigid criticism?*—' *not from its want of ingenuity or powers of amusement,* but that both these requisites fall infinitely here below the talents of the author.' Pray do not the subjects which present themselves to all authors make all authors sometimes appear unequal? And when *you,* Madam, as an author, have shown *ingenuity,* and *powers of amusement,* to ' auditors and readers,' have they not been content,—and have not you been content too?

" ' John Bull.'—You have taken him only by the tip of his horns, Madam: but if Irish bog-trotters and Yorkshire clowns were (according to your prescription) to talk like gentlemen, pray, Madam, might not a lady invite them very innocently some afternoon to a ball and supper?

" You really clothe your *Remarks,* Madam, in very smooth language. Permit me to take my leave in a quotation from them, with some little alteration :—

" ' Beauty, with all its charms, would not consti-

tute a good *Remarker*. A very inferior *Dramatic Critique* may be, in the highest degree, pointed.'

"I have the honour to be, Madam,
"(With due limitation,)
"Your admirer, and obedient servant,
"GEORGE COLMAN, the Younger."

"January, 1808."

"TO GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER, ESQ.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"As I have offended you, I take it kind that you have publicly told me so; because it gives me an opportunity thus openly to avow my regret, and, at the same time, to offer you all the atonement which is now in my power.

"In one of those unfortunate moments, which leave us years of repentance, I accepted an overture to write from two to four pages, in the manner of preface, to be introduced before a certain number of plays, for the perusal or information of such persons as have not access to any diffuse compositions, either in biography or criticism, but who are yet very liberal contributors to the treasury of a theatre. Even for so humble a task I did not conceive myself competent, till I submitted my own opinion to that of the proprietors of the plays in question.

"To you, as an author, I have no occasion to describe the force of those commendations which come from the lips of our best patrons, the pur-

chasers of our labour. Dr. Johnson has declared, 'an author is sure always to hear the truth from a bookseller; at least, as far as his judgment goes, there is no flattery.' The judgment on which I placed my reliance on this occasion was,—that many readers might be amused and informed, whilst no one dramatist could possibly be offended, by the cursory remarks of a female observer, upon works which had gone through various editions, had received the unanimous applause of every British theatre, and the final approbation or censure of all our learned Reviews; and that any injudicious critique of such female might involve her own reputation, (as far as a woman's reputation depends on being a critic,) but could not depreciate the worth of the writings upon which she gave her brief intelligence and random comments.

"One of the points of my agreement was, that I should have no control over the time or the order in which these prefaces were to be printed or published, but that I should merely produce them as they were called for, and resign all other interference to the proprietor or editor of the work. You ask me, 'Do not the subjects which present themselves to all authors, sometimes appear unequal?' I answer, yes: and add, that here, in the capacity of a periodical writer, I claim indulgence upon this your interrogation, far more than you. Confined to a stated time of publication, such writers may be com-

pelled, occasionally, to write in haste, in ill health, under depressed spirits, with thoughts alienated by various cares, or revolting from the subject before them. The remarks on your 'Mountaineers' were written beneath the weight of almost all those misfortunes combined. The play was sent to the press whilst not a sentence could my fancy suggest, which my judgment approved to send after it. In this perplexity recollection came to my aid, and I called to mind, and borrowed in my necessity, your own reported words to Mr. Kemble, upon the representation of this identical drama. As I speak only of report, should your memory supply no evidence in proof of what I advance, ask yourself, whether it was not probable that on some occasion, during a season of more than hoped-for success, such acknowledgments, or nearly such, as I have intimated, might not have escaped you towards the evident promoter of your good fortune?—or if, at any period of a later date, you can bring to your remembrance the having lavished unwary compliments even on minor actors, and upon minor events, do not once doubt but that you actually declared your sentiments to the original performers of Octavian, in eulogiums even more fervid than those which I took the liberty to repeat.

"The admiration I have for 'Inkle and Yarico,' rendered my task here much lighter. Yet that very admiration warned me against unqualified

praise, as the mere substitute for ridicule, and to beware lest suspicions of a hired panegyrist should bring disgrace upon that production, which required no such nefarious aid for its support. Guided by cautions such as these, I deemed it requisite to discover one fault in this excellent opera. You charge me with having invented that one which never existed, and of passing over others which blemish the work; yet you give me no credit for this tenderness: though, believe me, dear Sir, had I exposed any faults but such as you could easily argue away, (and this, in my Preface, I acknowledged would be the case,) you would have been too much offended to have addressed the present letter to me; your anger would not have been united with pleasantry, nor should I have possessed that consciousness which I now enjoy—of never having intended to give you a moment's displeasure.

"Humility, and not vanity, I know to be the c use of that sensation which my slight animadversions have excited: but this is cherishing a degree of self-contempt, which I may be pardoned for never having supposed that any one of 'my manly contemporaries in the drama' could have indulged.

"Of your respected father I have said nothing that he would not approve were he living. He had too high an opinion of his own talents, to have repined under criticisms such as mine;

and too much respect for other pursuits, to have blushed at being cloyed with the drama: yet you did me justice when you imagined that the mere supposition of my ingratitude to him would give me pain. This was the design meditated in your accusation; for, had I either wronged or slighted his memory, you would have spared your reproach, and not have aimed it at a heart too callous to have received the impression. But, in thus acknowledging my obligations to Mr. Colman the Elder, let it be understood that they amounted to no more than those usual attentions which every manager of a theatre is supposed to confer, when he first selects a novice in dramatic writing as worthy of being introduced on his stage to the public.

"I should thank you for reminding me of my duty to my employers, but that it has been the object of my care, even to the most anxious desire of minutely fulfilling the contract between us; in which, as you were not a party consulted, you cannot tell but that I might stipulate to give no other information in those prefaces, but such as was furnished me from their extensive repository of recorded facts. Nor did the time or space allotted me for both observations and biography (for biography of the deceased was part of my duty, and not introduced at my discretion) admit of any further than an abridgment, or slight sketch, of each. Your attention and wishes of

having been applied to on this subject, however, give a value to these trifles I never set on them before. The novelty of the attempt was their only hoped-for recommendation. The learned had for ages written criticisms, the illiterate were now to make a trial,—and this is the era of dramatic prodigies!—Adventurers sufficiently modest can be easily enticed into that field of speculation, where singularity may procure wealth, and incapacity obtain fame.

"Permit me, notwithstanding this acquiescence in your contempt for my literary acquirements, to apprise you, that in comparing me, as a critic, with Madame Dacier, you have, inadvertently, placed yourself, as an author, in the rank with Homer. I might as well aspire to write remarks on 'The Iliad,' as Dacier condescend to give comments on 'The Mountaineers.' Be that as it may, I willingly subscribe myself an unlettered woman, and as willingly yield to you all those scholastic honours which you have so excellently described in the following play.

"I am, dear Sir,

"(With too much pride at having been admitted a dramatist along with the two Colmans, father and son, to wish to diminish the reputation of either,)

"Yours, most truly and sincerely,

"ELIZABETH INCHBALD."

"March, 1808."

The *comic* writer breaks out most in her conclusive sentence, where she willingly yields to the author of the 'Heir at Law' all the *scholastic honours* he so excellently describes in Pangloss. She had perpetual temptations to turn professed critic; but the unpleasant effect, resulting to herself alone from these prefaces, deterred her from the exercise of that power which she had so much enjoyed in the 'Edinburgh Review.' Mr. Robinson told her that her edition of Acting Plays had met with prodigious success. She had, in April, read for him a MS. novel of Miss Burney's, (Madame D'Arblay,) and wrote to him on the subject, confidentially, of course. It was a delicate thing to ask of the writer of the 'Simple Story' to sit in judgment upon the author of 'Cecilia.'

Again she resumed her 'Corneille' with but timid heart; while she wrote, as she tells us, with both spirit and hope at her melo-drama. Again, in November, we find that even the hopeful ground sunk under her experienced step, and she gave it "wholly up." On the 30th of December Mrs. Inchbald received a letter from Mr. Hoppner, which calls for our notice, as the announcement of a great and popular work, the 'Quarterly Review.' We also hear a little of the "Editor" through the communication of Mr. Murray himself; and we publish the letters as no slight testimonials to the literary ascendancy of Mrs. Inchbald.

" Charles Street, St. James's Square.

" MADAM,

" It being the intention of some gentlemen of the very first literary character to establish in London a Quarterly Review that will be patronised by people of the first distinction in the country, and cannot therefore fail of proving successful, I am requested to solicit the favour of your aid and abilities to the work, on such terms as you may think proper to propose. The first Number will be published the first week in February, and Madame Cottin's 'Malvina' is offered for your inspection. I am at present confined to the house with rheumatism, but both Mrs. Hoppner and myself would be most happy in the pleasure of your company—when we could talk this matter over, and make you better acquainted with the plan and those who are concerned in it.

" I am, Madam,

" With great respect, your obedient servant,

" J. HOPPNER."

" Charles Street.

" Mr. Hoppner conceives hopes, from the general tenor of Mrs. Inchbald's note, that, when she is better acquainted with the plan and persons who are to contribute to the Review he mentioned, she may be yet induced to unite her talents in support of a work that not only promises to *live*, but to maintain great reputation."

"32, Fleet Street, Jan. 10, 1809.

"MADAM,

"Mr. Hoppner, whose directions I received to-day from his bed, requested me to inform you that he would have attended much earlier to your letter but from his illness, which prevented him equally from going out or writing. He had indeed sent twice to me; but I have been out of town, and did not return until this morning. At the request of Mr. Hoppner and the Editor of the new Review, I have now the pleasure of sending you the last afterpiece, 'The School for Authors,' by the late Mr. Tobin. As it is desirable to study subjects as well as books, and to generalise as much as to criticise; if, in your review of this production, you could take an excursive view of the present state of theatrical literature from your own knowledge and observation, the Editor conceives this play would be rendered a more interesting article; but he leaves it to your better experience to manage as you please.

"Mr. Hoppner will inform you hereafter more particularly of the writers in, and plan of, his work, for which we solicit the addition of your well-known talents; and, in the mean time, I will venture to assure you that your associates are, without exception, the first literary characters in this country—all of whom have written with as much anxiety and care as if their reputation depended on the anonymous criticisms they have

contributed. I beg leave also to acquaint you that the most inviolable secresy will always be observed respecting the writer of each particular article. Should any other book, or subject even, you may accidentally see advertised, appear more congenial and interesting to you than the one now offered, I will only beg the honour of one line, and it shall be immediately forwarded. It would be obliging to the Editor if the article could be completed, in a way that will be satisfactory to yourself, something within a fortnight.

"I am happy in this opportunity of offering, with compliments, assurances of the high esteem with which I have long been, Madam,

"Your literary admirer and humble servant,

"JOHN MURRAY."

We should have longed, in her place, for the opportunity afforded of attending Madame Cottin, the enchanting author of that little pathetic wonder, 'Elizabeth;' and should have broken through every resolve to right the injured "Tobin," whom the dulness and folly of the "keep-moving" managements consigned to the early grave of disappointment. Mr. Murray has well explained the principle of modern reviewing, by which a three-act comedy may become the hint to a criticism of four times its extent. "As it is desirable," says he, "to study *subjects* as well as books, and to *generalise* as well as to criticise." To

be sure this will best display the *critic*, and *may* most instruct the public; but the poor author is, for the most part, but a "stalking-horse," from whose back the critic deliberately levels at distant and surrounding game, giving his steed a lash or two as he ends his diversion.

On the 25th of June she went with Mrs. Opie, in a post-chaise, to spend the day at Mr. Harris's country-seat, "Belmont," and was much surprised to meet Mr. and Mrs. Kemble there. This is the first personal interview held with them since their dispute, except occasionally speaking in the street, for now three years. A few days afterwards she received an interesting letter from Mr. Kemble, with a present of a book on 'Religious Characters and Events.' May we, from the peace-offering, guess at the nature of the war? We believe we may, for the intimacy does not seem to have been farther renewed.

In September this year Covent-Garden theatre was consumed by fire; an event by which her old friends severely suffered, and from which, through riot, success, alienation, and contest, the ruin of all the parties was perfectly accomplished. Mrs. Inchbald at all times expressed her sympathy for the Kembles; but there is evidence at least that she thought the sympathy of some people extravagant and ridiculous. See the letter she wrote to her friend Mrs. Phillips, after the munificence of the Duke of Northumberland got wind.

"There is something so romantically friendly in Mrs. T. Hughes's grief for Mr. and Mrs. Kemble, that, notwithstanding my respect for her, it had a risible effect. I lament every event that tends to degrade the stage! But Mr. and Mrs. Kemble, seated in the hearts of our nobility, who confer, not merely honours on them, but riches by ten thousand pounds at a present — THEY, who can feel no humiliation from the scoff of a plebeian, or any poverty from a public loss, they were NOT the objects of compassion, to an excess such as Mrs. Hughes has felt for them."

For many years (and they may still do so for aught we know) our NOBLES of illustrious birth and the most splendid stations, absolutely courted the friendly society of those, who, two centuries back, would have been honoured by the title of "their servants." Physicians, too, attended these people without fees; and, after their visits, drove about the town as flying *bulletins* of the health of the "darlings;" puffing at the same time their own skill for recovering them from perhaps a "box fever;" or a quarrel about "salary or dresses" with the manager. But there is no sympathy for aught "*below the stars;*" which, as our readers know, in theatres royal are the two or three *leaders* of the troops. In all correspondence about them too, an epithet has been appropriated which is really quite fulsome; they are styled

" the *dear* creature ;" or *Dear* Mrs. ——, or Dear Miss —— ; " not when spoken *to*, for that is usual, but when spoken *of;* as the mere expression of a current passion, which everything, above the vulgar, must be supposed to feel for a being so exquisite." These idiots never once think of the *actual* prodigy, who created the CHARACTERS acted, and informed the page—

> " With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
> Never to die ! the treasure of mankind !"

Mrs. Inchbald was now in her 55th year, a period in which the most healthful are reminded of speedy decline, by the *fall* as well as the infirmities of those who have gone through life in their company. The year 1808 abounded in such casualties, and inspired the usual melancholy regret and retrospective sense of present loneliness which *will* invade all who allow themselves to think. Mrs. Inchbald lost the guide of her fortune, her broker, Morgan, in January ; Mr. William Hoare in February. In April her dear young friend Caroline Twiss, in her 15th year ; and in September she was greatly shocked by a letter from Mrs. Inchbald of Malton, announcing the death of Mr. Inchbald of Selby. Her friend Mrs. Phillips was in the country nearly the whole year, attending her daughter Fanny in a dangerous

illness, and this was not the only family affliction that befell her: she had carried Fanny to Aldborough for sea air, and pressed Mrs. Inchbald to join her; but she declined giving additional trouble where she could render no aid. Besides, she was a good deal annoyed by the frequent returns of indisposition upon her sister Dolly, whose temper seems to have suffered by her illness, and she grew hardly endurable as company to her kind relation. Nay, she seemed to think that *enough* had not been done for her. Upon this being made known by Mrs. Pelegrine, Mrs. Inchbald, who always kept exact accounts, wrote particulars of the disbursements during four years for her. The scrupulous accuracy is as amusing, as the goodness is affecting.

	£.	s.	d.
" Annuity with the Income Tax .	88	0	0
When my play came out . .	5	0	0
When I went to the country . .	2	0	0
When I drew on Longman . .	3	0	0
Her broken finger . . .	1	0	0
Heavy Head	1	0	0
	£100	0	0

There is yet a *Nota Bene*. " I charge no income tax but for the annuity, though I pay it upon all my gifts alike, but this would add to the present account no less that £5. 2*s*." Mrs. Pelegrine, however, naming thirty pounds a year as the amount that would be desirable and sufficient,

Mrs. Inchbald at once agreed to pay that sum to her sister. The funds being thus supplied, and poor Dolly getting better toward the end of the year, her attentive sister prescribes food for her *week*, to get her into flesh; and we are amused with the anxious desire she discovers to prolong life and its attendant annuity. It may be useful to other good people of sixty.

INSTRUCTIONS TO HER SISTER.

"Take chocolate for breakfast. If you be faint, wine and toasted bread between breakfast and dinner; and thus vary your dinner each day:—Sunday, a joint of meat; Monday, two lean mutton chops boiled but not stewed, with an onion, a turnip, and a carrot; Tuesday, a beef-steak, preferably beef roasted; Wednesday, a broiled mutton chop; Thursday, a veal cutlet; Friday, stewed oysters or eggs; Saturday, nice boiled beef from the cook's shop, or a pork chop, a rabbit, or anything more novel you can think of.

"Eat, whenever you have an appetite, but never eat too heartily, especially off different things. Have cake or what you please at tea; a light supper; but go to bed satisfied, or you will not sleep."

"Let not Ambition mock *this* useful toil,
These homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and 'simple *Story*' of the poor."

The all *but* treason of changing two words in the imperishable Elegy of Gray may, it is hoped, find pardon in this "grace after meat."

The following letters give so full and interesting a portrait of Mrs. Inchbald's condition at this time, her chequered existence, her feelings for those she loved, and the discrimination with which she lived, and thought, and wrote, that they must be interesting to all who love to peruse *character*.

"Friday, 4th Nov., 1808.

"DEAR MRS. PHILLIPS,

"Have you read in the papers the death of Lord Claude Hamilton? I was grieved to the heart for his father; and yet I felt a degree of remission of my pain by reflecting that YOU might receive a passing consolation in comparing your own misfortunes to the Marquis of Abercorn's.

"He is as fond a parent as yourself. It is only five years ago that he lost a most beautiful and accomplished daughter, whose preceptor he had been in all the learned languages, and her talents had amply repaid him for his labour. She was on the very eve of marriage with the young Marquis of Waterford, to the extreme joy of her father, — the house filled with company and all festivity, when she suddenly died.

"Lord Claude was, if possible, more beloved than the daughter. His uncommon fine person and face, and very extraordinary understanding,

made me often think I would sooner be him than the heir. Threatened by a decline, he was exiled from his family who adored him, and has died, leaving all his thousand earthly comforts behind, on the wide seas, going to the Brazils for his health. Since the very few years which I have known Lord Abercorn, he has lost his *wife*[1] (by the worst of all disorders, love for another); two grown-up children by death; he has had his castle in Ireland burnt to the ground; and has broken both his legs. Yet he lives, and no doubt has many days of undisturbed enjoyment."

"Sunday, 19th Nov., 1808.

"DEAR MRS. PHILLIPS,

"Sir Charles will tell you he invited me to breakfast and I went. I called on Miss Phillips; but did not ask, or wish, to see her sick brother. I feel just as you do in respect to her; she is an object of great compassion; yet I cannot help conceiving her situation to be so far enviable, that she has now, and will have at all future periods, the consolation to know, that she attended the person she affectionately loved, and who loved her in return, through all the afflictions of severe illness, and administered that best of comforts—unfeigned sympathy.

[1] His second wife. She was his Lordship's cousin, Cecil Hamilton, eighth daughter of the Hon. George Hamilton. From her Ladyship he was divorced by act of Parliament in 1799.

"This is a reflection that pertains to you as well as to her; and you have, besides, more recourses than she has to dissipate your grief. She will soon, perhaps, have no relative that is not bound by stronger ties to others than to her;—and a heart so particularly susceptible of woe as she possesses must experience the full calamity of such a solitary state.

"I grieve for Mr. Jekyll even more than for Miss Phillips. She, though plunged in sorrow, has lost no happiness,—for she never was happy; at least, since I have known her, her life has been a continued round of grief or melancholy. Her descent from one misfortune to another has been gradual, while poor Mr. Jekyll has been hurled at once from felicity to deep anguish.

"You cannot think how much I have been affected by her death. For two or three winters, I met her often at the fashionable houses, and upon all occasions admired and respected her. It seems but yesterday that I found out he loved her by the earnestness with which he talked with her at Mrs. Morton Pitt's masquerade, (when I borrowed all the BLUE things of you;) and she was then Miss Sloane. What a task to part from her two beautiful boys! *Oh! far better to die an old maid, than pass through such a trial.*

"To change the subject somewhat abruptly—I beg you will consider that last sentence, as my

exact opinion in respect to the marriage of Miss Adams.

"As to myself, I have had my full share of the world—a busy share from fifteen to fifty. I should want taste did I not now enjoy that variety in life which I gain by solitude. Still a medium has ever been wanting, both in my public and private life, to give a zest of true enjoyment. I had thirty-five years of perpetual crowd and bustle. I have now had five of almost continual loneliness and quiet;—extremes justified only by necessity.

"Do not imagine you can render me, with all your praises, satisfied with my personal attractions; though you know me so well, as to know such things would be more gratifying to me than any *other* gifts in the world.

"Nor do not suppose you can alarm me by representing the state of APATHY as a calamity. It is the BLESSING of old age; it is the substitute for patience. It permits me to look in the glass without screaming with horror—and to live upon moderate terms of charity with all young people, (without much hatred or malice,) although I can never be young again."

There is something so truly feminine, so ingenuous, and at the same time so really philosophical in the last paragraph, that we beg to add

to our applause the declaration that we believe it perfectly original.

Amid all these calls upon her for serious thought, she read the Bible; prayed frequently; examined her conscience, and in the month of July we find a notice thus worded:—"Wrote to Nancy expressing my conformity to the Catholic Church." And she read certainly the best of Paley's Books; to be sure the least needed, 'Natural Theology.' Paley in divinity reminds us of what Johnson said of Goldsmith—"He is writing 'On Animated Nature' and will make it as entertaining as a Fairy Tale." Here Paley used Cicero's philosophical writings with great address.

Mrs. Inchbald was delighted with poor Sir Walter's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel;' and when she had read his 'Lady of the Lake' some time afterwards, thus attacks a friend who thought it trivial:—

"I am going to censure your taste, your judgment, your feeling, or your atrocious carelessness, in reading 'The Lady of the Lake;' which betrayed you to slander as a *trivial* production, one of the most exquisite poems that was ever published. I have read only five Cantos yet; and dare not begin the sixth and last, because my sorrow will be so great when it is ended. It is not poetry that is here *alone* admirable; it is the deep sense of all that is right and wrong—that sympathy which accords with all the human affec-

tions, and knows how to describe with exactness every pang and every joy it feels. I can compare your disliking this 'Lady of the Lake' to no one phenomenon in my memory, except that of the walking of *a Tiger* up Piccadilly."

CHAPTER VI.

Refuses to criticise—Hoppner and Murray propose the Quarterly —Their letters—Principles of criticism—'La Belle Assemblée' rejected—Price of her very name—Drury-Lane playhouse—View of the conflagration—Mr. Plumptre's Sermons—Mrs. Inchbald's letter to him—Defends her old profession—Mr. P. Hoare's artist—Lord Chedworth's will—Death of her sister Dolly—Her only surviving sister ill—Visits her nephew at Southampton—Millennium House—The O. P. Riot—Sees a revolution in the triumph—France—Poor Holcroft dies—Mr. Hoare's benevolence —Mrs. Inchbald's subscription—Mr. Edgeworth sends his daughter's work—His letters—One admirably critical from Maria Edgeworth herself—Change of residence—St. George's Row and *row!*—Mr. Este and his violence—Miseries of *Lodgers*—Oppression of *Landlords*—Lingers in Paradise.

We almost hinted our opinion that Mrs. Inchbald would decline any further toils of criticism. She in the year 1809 resisted all the flatteries of Hoppner, and the temptations of Murray; and left the 'Quarterly Review' to the eminent men, who rendered it more than the rival of the 'Edinburgh.' Mr. Longman in January proposed to her, through her friend Robinson, to allow her name to be prefixed to a selection of modern

farces. She did not write a syllable for the work, and merely substituted two or three better things for so many indifferent ones struck out of the list. She received fifty pounds even for such help as this; and she had the address to make her aid a matter of great solicitation and favour; her *own* terms, and so forth. She bought 3 per cent. Stock with the paper currency of her name. John Bell offered to make her conductress of his Magazine 'La Belle Assemblée:' even this temptation she resisted; "she had done with the *fashionable* world she assured him, and thought only of a *better*." Poor Bell was greatly shocked; talked of "her *beauty* and her *wit*;" and that she was by both "nature and art" pointed out as the only "competent person;" told us, we well remember, his notions of her lonely abstraction; and 'La Belle Assemblée' fell into other hands.

Longman next proposed fifty guineas for a selection of fifty modern plays by Mrs. Inchbald, without prefaces; and her name accordingly is found in the title-pages of ten or more volumes. He made some proposal, too, relative to the 'Simple Story;' what it was she does not say. Notwithstanding the advice of the Critical Reviewers, she never, we believe, thought of filling the *chasm* of seventeen years in this novel: and, although we would not convert it into a precedent, we prefer in her work the omission of all the arts of seduction, and the temptations of slighted beauty

to punish what she *does* love by a sacrifice of her honour to what she does *not*. Richardson has in two works exhausted the disgusting arts of systematic seduction; and it may be a question, whether for the interests of mankind the character of *Lovelace* had not better have remained undelineated by the moralist.

Mrs. Inchbald was at all times fond of sublime objects, and had missed the sight of Covent-Garden theatre in flames; but her situation at the top of No. 163 in the Strand, by the side of the New Church, giving both a direct and reflected view of the horrors attending the destruction of Holland's Drury-Lane theatre, we are happy to lay her descriptive letter on the subject before our readers:—

TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"Sunday, Feb. 26, 1809.

"I saw nothing of the conflagration of Covent-Garden theatre, but was a miserable spectator of all the horrors of Drury-Lane. I went to bed at ten, was waked at a quarter before twelve, and went into the front room opposite to mine, while the flames were surrounding the Apollo at the top of the play-house, and driven by the wind towards the New Church, which appeared every moment to be in danger.

"I love sublime and terrific sights, but this

was so terrible I ran from it; and in my own room was astonished by a prospect more beautiful, more brilliantly and calmly celestial, than ever met my eye. No appearance of fire from my window except the light of its beams; and this was so powerful, that the river, the houses on its banks, the Surrey hills beyond, every boat upon the water, every spire of a church, Somerset House and its terrace on this side,—all looked like one enchanted spot, such as a poet paints, in colours more bright than nature ever displayed in this foggy island. I do not proceed out of my own house on this subject, for the newspaper will tell you all the rest. I had on that very day begun to read a book which gratified my taste and my opinions very much; it contained *sermons* in favour of the Stage. I was proud to find a clergyman so judicious and so liberal on this topic. You will be surprised to find that this book came to me as a present from the author, when I tell you that his name is Plumptre.

"This puts me in mind of indulging my vanity. In my profession I am sometimes idle for months or years; but, when I resolve on writing, I earn my money with speed. No resolution of the kind has however come to me of late; and yet, the week before last, I earned fifty guineas in five minutes, by merely looking over a catalogue of fifty farces, drawing my pen across one or two, and writing the names of others in their place:

and now all those in that catalogue are to be printed with 'Selected by Mrs. Inchbald' on the title-page. The prodigious sale my Prefaces have had, has tempted the booksellers to this offer.

"E. I."

The conflagration of the Apollo theatre occurred on Friday the 24th, and, being Lent, there had been no performance that night, and very probably none of the servants of it were within the walls at the time. The conflagration of the two Patent Theatres within a few months of each other, could not fail to excite the ill-smothered hatred of our fanatics; and it is wonderful their fancy did not people the blaze with the departing evil spirits, of whom play-houses are the proverbial habitations:—

"*Apollo* from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament,
The parting *Genius* is with sighing sent."

At this time, too, the Pulpit had very idly commenced a direct and violent attack upon our only rational public entertainment; and the Rev. Mr. Plumptre, with great moderation, had published a volume distinguishing between the use and *abuse* of dramatic composition. This book, in pursuance of a request from the amiable author, Mrs. Inchbald read attentively, and with much

pleasure: it respected her opinions, and sanctioned her taste. She wrote to the defender of her former profession, a letter of acknowledgment, replete with ingenuity; and we lay a copy of it before the reader of liberality and candour. The postscript, on the definition of the word *delicacy*, is singularly acute and amusing:—

MRS. INCHBALD TO THE REV. J. PLUMPTRE.

"SIR,

"I should have acknowledged the favour of your letter much sooner, but that I have been ambitious to add a few observations, in compliance with your request, to that vast catalogue of facts which you have so charitably produced in defence of the drama. It appears to me, however, that you have left so little to be said in addition to your arguments, that I almost despair of a future volume from you; and in all my endeavours to aid the cause, I have no more than the two following remarks to offer.

"My *first* is,—that the disgrace imputed to the actor's profession seems to have been a kind of preservative against every *other* disgrace—at least against that worst of ignominies which attaches to every offence punishable by law. From murder down to forgery or petty larceny—from high treason down to sedition, or even disaffection to the royal cause—all English actors are allowed to have been free. The misdeeds of actors are at

least *refined;* not of that atrocious nature into which men of all classes, *they* alone excepted, seem at some time or other to have fallen.

" My *second* observation is,—the enemies of the Stage make no reference to the age in which certain immoral and licentious plays were written; but condemn those plays as if they were written at the present day, and performed with all those vile scenes which are now omitted in representation, and which were neither sinful nor shameful at the time of their production; for they merely spoke the language and gave the manners of the times. DELICACY had not, at that period, augmented the number of our enjoyments and transgressions, by imposing its present laws of refinement. A quotation from Mr. Warton will best explain the meaning I would convey in this observation. After having noticed some very indecorous scene in an ancient drama, where the patriarch Noah and his wife are the principal personages, the critic observes: 'Our ancestors intended no sort of impiety by these monstrous, unnatural mixtures. Neither the writers nor the spectators saw their impropriety. They had no just idea of decorum, consequently but little sense of the ridiculous: what appears to us to be the highest burlesque upon these characters, made no sort of impression in those days.'

" Having brought my two observations into a smaller space than I apprehended I should do,

permit me now to say, in reply to that part of your letter in which you distinguish between the effects of *seriousness* and *levity* in the utterance of language dangerous to the hearer,—that I can by no means consider *levity* as possessing any peculiar allurement to the passion commonly called Love. For, as far as every serious description must impress our hearts and our understandings more deeply than a jocular one, so far I conceive there may be danger in those very warnings, however gravely delivered, which the fall of David and other holy persons in the Old Testament are meant to impart. The awful consequences which followed guilt in the unlawful loves of the Jews, will no doubt alarm; but they will also awaken the mind to the contemplation of those crimes so dearly purchased; and the magnitude of the temptation can in no way be so forcibly described, as by the magnitude of the punishment, which was sure to overtake the unhappy sinner, and yet was so often braved by the very favourites of Heaven.

"But writings that are familiar to us, lose very often (as other familiar things do) their natural effect; for I sincerely believe that many an *actor* would blush to read *all* the adventures of the Jewish people before an actress whom he esteemed, as much as an *ecclesiastic* would be ashamed to recite one of our *most* licentious comedies before the woman whom he wished to

make his wife. My veneration for the Sacred History is in no shape diminished by this opinion; but my respect for the cavillers at plays is wholly overcome or destroyed by it.

"There is a quotation in your work (pp. 83-4), wherein Gisborne will not admit on the stage even *allusions* offensive to modesty. This would seem highly proper, and every one would agree in such taste for purity, did not the comparison of the 'beam and the mote' force itself upon recollection, and give rise to the suspicion, that he conceives there is a prerogative in indelicacy which only belongs to the Christian *Church*.

"Dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

"E. INCHBALD."

"P. S.—If I were asked by an illiterate foreigner to explain to him the exact meaning of our word *delicacy*, I should conclude my definition by saying:—'And this very *delicacy* is at present all the fashion; and the most beautiful and becoming fashion it is, that ever was followed. The grave and the good are loudest in its praise; but no one loves and admires it so much as the *Libertine*. It is the lure to his pleasures, and heightens all their gratifications. It conceals, as with a veil, all the vices of the artful wanton, and supplies her with bonds to secure the paramour whom delicacy has ensnared.'"

The *Stage* still occupied her mind in her solitude, and she wrote an *Essay* upon it, which she presented to Mr. Prince Hoare for 'The Artist,' in which it appeared in the December number.

Among the benefactors of the profession of which Mrs. Inchbald had been a member, was to be distinguished the late Lord Chedworth. It was no unlikely supposition for Mrs. Phillips to form, that he *might* have left Mrs. Inchbald a legacy: she accordingly told her friend so, when she forwarded to her his Lordship's *will*. To this *teasing* hint Mrs. Inchbald thus replies:—

"You gratified my curiosity by sending me Lord Chedworth's will, but afflicted me again by supposing he *might* have left me a large legacy. Such a fancy never came into my head before. I never had a legacy in my life, nor ever expected one from any body; but the day your letter came was so wet, the Thames and the timber-yard looked so dreary, my room appeared so small and felt so cold, that I absolutely fretted the whole morning because I was *not* bequeathed forty or fifty thousand pounds.

"As I have a great love for actors and the profession, I am sorry that my Lord's will should have any faults: he has left two or three persons a great deal too much, and Mr. Fox and Mr. Smith far too little. Mr. Wilson rolled in money

before, with sinecure places beyond number: he is cousin to the Chancellor. I know him and her very well: my Lord Chedworth, I believe, educated her to make her his wife; yet forgave her telling him that 'she *preferred* Mr. Wilson.' Mr. Penrice I know also very well: he was the most intimate friend of my brother the actor. His daughter called on me last spring, with Mrs. Opie, to go to the Exhibition. I had never seen her before, and she struck me as something that might be mistaken for beautiful. What a fortunate girl, to have both beauty and riches! Yet I have little cause to esteem those gifts. In my youth I was told I possessed the first; and, though I believed it, was mostly unhappy: and NOW, that I have more money than perhaps her father will give *her*, still I am deprived of the means of enjoying it—at least in my own person; but, could I make *others* enjoy it, that would be high reward. I trust, however, that I please God, though I may not please any of his creatures. I have always been aspiring, and now my sole ambition is to go to heaven when I die.

"I have no employment at this time, and, as poor Mrs. Soame says, 'I think the clocks go slower than they used to do.' To be employed, I eat before I am hungry, and go to bed before I am sleepy; so lose both appetite and rest."

In our last chapter we exhibited the care of

Mrs. Inchbald about the nutriment of her favourite sister. Dolly through the spring seemed to be improving, and on the 19th of May Mrs. Inchbald took her in a coach to visit their sister Hunt: she afterwards repeatedly called upon her, till the 5th of June, on the evening of which she left her as well as *usual;* she was therefore quite unprepared, the following day, for the intelligence of her unexpected death. It threw her into the greatest distress, and it was some time before she recovered from the shock. Poor Dolly's funeral took place on the 11th; and Miss Cruikshank, who attended as mourner, came afterwards to give her sister an account of it, when they read together the funeral service. Mr. Jarrett undertook the settlement of the deceased's affairs; and brought all bills to Mrs. Inchbald, with the boxes and the purse of her sister, in which very congenially a few guineas were hoarded. Poor, however, she had always been, and the most saint-like poverty will sometimes complain. From the language of Miss Cruikshank, giving currency to the starts of spleen or pain, Mrs. Inchbald began to fear that she had failed in trying to secure her sister's grateful affection; but the examination of her diaries, in the keeping of which she emulated Mrs. Inchbald, and her letters, convinced the excellent woman that she had NOT sown upon the *sand,* and that she was always both admired and beloved.

She had hardly begun to feel reconciled to this

severe loss, when she was alarmed by Mr. Jarrett's report of the very delicate health of her now *only* surviving sister, Mrs. Hunt. She sent her occasional presents, in addition to her stated allowance, and in the month of December wrote to offer the good creature fifty pounds per year. In a few days she received a reply of grateful and affecting acceptance.

At such an age as fifty-six, the holds of life are commonly reduced to a few threads, and the accepting new ones is almost an impossibility. The ties of blood are always really stronger than those of friendship: yet the friends of Mrs. Inchbald were now particularly solicitous to dissipate her melancholy, by invitations to quiet intercourse, and changes of the scene from the town to the country. Mrs. Hoare wished her to pass some time with her in her rural retreat; but she declined it, and instead, wrote to her nephew George Huggins to say, that she would visit him, by way of a little change. The *subject* of her thoughts she could not change; but air and exercise might improve her bodily health. Besides that, she loved independence in her very pleasures. Accordingly, on the 3rd of July, she set out at four o'clock in the afternoon by coach to Southampton, where she arrived at seven the next morning—for they were fifteen hours then in managing such a journey. Her nephew was at the inn to meet her; and, after breakfasting there, they walked

out together to view the town, and arrived at his pleasant house at Poulton's to dinner. The next day she walked about his farm with him, and he attended her in a post-chaise to Southampton on her return; where she re-entered her usual vehicle, the stage-coach, at eight o'clock, and was at *home* the next morning, much revived by even this short excursion, after her own taste.

In the month of September she consented to pass a few days at Millennium House; where, among new acquaintances, she was introduced to the emigrant Bishop of Usez. With these diversifications, she passed the whole year at Miss Baillie's in the Strand, looking over an immense timber-yard upon the Thames, and, by throwing open her window, enjoying the gales of "the sweet *South*," though their perfume might be somewhat adulterated in the passage. But, in returning to town, she had returned to the most disgusting exhibition that we ever witnessed; which kept the theatrical world in a state of terror and degradation far superior to what the old laws had ever inflicted; and it seemed the administration of present justice could not possibly either quell, or punish the leaders of the tumult. We allude to the 'O. P. Row,' as it was then called; and the great 'Agitator' of *that* day, Clifford,—another barrister.

The reader will, we think, be entertained with the now TORY tendency of our heroine, when the reforming spirit touches upon theatres, and perse-

cutes the members of her old profession. The following letter to her best friend bears the date of Sunday the 12th of November, 1809, two days before the memorable meeting of the O. P. agitators at the 'Crown and Anchor' tavern.

MRS. INCHBALD TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"I am rather angry that you seem to doubt whether an Englishman has any right over his own property. The favourite song of the rioters is, '*Britons never shall be slaves*;'—but they seem to think the managers of a theatre are to be condemned to the vilest slavery—the will of a mob. As players were out of the pale of the Church under the late government in France, so WE would now exclude them from the protection of our laws. Yet such variety of views have the dissatisfied, that revolutionary principles seem the guide of the public indignation at present; and if they force the managers to reduce their prices, a revolution in England is effected—with this difference, that in France it began by enmity to the Priests, and here by hatred to the Players. Both those orders of persons have been too much idolized in each of the nations, no doubt; but, in destroying false gods, objects of true worship, I fear, will tumble here, as they did under Lewis the Sixteenth. Before I gave your son Harry the order, I asked him particularly if he had his father's leave to go, and I represented to him the danger

which I thought was to be apprehended. Charles called last night and submitted with a most excellent grace to my warnings; for I told him, he, that had escaped all the horrors of Walcheren, would be *disgraced* to receive a wound or a scratch, a fall or a push, in a mob at the theatre.

"When do you come to town?—I may go to my country apartments perhaps for a couple of weeks before Christmas, just to know the joy of returning to my retirement in town . . . . if I can call that place retirement, where rioters pass in the night with shouts and other sounds to wake the inhabitants. We live in the midst of the newspaper offices, and therefore hear all their groans, yells, and cheers. Poor Mrs. Kemble, I am told, and no wonder, is nearly dead with terror."

HER POLITICS.

We have said but little hitherto of the politics of Mrs. Inchbald, but we must not let the opportunity pass of noticing some prominent occurrences to which she alludes in her letters to Mrs. Phillips about this time.

"I cannot pity the sufferings of any merchants, for they have always pleaded for the war, gloried in it; and let them now partake of its pains, as they did of its former pleasures. How can you talk of the present Administration except as Mr. Pitt's? Fox being dead, of his party there can be

none but children or dependents. Are not the Grenvilles, as usual, at the head? You may be certain I wish well to England, for I love my King, I adore my Queen, and I have a great regard for myself; but it is probable that, only through bitter adversity, we shall ever ascend to prosperity,—and the interesting manner in which the adversity is likely to come highly gratifies my romantic spirit of chivalry. How can you call it a new Ministry, while you allow that Parr and Raine will not be preferred?

"How can Mr. Windham talk to his constituents about the affairs of state, that required his presence as a minister? He has as much assurance as the man who boasted he had had business at the Assizes—and it was, to be tried and sentenced to the pillory! But the hopes of the nation, I hear, are now fixed on persuading Sir Sidney Smith to follow the example of Jerome Bonaparte, go to Germany, and *once more* conquer the "runagate" Napoleon. I feel such great interest in the war in Germany, that it almost repays me for the two shillings in every pound which was stopped at the Bank out of my dividend last Thursday. The triumph of Napoleon will perhaps avenge me!"

MOORE, THE GENERAL; AND CHARLES, THE BARRISTER.

"Sunday, 5 Feb. 1809.

"I recommend to your attention and perusal the distressed flight of our troops from Spain, and the death of Sir John Moore. Never mother doted on her children as Mrs. Moore doted on her eldest son the General, and her youngest child the Barrister. They were neither of them married; she had therefore more than ordinary love and attention from them both — not only since her widowhood, but for the many years she groaned under the control of a stern, though most respectable husband. Within the space of ten months, Charles the barrister, my old acquaintance, was seized with a brain fever: she was his nurse for three months; and at the end of five, she knows he was sent bound hands and feet to a private madhouse, where his paroxysms are so violent that two keepers constantly attend him, and not the slightest hope remains of her recovery. All her children are now at her house except poor Charles. She takes no kind of nourishment, nor says a word since this last fatal stroke but—"Don't leave me." She is seventy-three, but the most beautiful old woman that ever was seen, or poor Charles has made me believe so by his praises of her beauty and maternal virtues.

"God bless you! and remember you have sons

who may be of the same comfort, yet never of that grief, to you as Mrs. Moore's."

The year 1809 closed the busy existence of her friend, and passionate lover, Holcroft. Mr. Robinson called in February to acquaint her with the wretched state of his health and circumstances; and she immediately wrote to a mind like her own, in the person of Mr. Prince Hoare. That gentleman generously sent her fifty pounds for his use; which she forwarded through Mr. Kinton, his man of business, who brought it. On the 23rd of March Mr. Holcroft died, and Mrs. Inchbald gave ten pounds to the subscription made for the benefit of his family.

We have already alluded to the maternal solicitude of Mrs. Phillips; but all her efforts were ineffectual, and her daughter Fanny died in February, and also the Rev. R. Phillips. Mrs. Brooks too, who appears to have possessed the esteem of Mrs. Inchbald, and of whose children she was so fond, expired also in May. All these melancholy events were sufficient to make her at least *think* of quitting town altogether; and she had an inclination at one time to buy land at Harrow, but we suppose Mr. Dan. Phillips showed her the impolicy of the purchase. The trial of Millennium House in September did not answer her hopes, and she wrote to Miss Davies not to ex-

pect her as a resident; so that Miss Baillie, notwithstanding the departure of one lodger and the death of another, with a bankruptcy in the ground-floor, and the disorder of the times, still retained her *elevated* tenant Mrs. Inchbald.

The most agreeable occurrence of the summer was, the receipt of Miss Edgeworth's last work by Mrs. Inchbald, with a letter from her father, dated 10th July, 1809, which she answered, as soon as she had considered the productions transmitted. There is something so agreeable in the unrestrained flow of genius in friendship, that we shall lay all the letters of that distinguished family before our readers.

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH, ESQ.

TO MRS. INCHBALD.

"Edgeworth-town, Ireland, 10th July, 1809.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I beg you to accept a copy of my daughter's last work. Johnson has already called for corrections for a second edition: your observations would be a treasure to us. When you have a waste moment, pray tell me which of the tales you prefer.

"Your friend Lovell Edgeworth has been removed, and is well at Melun.

"I am, Madam, your sincere admirer,

"RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH."

" Edgeworth-town, Oct. 2, 1809.

" My dear Madam,

" You have drunk so deeply of public praise, that you know better than most people how much more effectually than any other compliments the judicious criticism of a veteran writer quenches the thirst of a healthy author.

There is a fever which nothing can cool or alleviate; but I can assure you, with perfect truth, that the letter which we have just received from you has given us delight. The conduct of Lord Glenthorn to his wife, when there was yet a doubt, is *to my knowledge* precisely that of the late Lord Exeter to his wife when he heard of her infidelity. As to the nocturnal funeral, Mrs. Edgeworth has seen several at Cheltenham.

" Page 234, l. 5 from bottom, we have inserted, after the word 'Devereux,' 'who had been informed by Lady Geraldine of what had passed.' We thank you for this necessary emendation.

" We think as you do about the comparative merits of 'Ennui' and 'Manœuvring.' Would Mrs. Beaumont, Miss Hunter, and Palmer, have been fit for comedy?

" We are much pleased by your picking out Mrs. Wynne, who has never before been noticed; but *I* did think Mrs. Wynne had a touch of comedy about her.

" I am surprised that the circumstance of the Irish nurse's throwing her arms about the horse

has not appeared monstrous to the English.[1] It is however quite natural *here:* it has actually happened to me—or rather to my horse. Your approbation of the *dénouement,* and use made of the change at nurse, is highly gratifying.

"Madame de Fleury is mostly true: Maria says she has often observed that it is very difficult to make truth and fiction mix well together. We think with you that 'The Dun' is by far inferior to the rest, because the subject and incidents are trite.

"Three volumes more of Stories, both in high and middle life, will make their appearance probably in another year:—a considerable part of them has been long since written. They shall be sent to you before they are published, and as soon as they are printed; and we are persuaded that you will find fault with the same cordiality with which you praise, and that you will do us the justice to believe that we are corrigible authors, and *really* grateful for judicious criticism.

"Your sincere admirer Lovell is still a prisoner; but he has shifted his quarters from Verdun to Melun.

"I hope, my dear Madam, whenever we go to London, that you will let us be acquainted with our kind and judicious critic.

[1] A similar fact is told of Burke. The horse of his lamented son one day came up to him, while buried in thought, and gently laid his head upon Burke's bosom. The father threw his arms about the kind animal, in an agony of tears.

"Mrs. and Miss Edgeworth desire their best respects to you, and anxiously join in this request.

"I have the honour to be, dear Madam, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

"RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH."

We cannot begin the year 1810 more to our taste, than by inserting the following excellent letter from Miss Edgeworth to her English rival. Her criticism is of the best kind: she discriminates the false from the true in composition, as *lightly* as novel writing or reading could wish, and with the same masterly spirit that governed her great countryman Burke, who reproved Murphy, even when writing history, for using a style that was never heard in *conversation:* though he was fully aware all the time that Tacitus, whom Murphy translated, was himself the father of the elaborate, short, and pointed diction, and could hardly be imitated without this vice; the only one, by the way, in that most profound and masterly annalist. It has sometimes crossed our mind that Burke, when he wrote his two letters on this subject to Murphy, was really thinking of Gibbon, if not of Johnson himself.

MISS MARIA EDGEWORTH TO MRS. INCHBALD.

"Edgeworth's Town, Jan. 14, 1810.

"I am going to do a very bold thing. Personally a stranger to Mrs. Inchbald myself, I am going to take the liberty of introducing one of

my brothers to her. Your kindness to my brother Lovell will perhaps incline you more in Sneyd's favour than any thing I could urge. If you should be so good as to let him be in your society, I think you will find in him the same affectionate temper and good dispositions which characterized his brother—and abilities, of which I will say nothing, lest I should say too much.

"I hope you will not suspect me of the common author practice of returning praise for praise, when I tell you that I have just been reading, for the third—I believe for the fourth time—the 'Simple Story.' Its effect upon my feelings was as powerful as at the first reading; I never read *any* novel —I except *none*—I never read any novel that affected me so strongly, or that so completely possessed me with the belief in the real existence of all the people it represents. I never once recollected the author whilst I was reading it; never said or thought, *that's a fine sentiment*—or, *that is well expressed*—or *that is well invented.* I believed all to be real, and was affected as I should be by the real scenes if they had passed before my eyes: it is truly and deeply pathetic. I determined, this time of reading, to read it as a critic—or rather, as an author, to try to find out the secret of its peculiar pathos. But I quite forgot my intention in the interest Miss Milner and Dorriforth excited: but *now it is all over,* and that I can coolly exercise my judgment, I am of opinion that it is by leaving more than most other

writers to the imagination, that you succeed so eminently in affecting it. By the force that is necessary to repress feeling, we judge of the intensity of the feeling; and you always contrive to give us by intelligible but simple signs the measure of this force. Writers of inferior genius waste their words in *describing* feeling; in making those who pretend to be agitated by passion describe the effects of that passion, and talk of the *rending of their hearts, &c.* A gross blunder! as gross as any Irish blunder; for the heart cannot feel, and describe its own feelings, at the same moment. It is '*being like a bird in two places at once.*'

"What a beautiful stroke is that of the child who exclaims, when Dorriforth lets go his hands, '*I had like to have been down.*'

"I am glad I have never met with a Dorriforth, for I must inevitably have fallen desperately in love with him; and destitute of Miss Milner's powers of charming, I might have died in despair. Indeed I question, whether my being free from some of her faults would not have made my chance worse; for I have no doubt that, with all his wisdom and virtue, he loved her the better for keeping him in a continual panic by her coquetry. I am excessively sorry you made her end *naughtily*; though I believe this makes the story more moral. Your power as a pathetic writer is even more conspicuous in the second volume, however, than in the first: for notwithstanding the prodi-

gious and painful effort you require from the reader to jump over, at the first page, eighteen years, and to behold at once Dorriforth old, and Miss Milner a disgraced and dying mother, with a grown-up daughter beside her; notwithstanding the reluctance we feel to seeing Dorriforth as an implacable tyrant, and Sandford degraded to a trembling dependent; yet against our will, and absolutely against our resolution to be unmoved, you master our hearts, and kindle a fresh interest, and force again our tears. Nothing can be finer than the scene upon the stairs, where Dorriforth meets his daughter, and cannot unclasp her hand, and when he cannot call her by any name but Miss Milner—dear Miss Milner.

"I wish Rushbrooke had not been a liar. It degrades him too much for a hero. I think you sacrificed him too much to the principle of the pyramid. The mixture of the father's character in the daughter is beautiful. As to Miss Wordley, who can help loving her, and thinking she is like their best friend, whoever that may be?

"Mrs. Horton is excellent comic. Her moving all the things about in the room, to lessen the embarrassment, and her wishing (without being ill-natured) to see a quarrel, that she might have some sensations, is admirable. Did you really draw the characters from life? or did you invent them? You excel, I think, peculiarly in avoiding what is commonly called *fine writing*—a sort of

writing which I detest; which calls the attention away from the *thing* to the *manner*—from the feeling to the language; which sacrifices every thing to sound, to the mere rounding of a period; which mistakes *stage effect* for *nature.* All who are at all used to writing, know and detect the *trick of the trade* immediately; and, speaking for myself, I *know* that the writing which has least the appearance of literary *manufacture* almost always pleases me the best. It has more originality; in narration of fictitious events, it most surely succeeds in giving the idea of reality, and in making the biographer, for the time, pass for nothing. But there are few who can in this manner bear the *mortification* of staying behind the scenes. They peep out, eager for applause, and destroy all illusion by crying, '*I* said it; *I* wrote it; *I* invented it all! Call me on the stage and crown me directly.'

"I don't know whether you have ever met with a little book called 'Circumstances respecting the Life of the late Charles Montford, Esq. *by George Harley, Esq.*' When you have half an hour's leisure, do me the favour to look at it, for I think it possesses something of the same kind of merit as the 'Simple Story,' though it has many faults; and, except now and then, nothing like its pathos. But it resembles it in creating the belief of its being real. I often thought, while I was reading it, This might have been better written; but I am

glad the circumstances did not fall into the hands of a professed novel-writer, who might perhaps have *made more of them* for common readers, but who would have spoiled them for me by the *manufacture.* It must be true, I thought, and the biographer must be a real friend, because he cares so little about himself and his own writing, so that he does justice to the memory of his friend.

"I have lately been told that it is a mere fiction, and that it was written by a gentleman whose name I forget—a brother of Mrs. Trench's; perhaps you know the name.

"My father and Mrs. Edgeworth beg to be kindly remembered to you, and wish you would come here and see us, as we cannot go to England at present. Can you? Will you?

"Affectionately yours,

"MARIA EDGEWORTH.

"Edgeworth's Town, Jan. 15.

"My brother Sneyd requests that you will have the goodness to let him know where and when he can have the honour of waiting upon you. I direct this letter, as you desired, to Sir Charles Bunbury's. Any note or message you are so good as to send, will be received at Mr. Lyne's, No. 9, Cecil Street."

In the month of June, Mrs. Inchbald fixed upon a residence which always struck us to be the very finest in position that the Capital affords. She

had the first floor of the house next to the Reverend Charles Este's, in St. George's Row, looking over Hyde Park, upon the Surrey Hills; and as she had upon some occasion or other taken tea with Mrs. Este and him in Norton Street, we might have fancied the contiguity of these literary characters would strengthen their good-will, and the situation itself be thought more agreeable from the society thus presented by accident. But let Mrs. Inchbald acquaint the reader, as she did Mrs. Phillips, how this affair turned out.

"St. George's Row, 2nd October, 1810.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"'Will I meet you at Cambridge?' Alas, alas! had I been so fortunate as to have continued on the banks of the Thames, instead of my more magnificent apartments in Hyde Park, perhaps I might. But now I have other business to engage my time, and happy shall I think myself, if, with all my exertions, calm prudence, and patient forbearance, I can avoid (what I always dreaded more than any thing) a law-suit.

"Sir Charles [Bunbury] was prophetic; I think he often is so. You have frequently heard me say, that, without the least ostentation of knowledge, I never knew a person possess so much. When I was describing to him all the good properties belonging to these my lodgings, I added, 'And I have the Reverend Mr. Este my next-

door neighbour.' Sir Charles replied, 'Well, that is a comfort I do not envy you; that *I* call a misfortune.' Now really I did not foresee this, because I knew I should have no acquaintance with him, and because, however ill I may behave in other people's houses, in my *own* I am most particularly inoffensive to all around me. But, unfortunately, Mr. Este is not only my neighbour, but the proprietor of the house I live in; which had been artfully concealed from me till the night before Michaelmas Day, when, between eleven and twelve o'clock, Mr. Este himself, his son, and one or two more accompanying them, made the most dreadful knocking and calling at our door for Mr. Clarke the landlord, that I ever heard. I had no doubt but the man had committed murder, or some horrid offence; for the maid was vowing from the window that he was not within, though I could hear his voice at the same time *bidding her say so*, and to protest that she would not open the door. To calm my fright, he assured me the persons at the door were only Mr. Este and his friends, who were come to force some paper into the house, which, if he could prevent, he might still keep possession of the house for a longer time, than if they succeeded in delivering this written warning. I was astonished at this danger of his being turned out, (the very reverse of the predicament in which he had assured me he stood with his landlord,) and

yet it was less frightful than what my fears had before suggested. Again, Mr. Este returned to the attack; and now he, with his own lips, called out—'Where is the woman on the first floor? I can see her,' (my shutters had been closed the whole morning,) 'and I know who she is:—Mrs. Inchbald! Mrs. Inchbald! Mrs. Inchbald!' His voice is remarkably loud; and now a mob was gathered, and a gun placed out of the window of the floor above mine. I thought I should have died; but now *shame* was predominant over fright. Though the riot ended about twelve, I dared not go to bed; and the next morning the rapper I found was taken off, and the house kept closed till after twelve at noon—when the paper was of no more avail to give warning; and we have been quiet mostly since.

"To sum up all, the landlord, Mr. Clarke, has so grossly deceived me, in order to prevail on me to take the lodging, (for he had received his warning before I came,) that I am afraid he should rob and murder me; and, at least, there will be these riots every quarter-day. The long winter evenings, in such a house, are frightful in prospect; and, if I attempt to go, he may stop my furniture for the year's rent, as my agreement is for the year. Still, if I had Miss Baillie's sober, honest house to return to, I think I would give up my goods and fly to that refuge; but she has let my apartment, and I am attached to my old

furniture,—I have known it so long; and it is wrong to part with any of the amusements of age, —there are, alas! so few that are left us. I have been for these two days in search of unfurnished lodgings, in case Este should force him away sooner than he expects (for they are both employing lawyers): but it would give you the vapours only to behold the places I have seen, and where I shall be obliged to choose amongst them a habitation, perhaps for the remainder of my life, and where I shall perhaps meet as bad treatment as I have done here. To add to my distress, the cringing and servility of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke to persuade me to go with them to a house they are about taking in the Edgeware Road (about a mile and a half out of town,) is not to be borne. I would not live with them in a palace. I never yet trusted a person who had once deceived me; and yet, while I am compelled to live in their house, I dare not tell them boldly my sentiments, as I find I displease them much, merely by saying the house they propose is too far out of town. I protest I envy Cobbett in jail; for he is safe, and knows where he shall rest his head for the winter. Do not ask me to any of your houses: it is a *home* I want, and not to pay a visit.

"*Friday evening.* — I am just in the same state. My landlord assures me he shall be able to stay till Midsummer. As I trust no more to what he

says, I have been so humbled as to apply to Miss Baillie to procure me some honest house; and, for double the sum I paid her, I can go to her next-door neighbour, and have exactly such a room, she says, as I had with her. This, in my present state, is some relief. But, though I bore that lonely and fatiguing state long, and have continued to bear it, to return to it is attended with some bitter reflections.

"How little do those persons, possessed of *houses* and *servants*, know of the difficulties and dangers we poor *lodgers* experience every time we remove to a new lodging!"

Mrs. Inchbald had not then seen the afflicting picture of the *Landlords* themselves, drawn, certainly without the smallest exaggeration, by John Horne Tooke.

"Good God! this country in a state of siege! Besieged collectively by France from without; and each individual at home, more disgracefully and daily besieged in his house by swarms of tax-collectors, assessors, and supervisors, armed with degrading lists, to be signed under precipitate and ensnaring penalties; whilst his growing rents, like the goods of an insolvent trader, are prematurely attached in the hands of his harassed tenants, who now suddenly find that they too have a new and additional rent, beyond their agreement, to pay to a new and unforeseen landlord."

—*Diversions of Purley*, Vol. II. p. 141. Taylor's Edition, 1829.

Although her terrors were purely feminine, and the violence of Este only unreflecting, and not personal, (for he was gallantry itself to the sex,) she determined to quit the Clarkes, because they had deceived her; regretting, on very ancient example, the *Paradise* which deceit compelled her to abandon. Yet she tells us afterwards,—

"The scene is more beautiful than ever. The trees tipt with golden leaves, and the canal peeping through their branches, which are half stript, with the grass of the extensive ground as green as in Spring, all delight my eye and almost break my heart.

"I must have *London*, combined with the sun, the moon, and the stars, with land or with water, to fill my imagination, and excite my contemplation."

Now, really, St. George's Terrace was all this, and more. During an acquaintance with Este, which began in the last year of Henderson's life, 1785, and continued to his own death, we were often in these drawing-rooms, which he had thrown into one; and, with some exquisite landscapes upon his walls, he would run to the sashes and throw them up, to put the painter to the severest test; and then, as an enthusiast, exclaim, —"I have seen many countries which have admi-

rable scenery; but I vow to God, for verdure, for sweep of cultivated nature, for purity of air, for amenity of position, RUS IN URBE, I know nothing equal to this, which is *my own*." Este was also proprietor of Clarke's, next door, and he wanted him out of the house, that he might have his son close to him, who was recently married.

CHAPTER VII.

Sells again her two novels—Burdett's sublime and beautiful—Their ugly accident—Another writer of Prefaces—Envious and partial critics—Envious for choice—Inconvenience of sofa sleeping—La Trappe not for females—To Mrs. Phillips, an admirable rule of life—Catholic Chapels—Rigid fasts; effects of them—Kemble carries her off—The Edgeworths and their letters—Advice to the Ascetic—Kemble and Jekyll—Millennium House—No. 1, St. George's Terrace—The Beales and their daughter—Guy Fawkes and his pantaloons—Tower guns sad alarmists—Talleyrand and Bonaparte—A tribute to Mrs. Mattocks; a letter from her—Gaffey the priest—Confession and so following—Another charming letter from Miss Edgeworth.

In the year 1810 she again sold her copy-right in the 'Simple Story' and 'Nature and Art.' Messrs. Longman and Co. were the purchasers, and she twice bought stock with the money received on that account from this house; revising the works while preparing, and correcting the copy when passing through the press. As we have lived to see Sir Francis Burdett *unpopular*, so it is but a decent compliment to let him understand that Mrs. Inchbald considered his *old* triumphs as combining the "Sublime and Beau-

tiful." In the mobs, on that senator's account, in the month of April, 1801, she was struck in the face by a cask, while walking in the street; and complained throughout the year of the pain in her head, occasioned by the jarring from that violence. It did not facilitate her efforts at literary composition certainly. She thought she might find subject yet in her brain for a farce, or a little story for a novel, and she persisted in many ineffectual attempts to satisfy herself; but finding that impracticable, she at length submitted to unwilling repose.

Mrs. Barbauld had, like herself, been seduced into the engagement of furnishing *prefaces* to the entertaining collection of British Novels, which bears her name; but the Aikins were all scholars, and better turned, not to the discrimination of criticism, but its forms scientific and established. That lady had included Mrs. Inchbald's two novels in her collection, and she was naturally anxious to see how she had been treated. She had re-sold them to the booksellers; and though, when they bought, they did not say any thing of the *corps* in which she was to be mustered, she had no objection to her share of the discipline, which was to be given by the preface writer to Dr. Johnson, Fielding, and Smollett, to Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, and herself. She was convinced, she said, that she should be less dissatisfied with what was written about her, than

any of her friends would be; because she had a perfect contempt for all praise not combined with censure, and would rather have her critic supposed envious than partial.

The Clarkes continued to make sturdy battle with parson Este, and Mrs. Inchbald somewhat composed her mind; but she now began to feel that in St. George's Row a bed-chamber looking due north, and not fenced with all possible, or indeed any care against the searching wind, was sufficient to try a stouter frame than her own. She was now self-committed to her own solitary resources, and writes a little journal of her miseries to Mrs. Phillips, who thought always affectionately about her, though sometimes with real sincerity showing her how "to wear her rue with a difference."

HER SELF-DENIAL, TO INDULGE HER SISTER MRS. HUNT.

"St. George's Row—the end of the year 1810.

"You are hard-hearted in your censure of my floor;—forgetting that it is both my eating-room and my kitchen; nay, my scullery, for there my saucepans are cleaned. Thank God, I am not like Vivian, I can say NO,—and from that quality may I date my peace of mind, not to be sullied or much disturbed by ten thousand grease spots. I say NO to all the vanities of the world,

and perhaps soon shall have to say that I allow my poor infirm sister a hundred a year. I have raised my allowance to eighty; but, in the rapid stride of her wants, and my obligation as a Christian to make no selfish refusal to the poor, a few months, I foresee, must make the sum a hundred.

"I have not been in bed these five nights; my bed-chamber due north, 'where the sun never shines,' has a chimney that will admit of no fire, because it will not draw up the smoke. This *might* be remedied by a bricklayer, and I might buy a curtain to the window, and carpet for the floor, to keep me warm; but as my residence here is uncertain, and it is certain that I cannot stay longer than Midsummer, I am resolved to be at no farther expense to endear the place to me. I have suffered from the cold so much during the nights, that on Tuesday last I was resolved to sleep in my front room; but, still unwilling to make a bed-chamber of it by removing my bed, and shutting out my visitors, (as in my last lodging,) I have only had the alternative of sleeping on my sofa: this is a troublesome accommodation, and, instead of the comforts of bed, only reminds me of such comforts LOST for the present long winter; and though I am not kept awake with cold, as in the other room, I am far from refreshed with my night's rest; and dread that the want of a canopy over my head, as the weather grows colder, may affect my eyes, the which even more

than health I prize, and the which, while I preserve in serviceable state, I never will call myself truly unhappy. Is it your advice that I continue on my sofa, or that I make of my fine lodging a bed-chamber at once? I will lay out no more money upon it, that is certain, for I shall not be surprised if Clarke was to tell me to-morrow 'that he had fixed on a new house and I must go away.' In that case, I must take the first lodging I could get, and that will please me better than to make a choice; for amongst the places I have seen, that come within my ability to hire, to choose is to do wrong with premeditation.

"Another grievance; the maid is very ill, has been so long; she is an out-patient at St. George's Hospital; she appears in a decline. The Clarkes wish to keep her; it would be inhuman in me to object, and equally cruel to see her do work that is too much for her constitution. I therefore have more household labour than I had in the Strand; but I *now* see two of the most sublime sights, every fine day, that this world can bestow, and I see them both from my window—the rising and the setting sun.

"*Monday.*—Don't trouble yourself to write with your advice, for I shall not require it till the winter is farther advanced, and then perhaps I shall do contrary to that you give me. At present I will continue my sofa.

"I have a vast notion the Lord Chamberlain is

gone to usher his Majesty. Raving madness at seventy-two cannot last long.[1]

"*Wednesday.*—I broke the seal of the cover to say I have delayed sending the other letter for want of a hand I can trust. My suspicion is a sound sleeper; but, when once awaked, it never shuts its eyes again; and I think the people here may break open my letters, and so I now only send them to the post by some one who calls on me; and I seldom see any one, except my washer-woman on a Monday, for weeks together. LA TRAPPE was not instituted for females, or else I am sure I have gone through my probation in this house, and might be admitted. But pray send no one to see me; for I would as soon beg for money as for visits; and if I must be under an obligation, I think I would sooner take the money. But without more complaints, this is to say, that I have rested very well these two last nights on my sofa; and, as habit is a thing very powerful with me, perhaps I shall soon prefer it to a bed. I am now very well, and have got rid of the cold I caught in my bed-chamber. Do not think I allude to any of your family in my want of vi-

[1] His Majesty lived ten years longer in his lamentable state of mind, to which was added the privation of sight. The violent symptoms alluded to by Mrs. Inchbald, (who has told us that she *loved* him,) altogether abated, though the intellect was never restored. The condition of the royal sufferer was, at intervals, far from painful to *himself*.

sitors; all have been peculiarly attentive. Mr. and Mrs. Halhed's visit I have never returned, of course they come no more! but I cannot go to London; London must be my residence, or nothing to me."

We have seldom received a greater favour than the unreserved communication of some hundreds of letters that passed between this singular woman and the lady whom she nominated an executrix to her will. Mrs. Inchbald thought of Mrs. Phillips's family as of one allied to her best affections; and revised the very anxieties of its parent with the eagle eye of her worldly experience. On one occasion she thus expresses herself:—

"I think, in your determinations concerning your children, (which are your greatest care,) you do not sufficiently consider, after all your caution, how much more than upon all your poor efforts for their welfare, their success will depend upon chance. Still, do the best you can; and then call that chance by the name of Providence, and submit to it."

Of rules marked alike by piety and sagacity, few can be followed with more confidence than this, nor in the results be attended with more joy or consolation.

We shall err little perhaps in fancying one inducement of Mrs. Inchbald to her present residence to have been its vicinity to South Street

and Spanish Place. From the year 1777 to this very year 1810 she had called her religious existence NOTHING; except one year of illness, which aided her towards a better course. She now frequently attended the Spanish and Portuguese Chapels, records occasionally her pious meditations, and cultivates a very sincere conformity with the faith of her fathers. She calls the rest of her life years of repentance. Her charities even increased.

She saw nothing of the Kemble family this year till the 30th of December, when Kemble sat with her some time; he afterwards sent his carriage for her, but she refused. She neither visited the theatre nor any other public place of amusement; and except her old friend Davis, and Miss Davis of Millennium House, she saw no callers, and made no calls herself. She was greatly annoyed by the prospect of her landlord's change of house; and at length saw a chance of quitting him, for another lodging in the same situation; and in May, 1811, she removed from No. 5, to No. 1, kept by a publican of the name of Beale. Literary occupation she seems now to reject, and her studies appear to be exclusively religious, and even mystical. She read the 'Life of Fenelon,' 3 vols., by an emigrant Bishop; Alban Butler's 'Lives of the Saints,' and even the 'Evangelical Magazine!' In Lent she tried a rigid fast, (her whole time was little better!)

and persisted in it until she found herself on the 31st of March faint, weak, and far from well all the month, so she abstained no longer, till Good Friday the 12th of April, when she prayed, read, and fasted.

Kemble at last got over the perverse mood of his friend; and, as sending his carriage for her could not put her foot in it, he came himself and forcibly carried her off with him to dinner. Mrs. Kemble too called upon her, and the intercourse became again frequent and cordial. From Westbourne Green to St. George's Terrace was only a pleasant walk across the fields, and Mrs. Siddons used to send Cecilia with her governess Miss Atkinson, sometimes Patty Wilkinson her old friend, and constrain her to visit the *cottage* there, where she sometimes met Lady Cork and the Milbanks. Her ladyship, who still admires and regrets her, tried by the most polished kindness to lure her again into society of the higher cast; but she declined the invitations; and Mrs. Cosway and Mrs. Opie used to mix at St. George's Row with publicans and sinners, to get at the recluse over the tap-room, which never annoyed her contemplations nor mortified her pride. Mrs. Phillips led a sort of stylish calls upon her; and that passed as, what it really was, her humour, for there could be no necessity for her adhering to the Terrace, since the rising and setting sun and extensive land-views were to be had in many other situations. She

needed a friendly lecture upon her ascetic habit, and received one about this time from her able adviser Mr. Edgeworth; it will be found in the second of the following letters; the third is from the accomplished Maria herself. They are a family of love and talent.

C. S. EDGEWORTH TO MRS. INCHBALD.

"34, Molesworth Street, Dublin. May 4, 1811.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"A sudden thought makes me take up my pen, to intrude myself upon you; and your reply will tell me whether you consider it impertinent or not.

"The true test of a good book is its being long remembered by a good judge. Without any play upon words, I may call Mr. Bushe, our Solicitor-General, a good judge of writing; and I was delighted to find, as I went my first circuit with him, (he as Judge, and I as junior of the Bar,) that he had all the material circumstances engraven on his memory of your inimitable tale of 'Nature and Art,' and that they had made an indelible impression on his excellent mind and generous heart.

"My father would object to my separating the mind and the heart, but I am not convinced that they are the same. But, to return to your novel: pray let the world have another edition of it. The edition that was pirated here is all sold, and

we want another. A copy is not to be had in Dublin, and I cannot tell how many are wanted.

"My sister Beddoes, who lives at Malvern Link, near Worcester, speaks of visiting us this summer. She wishes, and we all wish, that you could be induced to accompany her. You should not be *shown* as an author—though it would be difficult to keep off those who wish to pay their homage to talent virtuously employed; but we should endeavour to follow your wishes in every respect.

"I am now in humble lodgings, waiting for fees—but they don't come. All in good time.

"My dear Madam, adieu!

"Your faithful and obliged

"CHAS. SNEYD EDGEWORTH."

R. L. EDGEWORTH TO THE SAME.

"By Heaven! Madam, it is not so! The 'Simple Story,' two-thirds of it at least, is superior, in truth of delineation and strength of character, to Maria's, or to any other writing. I thought so; long before you knew there was such a name as Edgeworth in the world.

"Dorriforth is a perfectly new character upon paper; and very few such minds and bodies (for I have always embodied him) are to be met with in any country. I saw him at Lyons, and I have seen him in one part of this *United* Kingdom—I dare not say where, lest I should point him out;

but, I may say so far safely, it was in the very first rank of society, and where, I may venture to say, a common observer would not have been deep enough to discover him. I hope your republisher has behaved as handsomely to you as Johnson did towards me. You would not be ten minutes with Sneyd without knowing what I allude to.

"Pray, Madam, do not seclude yourself. Money is at your fingers' ends, whenever you choose to move them. Believe me, that the active use of our talents adds more to happiness than any sublime asceticism, even where it is practised from pure generosity.

"Sneyd is just what you think—true, honorable, open, good-natured, well-cultivated, and endowed with good faculties. I have a doctor at Madeira, totally different from Sneyd—in courage and goodness not inferior, but not his equal in talents; and an engineer at home with me, and employed under me in a public work, who is, I think, in sound sense and inventive powers, the ablest, and not the least amiable of them all. Whenever he goes to London, he will apply a *petard* to your door, if he can obtain admittance by no more gentle means.

"God forgive me! my horses are at the door, and I stay (not for the first ten minutes of my life) from my duty for a lady. Nothing but a lady ever did turn me aside. "R. L. E."

MARIA EDGEWORTH TO THE SAME.

"My dear Mrs. Inchbald,

"Your letters, like your books, are so original, so interesting, and give me so much the idea of truth and reality, that I am more and more desirous to be personally acquainted with you; and in this wish I am most heartily joined by Mrs. Edgeworth—a person whom, though you have not seen in print, you would, I'll answer for it, like better than any one author or authoress of your acquaintance—as I do, my father only excepted: for further particulars, inquire of S. E. We rejoice most exceedingly that you like him, and are sure that the deeper you go into his character, the better it will suit you. I wish you would try what Edgeworth's 'Town' could do to excite agreeable emotions in your mind. Upon your own principle, the sea would be as good for you as a fire or a high wind. Danger there is none, except in the imagination—not even enough to create a sensation. Sea-sickness is over in a few hours; and my father, who is more sea-sick than most people, bid me tell you just now, as he got on horseback, that you are a *goose* if you don't come to us. How dare I write such a word? But I wish you to know my father and all of us just as we are. If you will oblige us, consult Sneyd, and he will show you how very easily the journey and voyage could be arranged.

"There are some authors whose books make so much the best part of them, that one can think of nothing else in writing to them; but in writing to Mrs. Inchbald, I can at this moment think of nothing but the wish to see *her*, and to enjoy her society. "Yours sincerely,

"MARIA EDGEWORTH.

"I remember once, when I had gone on a WILD-goose chase to a *friend's* house, who turned out to be a fine lady instead of a friend, I was just in the solitary, melancholy state you describe; and I used to feel relieved and glad when the tea-urn came into the silent room, to give me a sensation by the sound of its boiling."

Here is her own record of John Philip's achievement above mentioned, and the recurrence to an amiable and pleasant character:—

TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

(*Kemble, J. P., and Jekyll.*)

"Monday, June 3, 1811.

"I hope you were not angry that I did not come to dinner last Sunday; nor will be, when I tell you that I dined out.

"It was my full intention to have come to you, though I did not hold myself *pledged;* but the day was so extremely warm, and I so fatigued with lighting my fire, and other very warm household work, that I had just concluded it was impossible

for me to walk to Pall-Mall, and very improbable I could hire a coach,—when Mr. Kemble called with his carriage, and forced me to ascend from my own door into it. You may remember I told you I had been invited there on that day, but had sent a refusal. He would not be refused.

"I most sincerely hope that Mr. Jykell—(I never am sure I spell his name right) [Jekyll]—has a fortune left him, as you told me—not for his sake, but for mine; for I repeated what you said to me on the subject at Mr. Kemble's, and, though there were present some of his, Mr. Jekyll's, intimate acquaintance, not a creature had heard of the event. Now I do detest making a *mistake* in conversation; for it has the same consequences, except to my own conscience, as being a liar."

The House of Millennium appears to have had designs upon the former pensioner of Annandale; and Miss Davis, who kept it, paid assiduous court to her. Mrs. Inchbald however discovered that the *Supérieure* of the Millennium was, like her establishment, built upon a *doubtful text:*[1] she was not a Miss Davis, or a Miss at all, but had been a married woman of the name of *Mende*—a name only to be changed for a better. On the 23rd of May, when she called, our Lady of the

[1] A text of the *Apocalypse*, on which an ancient tradition in the Church predicted the reign of the Messiah, after the resurrection, a thousand years upon earth, before the final completion of beatitude.

Terrace partly forbad her coming again. She had not adopted the brown stuff gown, in which, to be sure, all female excellence may be comprised; and cried, when Mrs. Inchbald said, "We must part on account of your fine dress." However, that lady, in her "brown" studies, began to think she had been too severe to the expectant Millennarian; called upon her at the House as cordially as before, and found the offensive finery *re-dressed* by her.

Her new landlord and landlady, the Beales, were very frequently with her, and she took great notice of their daughter, who came up to her every day, and was often graciously detained to either dinner or supper. She used to tell a rather ludicrous anecdote of this child, who, as an expert needlewoman, had been got to lend her assistance to the equipment of a Guy Fawkes, for the chair of his triumph, on the celebrated 5th of November. All went on very well; coat, wig, hat, cravat, &c. —everything but stuff for his pantaloons, and these were unhappily prominent articles. The young decorator of treason was not discouraged; she had in her view the reversion of one of Mrs. Inchbald's old "Brown Skirts," out of which she thought she might be able to fashion a rather decent pair of inexpressibles. The day arrived, and Mrs. Inchbald was at the window to explore her skirt in the open sedan; Guy presented him-

self, and had no sooner passed in review before his benefactress, than the poor child, with tears in her eyes, expressed her sorrow for what had happened, but that it was quite unavoidable. "Why, what was unavoidable, my dear?" "Why, Madam, every body said the 'brown skirt' was far too *shabby* to make him pantaloons; and so, as we thought it much more comfortable to his stomach than mere straw, we made nice *tender stuffing* of the whole of it, and it filled out his waistcoat in the handsome portly way you saw him in from the window."

Mr. Godwin, she writes, left his card on the 3rd of March; but did not ask to see her. This speaking by the card, *she* had rendered *muta persona*, by never now returning a call. Our Peninsular triumphs this year were by no means to her taste. The Tower guns, she affirmed, fired for "pretended victories." On the 6th of April, after hearing them with usual contempt, Miss Davis called and told her that Lord Wellington had beaten Massena; this she did not wholly credit, but she was out of spirits; and on the following day she writes, "Glad to find the guns fired yesterday for little boast."

All who thought with Mrs. Inchbald on this subject, invested the very Marshals of Napoleon with the invincible character and genius of their master. Mrs. Inchbald used to consider the

diplomacy of Talleyrand, and the bulletins of Bonaparte, as miracles of composition—equally characterised by their wisdom and their plain grandeur of truth. A question naturally arises here, whether the association with Gifford and Southey in the 'Quarterly' (had she engaged in it) would or would not have *cast out* the spirits of the liberals from their old possession, at least in foreign affairs?

We have but seldom had occasion to notice the correspondence maintained by Mrs. Inchbald with the ladies of her old profession. She has preserved, however, one letter from Mrs. Mattocks, which is every way honorable to her memory; and we shall add a word or two as to the writer, on our own account, in pure gratitude for many hours of agreeable pastime derived from her talents.

Mrs. Mattocks has had no successor on the English stage. She was a highly accomplished actress, with a manner somewhat broad; she was the paragon representative of the radically *vulgar* woman, of any or no fashion, of whatever condition or age. The country *Malkin*, too, was taken to 'Lunnun' by her, with her 'stumping gait,' and 'idiot giggle,' so as to banish from her spectators the remotest suspicion that she herself could be the refined and sensible lady she was in private life. Her favourite partners on the stage were Quick and Lewis; and exquisite merriment proceeded from their union. Admirers as we were

always of Miss Pope, of the other house, we should like to have seen a *volgarizata* of Miss Allscrip in 'The Heiress,' from Mrs. Mattocks. Pope had a thin poor voice, so that her rage wanted force;—her *look*, to be sure, was very satisfactory, and the dropping of her *chin* convulsive: still we should like to have seen her only competitor. Miss Pope could have done nothing with the Epilogues, in which Mrs. Mattocks played a whole interlude herself: the points would not have been heard; there must be satirical enjoyment in the SPEAKER of a Satire upon Manners.

"January 11th, 1812.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"On my arrival at home from a fortnight's visit, I had the happiness of finding your letter, for which my heart thanks you.

"I was much more gratified than surprised at hearing from you, for I always believed you regarded me; and I can with great truth say you have long possessed my esteem and admiration, and that an affectionate attachment has followed of course.

"The paragraph you mention I could not contradict; because, alas! it was too true. How it came there, I know not. Affliction has indeed laid its heavy hand on my beloved child, and nearly overwhelmed her. She has lost the best of husbands and of friends, and I the most valu-

able of men. His fortunes went with himself, and my unhappy widowed child is left poor and without resource. But, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;' for, notwithstanding her weight of woe, I am happy to say she is materially better in health than she has been. We have found a host of friends, but still something must be done; but *what* that something is, or *how* any thing is to be brought about, is more than my weak head can either perceive or arrange. Adieu, dear Madam!—You have friends, I believe, here in Kensington. Should you be induced to visit them, I flatter myself you will not pass my door; for, believe me, there are few things would give me greater pleasure than to assure you personally how much I am—

"Your attached friend and servant,

"ISABELLA MATTOCKS."

Mrs. Inchbald received very few of her visitors in 1812, and appears to have zealously followed up her design to reconcile herself entirely with her Church. On Easter Sunday she attended Mass; confessed to Mr. Gaffey on the following Tuesday; received absolution from him on the Saturday, at which she expresses the greatest joy; and on the Sunday received the Sacrament with, we may presume, the sentiments formerly required by the friar to whom she had mentioned the doubts of her unsteady period. In July and No-

vember, after long and rigorous self-examination she again approached the sacred elements—prepared as usual by Mr. Gaffey and his absolution. Whether her faith had any thing to do with it we know not, but she declined the usual dinner with Mrs. Siddons on Christmas-day. She had now no literary occupation whatever, but letters to her friends, who did not forget to remind her of her literary fame; among whom, we are always glad to see Maria Edgeworth; and she is again quite herself.

"Edgeworth's Town, September 16th, 1812.

"The best thanks to you, my dear Mrs. Inchbald, for your letter, would be to have seen how much pleasure that letter gave to this whole family—father, mother, brother, sister, author! The strength and originality of your thoughts and expressions distinguish your letters from all we receive; and when we compared it with one from Walter Scott received nearly at the same time, and read both letters again, to determine which we liked the best, upon the whole the preference was given, I think, by the whole breakfast-table (a full jury) to Mrs. Inchbald's. Now I must assure you that, as to quantity of praise, I believe Scott far exceeded you; and as to quality, in elegance none can exceed him: but still, in Mrs. Inchbald's letter there was an undefinable originality, and a carelessness about her own author-

ship, and such warm sympathy both for the fictitious characters of which she had been reading and for that Maria Edgeworth to whom she was writing, as carried away all suffrages. We particularly like the frankness with which you find fault, and say such and such a stale trick was unworthy of us. None but a writer who has herself excelled could, as you did, feel and allow for the difficulties in composition—nor could any other so well judge where I was wrong or right in dilating or suppressing. I am glad you trembled lest I should have produced old Reynolds again. Most of those who have mentioned him to me have regretted that they did not see more of him, and have longed to have heard of his meeting with his daughter!

"It is of great use as well as delight to us to see any thing we write tried upon such a person as you, who will and can do what so few have either the power or the courage to attempt—tell the impression really made upon their feelings, and point out the causes of those impressions.

"I do not know what you mean by saying that every sensible mother is like Lady Mary Vivian: you are requested to explain. I wish I could find any excuse for begging another letter from you. * *

"*Perhaps* we shall, as we at present intend, be in London next Spring.

"Last night my father and I were numbering

the people we should wish to see. Our list is not very numerous, but Mrs. Inchbald is one of the first persons we at the same moment eagerly named.

"Believe me to be, my dear Madam,

"Your obliged and grateful

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

CHAPTER VIII.

Administers to her Confessor's comforts—State of her relations—In the year 1813 the Morris's entertain her—She meets there a late, and a future Lord Chancellor—Also the Edgeworth family—Mrs. Opie compels her to meet Madame de Stael—The interview described by Mrs. Inchbald—The joys of a mother—Disaster that befel her son—A letter from Miss Edgeworth—Year 1814, writes a critique on 'Patronage'—Acknowledged by the charming author—Illness of Mr. Morris—The Emperor and King of Prussia in Hyde Park—Mischiefs of the review—The Corsican's hatred of England—Madame D'Arblay's knowledge on that subject—Mrs. Inchbald's illness in September—Year 1815; Mr. Colburn offers to make her editor of some work in hand—Declined—Alters her MS. 'Life'—Visits Napoleon's portraits—Miss Cruikshanks, a farewell again—Her fears for Mr. Morris—Letter on the subject—His death in April, 1815—Her sister and Mr. Braddock—Mrs. Hunt's death, 14th February, 1816—Miss Beale's, on the 23rd July—Mr. Rogers—Lord Byron and Kean—Comic dramas—Edgeworth letters—Removal to Kensington.

THE year 1813 was the sixtieth of Mrs. Inchbald's life, and all but devoted to religious duties. Her Confessor, Gaffey, being seriously ill, she with a filial affection supplied his temporal wants, and put herself under the direction of Mr. Gandolphy. The secular clergy of the Catholic Church pre-

sent, in Sterne's language, no image of "fat contented ignorance, looking downwards upon the earth:" their duties are excessively minute and very painful, and are compensated, here at least, by the mere necessaries of life.

Her sister Hunt appears to have been much unsettled at this time. Mrs. Inchbald had hoped that, under the personal care of her own daughter Mrs. Jarrett, she might, with fifty pounds a year, have gone on happily enough; but she chose lodgings at Pancras, got dissatisfied with them, removed to Pentonville, required more money in course, and her benevolent sister extended her annuity to seventy-seven pounds per annum, and had a clear prospect of being obliged soon to make it up a hundred. This could only be done by denying herself the aid of a servant; but this she thought it her duty to submit to; and while thus verging upon the grand climacteric, she absolutely did her own household work in her humble lodging.

For her nephew, George Huggins, she procured the situation of game-keeper to Colonel Bunbury at Mildenhall; but he left it within the year, and some other employment was to be sought for him. Robert Inchbald was again to be relieved; and when her first landlady in town, Mrs. Barwell, died, her Faro landlord, Morell, immediately applied for the vacant charity. Amid all these importunities, she remembered that "Frugality

is a great income;"[1] and never seems even to have once entertained the notion of disappointing her heirs, by converting her Stock into a handsome annuity for her own life; and thus enlarging, not only her comforts, but also her charities during the term of her existence. But, *ascetic* as she had become in her habit, she permitted herself this year many agreeable relaxations from her "servile toil;" and quitted her dirty Lares for the divinities of affluent mansions:

"Even in her *ashes* lived their wonted fires,"—

and she raked up the smothered flame of "the Muse," to delight again the friends whom she always loved even in her desertion of them. With Sir Charles Bunbury and Mrs. Phillips she dined several times. Mr. and Mrs. Morris, too, had their share of her; and in May they gave a rout which she could not miss, for she was there to meet Maria Edgeworth. The following month the same friends gave her a dinner with the *ex* and the future Chancellor, Lord Erskine and Mr. Brougham; and in the evening the unrivalled painter of Irish manners again. She could not but know Mr. Brougham's share in her favourite 'Edinburgh Review!'

Mrs. Opie, whose nature is friendship, followed her affectionately through all her changes of residence, and was now anxious that she should be

[1] "Magnum vectigal est parsimonia."

known to Madame de Stael, who was in England, and desired to be acquainted with the writer of the 'Simple Story.' Mrs. Opie at last over-ruled the reluctance of the recluse, who was disinclined to visit or be visited by strangers; and, throwing out a threat of sending the Baroness to the "ale-house on the Terrace," she made her friend consent to meet that captivating woman at a third house. But the interview shall be related by Mrs. Inchbald herself, under the following head:

MEETING BETWEEN 'CORINNE' AND MISS MILNER.

"I will now mention the calamity of a neighbour, by many degrees the first female writer in the world, as she is called by the Edinburgh Reviewers. Madame de Stael asked a lady of my acquaintance to introduce her to me. The lady was our mutual acquaintance, of course, and so far my friend as to conceal my place of abode; yet she menaced me with a visit from the Baroness of Holstein, if I would not consent to meet her at a third house. After much persuasion, I did so. I admired Madame de Stael much; she talked to me the whole time: so did Miss Edgeworth whenever I met her in company. These authoresses suppose me dead, and seem to pay a tribute to my memory: but with Madame de Stael it seemed no passing compliment; she was inquisitive as well as attentive, and entreated me

to explain to her the motive why I shunned society? 'Because,' I replied, 'I dread the loneliness that will follow.' 'What! will you feel your solitude more when you return from this company, than you did before you came hither?' 'Yes.' 'I should think it would elevate your spirits: why will you feel your loneliness more?' 'Because I have no one to tell that I have seen YOU; no one to describe your person to; no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on my 'Simple Story;' no one to enjoy any of your praises but myself.' 'Ah, ah! you have no children:' and she turned to an elegant young woman, her daughter, with pathetic tenderness. She then so forcibly depicted a mother's joys, that she sent me home more melancholy at the comparison of our situations in life, than could have arisen from the consequences of riches or poverty. I called by appointment at her house two days after. I was told she was ILL. The next morning my paper explained her illness. You have seen the death of her son in the papers: he was one of Bernadotte's aid-de-camps; the most beautiful young man that ever was seen —only nineteen: a duel with sabres, and the first stroke literally cut off his HEAD! Necker's grandson!"

Letter to Mrs. Phillips,
Dated August 26th, 1813.

We have no doubt but the *improvisatrice* of Italy greatly predominated during the interview: her declamation was always surprisingly elegant and flowing, and original. To expatiate upon the "joys of a mother" would be equally welcome with the "glory of Italy" (see 'Corinne');—as much suited to her eloquence, and still nearer to her heart. The letter of Mrs. Inchbald is quite *up* to the mark, though not so copious as might be wished: there is a moral drama in progress, as to the ladies themselves, and their habits and affections; and the last sigh of expiring complacency seems to have heaved above the pen, which was fixing the kind of feeling towards her in both Madame de Stael and Miss Edgeworth—"These authoresses suppose me DEAD, and seem to pay a tribute to my MEMORY!"

The reader will like to see the expression of Miss Edgeworth's satisfaction at even the sort of meeting she procured between herself and her admired friend. She wrote the following letter:

"Edgeworth's Town, Dec. 19, 1813.

"MY DEAR MRS. INCHBALD,

"I have desired our publisher to send you 'Patronage' before it is published. I will not tell you of my *fears* or of my hopes in sending it to you. You will understand them all, and I am confident that you will write to me at least as

frankly, now you have seen me, as you did *before we met*. I do not say, before we *became acquainted* with each other; for in the crowds in which we met, it was impossible to become acquainted with any degree of rational intimacy.

"We have to thank you, however, and we heartily do thank you, for the effort you made to gratify us, which succeeded completely. My father desires me to say that *he* cannot help hoping that 'Patronage' will come to a second edition; and he trusts that you know we are glad to profit by good advice when we can get it; therefore he earnestly *expects* your corrections for a second edition.

"Mrs. Edgeworth and my father beg their kind remembrances to you, and request you will assure Mr. and Mrs. Morris that we are not ungrateful travellers; that we retain a full sense of their kind and polite attentions to us; and that we thank them sincerely for introducing us to one whom we had long earnestly desired to know.

"I am, my dear Mrs. Inchbald, yours truly,

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

The year 1814 did not, like 1813, pursue the combined system of rigour and relaxation. Mrs. Inchbald ate but two dinners that she did not dress herself during the whole of it; and those were, once in a party at Mrs. Phillips's, and once *en famille*, which she preferred. Her sister, Mrs. Hunt, now

tired of Pentonville, came to lodge next door to her daughter Jarrett, and received, as usual, most anxious and liberal attention from Mrs. Inchbald. By desire of the Edgeworths, she wrote a critique upon 'Patronage,' the characteristics of which will be very obvious in Maria's letter of acknowledgment, which evinces the greatest fertility and ease as a correspondent:—

"Edgeworth's Town, Feb. 14, 1814.

"My dear Mrs. Inchbald,

"Nobody living but yourself could or would have written the letter I have just received from you. I wish you could have been present when it was read at our breakfast-table, that you might have seen what hearty entertainment and delight it gave a father, mother, author, aunts, brothers, sisters, all—to the number of twelve. Loud laughter at your utter detestation of poor Erasmus—as nauseous as his medicines: and your impatience at all the variety of impertinent characters who distract your attention from Lord Oldborough. Your clinging to him quite satisfies us all: it was on his character my father placed his dependence; and we all agreed that if you had not liked him, there would have been no hope for us. We are, in the main, of your opinion, that Erasmus and his letters are tiresome; but then, please [to] recollect that we had our moral to work out, and to show, to the satisfaction or dissatisfac-

tion of the reader, how in various professions young men may get on without patronage. To the good of our moral we were obliged to sacrifice; perhaps we have sacrificed in vain. Wherever we are tiresome, we may be pretty sure of this; and, after all, as Madame de Stael says, 'Good intentions go for nothing in works of wit;'—much better in French, 'La bonne intention n'est de rien en fait d'esprit.'

"You will make me forswear truth altogether; for I find whenever I meddle with the least bit of truth I can make nothing of it, and it regularly turns out ill for me. Three things to which you object are facts, and that which you most abhor is most true.

"A nobleman whom I never saw, and whose name I have forgotten, (else I should not have used the anecdote,) said the word which you thought I could not have written and ought not to have known how to spell. But, pray observe, the *fair* authoress does not say this odious word in her own proper person. Why impute to me the characteristic improprieties of my characters? I meant to mark the contrast between the niceness of his Grace's pride and the coarseness of his expression. I have now changed the word *severe* into *coarse*, to mark this to the reader; but I cannot alter, without spoiling, the *fact*. I tried if *saliva* would do, but it would not: so you must bear it as well as you can, and hate his Grace of

Greenwich as much as you will—but don't hate me. Did you hate Cervantes for drawing Sancho Panza eating behind the door?

"My next fact you say is an old story. May-be so; and may-be it belonged to your widow originally: but I can assure you it happened very lately to a gentleman in Ireland, and only the parting with the servant was added. I admit the story is ill told, and not worth telling; and *you* must admit that it is natural, or it would not have happened twice.

"The sixpence under the seal is my third fact. This happened in our own family. One of my own grandfather's uncles forged a will, and my grandfather recovered the estate my father now possesses by the detection of the forgery by a sixpence under the seal. I quite agree with you that it was ill-judged and awkward to tell that the old man was perjured, before his perjury was detected. I have sent to have that altered. I wish, if it is not too much trouble, you would take the trouble to alter it for me, and send your correction to Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, to Mr. Miles; for I have not, and cannot get, the fourth volume, and I have been obliged to write to the corrector of the press, and to trust to his discretion; and he may bungle it. I hope the fourth volume will not be reprinted before this reaches you.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!—for

liking the two Clays: but pray don't envelop all the country gentlemen of England in *English Clay.*

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!—says my father—for liking Lady Jane Grandville. Her Ladyship is his favourite; but nobody has ever mentioned her in their letters but yourself. I cannot believe that you ever resembled that selfish, hollow Lady Angelica.

"Would you ever have guessed that the character of Rosamond is like ME? All who know me intimately, say that it is as like as it is possible: those who do not know me intimately, would never guess it.

"Sneyd is in Dublin with his bride—a bride no more, but dearer as wife than bride. She was a Miss Broadhurst, and was called an heiress because she had a considerable independent property. I draw largely on your belief in my veracity when I assure you, *upon my word,* that this lady was utterly unknown to me and to this family when I wrote 'The Absentee;' and that I took the name of Broadhurst because it did not belong to any person I knew, and drew the character from pure imagination. Sneyd never thought of her till after 'The Absentee' was published. *Afterwards,* perhaps, it led them a little towards each other. Is not this a curious coincidence? I hardly dare tell it, it has so much the air of falsehood. She is very amiable—not handsome,

but a *tall*, not a *little plain*, girl. He is *happy*, as you know he is capable of being, from having found a wife exactly suited to him, and of whom he is passionately fond.

"I know enough of Mrs. Morris to be sorry for her, truly sorry—and for that kind-hearted Mr. Morris. She is exceedingly like Mrs. E.'s eldest daughter Fanny, of whom I am not a little fond. This likeness struck Mrs. E. and I [me] so much that it added to our inclination to be intimate with Mrs. Morris, and I think I could not long have resisted jumping from acquaintanceship to familiarity with her and fondness. Alas! perhaps I shall never see her again, or see her quite an altered person, with all the difference between happy and unhappy. — What a prodigious difference! only those who have felt both can know. But with fine children, and such a disposition as hers, she can never be utterly unhappy; and, for her comfort, I know a gentleman whom all the faculty gave over in the same complaint, who has lived nevertheless for years.

"Pray tell us if you hear that Mr. Morris is better, and, whenever you *can*, remember us kindly to her. Mrs. Edgeworth says she must write a few lines to you herself, and I will not deprive you of what would be a pleasure to me.

"Your obliged and grateful

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

A SHORT ADDITION BY MRS. EDGEWORTH.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I have the vanity to wish to present myself to the recollection of one whom I admire so much, and who has so much heart as you have; and to assure you that the hurry-skurry in which we saw you only served to make me wish to see you more and hear you more at leisure. If you have any communication with your very amiable friends Mr. and Mrs. Morris, I request you will do me the favour to offer my remembrances to them, and to assure them of the real concern both Mr. E. and I feel for Mr. Morris's illness. Believe me, dear Madam, with sincere respect and admiration, "Your obliged

"F. EDGEWORTH."

On the 20th of February Mrs. Inchbald wrote some *corrections* of 'Patronage,' which she sent to the publisher of that work; of their importance there cannot be a doubt. The spring of this year saw London invested with very unusual gaiety. "The wheel was come full circle," and the throne and power of Napoleon had departed from him. This our heroine so little expected, that she was literally sunken and dejected as at some public calamity. The rejoicings of her country were bitter to her; and, from her windows, she could not well avoid seeing, on the 12th of June, the Sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, with their suites,

enjoying the Sunday ride of Hyde Park, and a very absurd review of troops there on the 20th; as if kings and conquerors could not move about, in peace itself, without military evolutions. Under the iron scraping of the cavalry, and the dust from the sand, every blade of grass seemed as if burnt up; the crowds who clambered into the slight trees planted but a few years before, broke the greater part of their branches; and eighteen years have failed to entirely restore the verdant beauty we then sacrificed. Alexander, to do him justice, had a mind turned to better things; and he refused to be smothered in a palace, with eternal spies about him; saw as much as he could of the composition of English society; and particularly selected the Quakers as worthy of his Imperial notice and encouragement, if they chose to accept it. Prussia, very "melancholy and gentleman-like," afforded less matter for observation. We regret that Mrs. Inchbald was not more intimate with the author of 'Cecilia.' Madame D'Arblay, who had been detained a dozen years of the Corsican's reign in Paris, could have informed her of the insane fury into which the very name of Englishman was sure to throw him; and of the penalty of DEATH which he denounced against the receipt of even a *billet* in France from any relative in this country, guarded as it necessarily must be from the slightest allusion to passing events.

In September this year Mrs. Inchbald had a severe illness from cold; but Mr. Phillips attended her, and she recovered with greater rapidity than could have been expected where the rallying power of nature is abated by time.

The ensuing year, 1815, threatened her with more literary occupation: Mr. Colburn solicited her to accept the editorship of a work he was then publishing; she politely declined it, on the 19th of January. In March, a melancholy but essential task was gone through—she destroyed a vast heap of letters relating to former times, particularly such as were connected with the two sisters she had lost. The latter part of the year she almost devoted to alterations of omission, correction, or insertion in her manuscript Memoir. She then again locked it up. The routine of her life was now undiversified—Mass, her Bible, the Popish Divines. Bossuet's 'Variations des Eglises Protestantes' had the effect that Gibbon found in them when young; but Mrs. Inchbald was not doomed to die, like him, in the loose garment of Philosophy.

Poor Harlow the artist, whose Siddons picture is yet unapproached, wandered out to Beale's, and made a drawing of her by permission. It was for himself. In one of her calls upon Mrs. Phillips, the exhibitions of Napoleon's portrait by David and Lefevre, drew them to visit him.

"Tacito venerantur murmura Numen."

Miss Cruikshanks, though as to Mrs. Inchbald a visitor *à toute épreuve*, had a practice of dining with her friend very cordially, and quarrelling in the evening: she did this on the 27th of August, and, having slept upon the offence, the Muse made up her mind and wrote her wrangling companion a Farewell Letter, which she carried herself to the post. The young lady called no more upon her that year. Young Edgeworth tried to see her in the Spring of 1815. He was in mourning for General Pakenham; and Mrs. Inchbald would not admit him, which the young admirer greatly regretted. She wrote to him her inquiries after his family; to which he replied, with a remark which the reader's memory will enable him to interpret,—"The newspapers must afford you great amusement just now."

There is a letter of Mrs. Inchbald's undated, which refers to the indisposition of Mr. Morris, that excellent specimen of the Court of Chancery, scholar and gentleman. It is on every account worthy of preservation.

"TO MRS. PHILLIPS."

"Pray take care I have the Quarterly Review, No. XVIII. in which there is a critique on Sir William Drummond's book, and other curious books. I am under great apprehensions that I shall sustain a heavy loss in respect to books very soon; and yet the concern, on my own account, is scarce worth naming when I con-

sider what I shall suffer for the grief of another. Mr. and Mrs. Morris came here, and took leave of me in their travelling carriage, in which they were the next day to set out for the Lakes and the tour of Scotland. He left me some chosen books for the time of his absence; and I thought them on their journey, when, a month after, he wrote to me from a country-house at Wandsworth, where he *was*, slowly recovering from a sudden illness, which seized him early in the morning fixed for their departure; and which was supposed of a nature so fatal (spasm of the heart), that three physicians had attended him, and his wife sat up with him ten nights. It is for *her* I shall feel such extreme sorrow. I never saw two persons so perfectly harmonised, so doting on each other, so wrapt up in family comfort, and yet not disdainful of more social joys.

"He may be alive and well—and pray Heaven he be so!—but I have not heard from them for near three weeks; and they sent me word they were stationary for the summer, and would send me other books soon. I tremble every time I take up my paper, for fear I should read his death. As they say by children, 'they were too *pretty* to live;' I shall say, if he die, 'he was too *happy* to live,' and I fear she will be too miserable to live long after him."

The anxiety of that gentleman's friends and admirers was but too well grounded. The case

was in fact hopeless, and he fell a victim to the spasms of the heart on the 13th of April, 1815. He died at his house in Oxford Street, universally lamented, leaving his beloved wife in a state perfectly inconsolable, with four female children, deprived of their father, their guide, their delight, and their boast. Mr. Morris was a Fellow of Peter House, Cambridge, a member of Parliament for the borough of Newport, and a Master in the Honorable Court of Chancery. While yet a Templar, he, by an odd habit of the place, was a dramatic writer, as well as a student, and published a farce called 'The Adventurers,' well received at Drury Lane in 1790; 'False Colours,' a comedy, acted by the Drury-Lane Company at the Opera House, successfully, in 1799; and 'The Secret,' his last comedy, well received at Drury-Lane in the year 1799. This peculiarity of the Temple reminds us of a *jeu d'esprit* of one of its residents, who, having occasion to consult the book, went to the Library there and demanded the 'Biographia Dramatica.' He was told that the Society did not possess a copy. "They haven't it!" exclaimed he; "why, zounds! it is the Catalogue of their *Works!*"

It had occurred to Mrs. Inchbald, who was well acquainted with an old attachment, which had existed between her sister A. Hunt and Mr. Braddock, that compunction for some egregious trifling with her affection on his part might have led him to the tardy reparation of a testamentary bequest in

her favour. To ascertain that point, she applied, as she always did on important occasions, to the business-like mind of her friend Mrs. Phillips, to whom she wrote as follows :—

" 'You are the only person to be trusted with business, that I know.

'ANN HUNT, widow,
'Formerly ANN SIMPSON, of Standingfield.'

"In some such words I should imagine she might be mentioned in Braddock's will—if there at all, of which I doubt exceedingly, for a man who could behave so dishonorably as he did by her was not likely to treat other people much better; and so, were he to have made restitution for all injuries in a pecuniary way, perhaps he would have had no legacy for his two nephews or any part of his family. However, I should like she should be satisfied on the subject, and, at your leisure, I shall be glad to have any further information. But, thank God, my sister wants for no one thing; she has, even from my allowance, plenty of pocket-money; but an affection to an only child, and an infatuated love to six grandchildren, makes her think highly of money, only for the sake of bestowing it on them. Poor woman, she is now so infirm she cannot walk a few paces without resting — her hair is white as snow, and her teeth all gone;—yet she loves Mr.

Braddock to this day, and takes his part when any one censures his principles. She says, though he *deceived* her, and almost drove her to distraction, he never took away her character, nor boasted of his cruelty; but always owned, to all he knew, that her conduct had been most *exemplary*, and his own most unworthy: he always vowed too that he never would marry, and his keeping his word in that point has fixed her affections."

We believe Mrs. Hunt depended, to the last, almost exclusively upon her sister for supplies: her daughter gave, and was happy to give, all that was hers to render, personal assistance. But her life was rapidly approaching to its close, and she allowed herself to finish the scene under Mrs. Jarrett's roof, which indeed she ought never to have quitted. She expired on the 14th of February 1816, and the event was announced to Mrs. Inchbald by a letter with a black seal from Mary Jarrett. Its contents were easily conjectured, and an hour after its arrival the letter itself perused, which announced that the reader of it had no longer either a brother or sister in the world. On this subject she has thus expressed her feelings, and, unintentionally, her virtues:

"To return to my melancholy. Many a time this winter, when I cried with cold, I said to myself—'But, thank God, my sister has not to stir from her room; she has her fire lighted every

morning; all her provision bought, and brought to her ready cooked; she would be less able to bear what I bear; and how much more should I have to suffer, but from this reflection!' It almost made me warm, when I reflected that SHE suffered no cold; and yet perhaps the severe weather affected her, for after only two days of *dangerous* illness she died. I have now buried my whole family—I mean my Standingfield family,—the only part to whom I ever felt tender attachment. She died on the 14th of February, aged 74."

We are not to wonder that her *last* tears flowed copiously, and that she was long much depressed in her spirits.

> "I fruitless mourn for those who cannot hear,
> And weep the more because I weep in vain."

Meanwhile the house in which she lodged, presented a scene of suffering comparatively far greater: the only daughter of the family, who had now for five years been her companion, her amusement, and her pupil, at sixteen years of age, with the happiest disposition, and every hope of excellence, exhibited decided symptoms of consumption; and, notwithstanding the most careful nursing, in which Mrs. Inchbald took her full and daily share, shrunk from her into the grave on the 23rd of July. A trait of her pleasantry, the reader has already smiled at; and as the course of her

reading was entirely directed by Mrs. Inchbald, something greatly above the common was augured of her by the anxious parents. About a month after the child's death, the circumstances of Mr. Beale made him give up the house upon St. George's Terrace; and now Mrs. Inchbald bade adieu to drudgery and privation, resolving for the future to enjoy the table and regular society of a respectable boarding-house. Her removal at Michaelmas was to the establishment of Miss Hodges, opposite Holland House, Kensington.

We ought to notice, that in February the sincere admirer of all talent, Mr. Rogers, had called to invite her to see Kean in Lord Byron's private box at Drury Lane, and there to meet his Lordship: she declined every thing like gaiety the whole year; and seldom went abroad except to attend Mass, when her health permitted.

The indefatigable Edgeworths were again before the public, and again anxious for Mrs. Inchbald's sincere remarks. She had received the book, 'Comic Dramas,' and their letters had crossed each other on the passage.

"Edgeworth's Town, May 17, 1817.

"My dear Mrs. Inchbald,

"I am really anxious to hear your opinion of my little 'Comic Dramas,' because you are one of the very few persons in the world who

can form a decided opinion, and who *will* have the courage to tell the truth to an author.

"Let me request then, my dear Madam, that, as soon as you have read these dramatic *attempts*, you will write to me: one of your truly *original* and entertaining letters will gratify us independently of all selfish considerations.

"My father's health continues to be very precarious. His pleasures all now depend on his taste for literature and on the affection of his friends. He is fortunate in having excellent correspondents among the wisest and best people now living.

"You will not consider it as an idle or a propitiatory compliment, if I assure you that he is now more anxious for a letter from Mrs. Inchbald than from any person in England.

"Your obliged and affectionate

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

"Edgeworth's Town, 21st May, 1817.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"We think it fortunate that your letter of the 17th May crossed ours, which was written to urge you to send us what we now have before us—your sincere and salutary opinions. I hope that the public will read the preface to these dramas, and will have the candor to believe, that they were intended for the closet, and not for the

stage; and that Maria hoped by their means to acquire some skill in the art of condensing character and sentiment by a few strokes of the pencil, instead of pourtraying them by detailed delineation. Maria's opinion of these dramas does not differ much from yours; mine coincides with you entirely.

"When we send a manuscript to be published, I always give my opinion to the publisher beforehand. When I sent these dramas, I wrote as follows to Hunter:—'I have been in the habit of prognosticating the fate of Maria's writings. Of her three plays, that which would succeed best on the stage, if actors could be procured for it, would be 'Love and Law;' that which will be most popular is the 'Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock;' but the best writing, by far, is the 'Two Guardians.'"

"Maria has one great disadvantage in this house. She has eight or nine auditors, who are no contemptible judges of literature, to whom she reads whatever she intends to publish: now, she reads and acts so admirably well, that she can make what is really dull appear to be lively.

"Christy Gallagher is a genuine Irish character; so is Katty Roony: but Biddy Doyle is an original. The failure of the 'Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock' arises from the desire of making an English, Scotch, and Irish man all equally good; they are consequently made equally dull.

I think Sir William Hamday Gilbert, the Drum-Major, and the Widow Larkin, excellent moral personages; but I never desire to see them upon any stage.

"If there were one striking comic character introduced into the 'Two Guardians,' and if some of Mr. Onslow's wisdom and morality were curtailed, something might be made of this play, for I think it is well written.

"In a short time, you will receive three new volumes of 'Tales' by Maria. They shall reach you the moment they are printed. Hunter will have orders to convey them to you in any manner you may point out by letter. As it is probable that Tales by her will go immediately into a second edition, your animadversions may be not only of private but of public use to her.

"I am, my dear Madam, your obedient and obliged servant,

"R. L. EDGEWORTH."

"MY DEAR MRS. INCHBALD,

"Though I can only '*say ditto*' to my father, yet I must add with my own hand my thanks to you, lest you should imagine that I am vexed or affronted, and unworthy, after all, to hear the truth. Believe me, I *am* worthy and fit to hear it. I know the inestimable value to an author of one friend and one good judge, who has the courage to speak the truth. I have felt this

all my life. My father has always told me the truth, as far as parental partiality allowed it to be possible. He has always seen the truth, and foretold to me what the best judges would think. I have had some experience of the flattery bestowed on authors, and the reluctance that almost all people feel to hazard themselves by saying anything but what is immediately agreeable: therefore, I know how fully to appreciate your courage, integrity, and generous regard for me. Show me that you believe me to be sincere, and worthy of your good opinion, by writing with the same frankness about the Tales, which you shall soon receive.

"Would you ever have guessed, from my father's letter, that it is written—that is, dictated, by a man who is very ill; who has been suffering daily and nightly under a dispiriting bilious sickness these two years; and who has lost twelve pounds weight in the last three months? But he has an unconquerable mind, and affection for his friends that no personal sufferings can abate. I wish you had seen, or rather known, more of him; you are worthy to know him thoroughly.

"I am your obliged and grateful

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

CHAPTER IX.

Her change of lodging—Compounds before the Bank breaks—Earl's Terrace—Avoid. dinner-time—Annuity fallen in—How bestowed—More removals—Mrs. Voysey's, in Leonard's Place—Miss Marlow—Her condition.—The late Queen Charlotte—Her munificence—Kemble brings Talma to visit her—A wish as to Sheridan—Godwin and his Mandeville—Constable, a reader in sheets—Though comfortable, not happy—Longs to nurse—Gets her wish—Dog-day miseries—Sonnets at sixty-five—Dirges better suited—Cautious writing—Mrs. Wells's sensibility—Cecilia Mann—Funded Property—The rival Misses—Edgeworth Tales—Readings confined—Her Autobiography—Shandyan table of Contents alone escapes the flames—Now printed—Covent-Garden Company—Deaths.

Before Mrs. Inchbald becomes an absolute tenant in Earl's Terrace, we must view her peculiar manner of clearing off the claims upon her at the Terrace she was about to leave.

The Phillips's were invaluable friends to Mrs. Inchbald. The husband in his professional character allowed her to consult her humour and her doctor alike; and the wife was a sister to her in affection, and more than a sister in the personal trouble she took in all that related to her. After

a life of such intercourse, the reader will smile at the *compromise* tendered by her independent spirit.

"St. George's Terrace, Hyde-Park.

"MY DEAR MRS. P.

"As we are going to have war, and as of course the Bank must now break in good earnest, I am resolved to pay every debt I owe in the world, before that event can take place.

"The inclosed ten pounds (in two five-pound notes) I call merely coming to a composition with Mr. Phillips; for I am indebted more to him than he would receive were I to sum up the *many times* he has restored me to health: nay, it is in the apprehension that *he* would return the inclosed were I to send it to him, that I send it to *you;* and with it I positively give my word of honor, that, if you send it back, or *any part* of it, you will rob me of one of the greatest consolations I have at the age of sixty-two, which is a medical friend, on whose skill and attention I have the greatest reliance, and on whom I will as confidently call for advice when the Bank *has broken,* as I have ever yet done throughout our acquaintance: but neither in poverty nor in wealth, in sickness or on the point of death, will I ever indulge myself by applying to him *again,* unless you will gratify me by not disdaining this poor, but *just* acknowledgment of my obligations.

"E. I.

"P. S. The three-shilling piece is that you gave to Alice for the care of the tables."

She had at last fixed upon a home, and communicated her labour in the search to Mrs. Phillips, with an invitation, unlimited but by her dinner hour.

"I have been at Kensington Gore. Mrs. D— is quite a gentlewoman, or more like a woman of the highest breeding; for she talked with a careless disregard of all that which is vulgarly called *politeness*. But she asked a guinea and a half a week, and keeps the second floor, which has all the prospect, to herself. I would not have her first floor if she would give it me. Her furniture is crazy, and she would not suffer one bit of mine to come in;—indeed, one of my large trunks only would take up half the bed-chamber.

"Whether the very next lodging I saw pleased me from contrast or not I cannot say, but I took it; and shall go to it on Monday next, the day after Michaelmas-day, if weather, health, &c. permit. If it suit you, call to see me when I have been settled a few days—*not before*:—it 's No. 4, Earl's Terrace, opposite Holland House, Kensington. . . I have a hot joint every day at four, in company with five ladies, some a few years younger, and some of my own age. Take warning by me, and do not come at dinner-time.—Call to mind 'how

I distressed YOU,' and spare me from a like affliction.

"My spirits were so low that day, I came out for society; but not to eat; for I have not eat since I knew of my destined removal. Such a horror I have of packing my trunks and furniture—of seeing new faces, and hearing *new* voices, with *old* observations, that I never leave one lodging for another, without wishing myself in jail for debt, without the benefit of an insolvent act.

"E. I."

"To Mrs. Phillips."

Her old friend Mrs. M'Crohn, who was an inhabitant of Kensington, was instrumental in settling her at Miss Hodges's boarding-house, and assisted her in the agony, as she made it, of removing her furniture, trunks, &c. In November 1816, she accordingly gave a dinner to that obliging assistant, and the ladies of Miss Hodges's establishment, who appear to have been five, herself included: they were a Mrs. Henley, Miss Williams, Miss Whitfield, and Miss Whitingdale. The falling in of the large annuity which she had paid to her late sister enabled her to be liberal now without privation; she therefore extended her charities, and her poor friend Davis frequently tasted of her bounty. But his infirmities, which were coming fast upon him, at length refused him the strength to visit his patroness, and in May 1817

he died. Her niece Mrs. Jarrett sent her son Bernard this year to college, and a liberal present was forwarded from this kind relation. To her nephew George Huggins, and her husband's son Robert, she also made presents. The Miss Whitfield who resided in the same house with Mrs. Inchbald was the daughter of her old theatrical friend: she left the establishment before it was broken up, which, from Miss Hodges's embarrassments, occurred in August. Mrs. Inchbald then, with Mrs. Henley, Miss Williams, and Miss Whitingdale, removed to Mrs. Voysey's in Leonard's Place, Kensington: here at the end of the year a Mr. Bennet, Mrs. Greenwood and her daughter, joined the society; but Miss Williams was her most frequent companion.

The reader remembers the friendly intercourse which Mrs. Inchbald had with the M.'s:—Miss M., in wretched health, was teaching in a school at Kensington, and Mrs. Inchbald had called upon her. Mrs. Phillips at last wrote plainly to her friend on the subject of this young lady, who had been patronised by Queen Charlotte, and wickedly withdrawn from an offered situation at Court. Mrs. Inchbald's reply is full of excellent sense and judgment, and we recommend it to the particular attention of the reader.

"MRS. INCHBALD TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"31st October, 1817.

"Miss M. is the sole object to which I shall confine myself. Her situation has for some time given me much alarm. My reliance on your prudence, and your seeming satisfaction at her state in life, have prevented me from disclosing my fears; but now you have spoken out, so also must I do, and advise that something be done (before death deprives her of her great and most benevolent patroness, the Queen,) to place her in a state, however humble, which may protect her from all the miseries which her youth was once exposed to, aggravated by those which the delicacy of her education, the weakness of her health, and her former prospect of a better fate, will more severely press upon her. You say 'her illness has left her in debt and without any resource.' What kind of a *present* could mine be under such circumstances to supply her wants? The evil must not be treated so lightly, but boldly encountered, or she will be left to die, on the death of the Queen, in as degraded a state, and as wretched a place, as her poor grandmother. She has suffered much from illness, and I compassionate her from my heart—NOT so her HOSTESS! The money she has received for that poor creature would have paid for the board and education of me and all my twelve brothers and sisters, over

and over again; and most of the time this money was paying, the child *earned her living* by teaching in the school: at ten she began her occupation. Why was she deterred from going to Windsor, where she would have been supported in *sickness and in health?* Nor could I have conceived (when the offer was made to detain her from a service at Court) but that she was to be taken for *better or for worse*, and, by this time at least, made a PARTNER in the establishment. . . . 'What *debts?*' —Her doctor's bills were most benevolently paid.[1] Does she owe for what she *eat* at the time? or has her wretched mother filled up the measure of her sins by borrowing from her?—At all events she is too expensive for my charity:—mine can only enter the abode of the desolate, where a mite is a treasure; where a whole family might be comforted with a sum that to her would be of no one avail.

"The *present*, such as I meant, was more as a token of compassion of her sufferings, a compliment, than as charity under pecuniary distress. The first I shall be still ready to give—the second must be provided for by some other means. As soon as I hear from you, and not before, I shall call; and, unless you forbid me, deliver my opinion to one or other, or perhaps to both mistress and pupil. I was thinking of calling, but I have had

[1] Paid by the gracious Queen, her benevolent patroness. The bill was no trifle—Forty-seven pounds.

a bad cold, and was deliberating what to take with me for presentation. E. I."

Her old friend Kemble called twice upon her in this last year of his stage existence. He had perhaps a wish that one who had started with him in the profession, might witness his close. But it would have been an exertion, perhaps painful to her, and she did not visit Covent-Garden Theatre on the 23rd of June 1817. The second time he came he brought Talma with him, who was gratified by his reception. They were, as actors, the antipodes to each other; and, like antipodes, had the WORLD between them. About a twelvemonth before this, Sheridan, who was made to be loved, had quitted the stage of *life*. We regret exceedingly that Mrs. Inchbald did not give us a sober, acute, and plain display of the man she so much admired. Richardson, of all his contemporaries, knew him best, and saw most of his idleness. His EXERTION had two very different theatres of display. It is not clear to what or whom he was inferior upon either stage. He has spoken one, at least, finer speech, and written one finer comedy, than any orator or poet of his time.

Her friend Godwin had seen, as he conceived, an opportunity of drawing Mr. Constable the publisher into a connexion profitable to Mrs. Inchbald. Nothing however appears to be done till the month of December 1817, when his new

novel of 'Mandeville' and her 'Memoirs' together produced the following letters from the philosopher:—

MR. GODWIN TO MRS. INCHBALD.

"Skinner Street, December 1, 1817.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I cannot appear before the world in my old character of a novelist without recollecting with some emotion the sort of intercourse that passed between us when Caleb Williams was in his non-age, and in the vigor of his age. Particularly, I have looked a hundred times with great delight at the little marginal notes and annotations with which you adorned the pages of my writings of that period. Do me the favour to read 'Mandeville' with some recollections of the time I allude to; and if, when you have gone through it, you will oblige me so far as to return the copy with your remarks, I will request your acceptance of a fresh one in exchange for it."

"Believe me, my dear Madam, with sentiments of the truest regard, yours,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

"Skinner Street, December 12, 1817.

"DEAR MADAM,

"The conclusion of your letter, this moment received, cancels all; and I forgive you the censures—somewhat too harsh—(particularly

of plagiarism) you passed on me on Monday. Send me your copy by the very first conveyance: if you rub out one remark, I shall hang myself.

"Always faithfully yours,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

"Skinner Street, December 23, 1817.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I was very unexpectedly called out of town on Saturday last, and am but just returned. On my arrival at home, I find your letter. I too well understand, from experience, the palpitations and syncopes of an author, not to have a deep feeling for you at the present moment; and that consideration had determined me previously to take up my pen for the purpose of quieting your alarms; but this unwelcome summons came between me and the performance of my design.

"Mr. Constable has flown with the eagerness of a lover to the perusal of your MS. at every moment he could rescue from the remorseless gripe of business. I never saw a man so fascinated. I believe, the instant I leave his apartment at any time, he takes up the book and kisses it. He says he never saw a MS. so beautiful: you best know whether, in so saying, he alludes to the elegance of the penmanship, or the charms of the narrative. Mr. Constable is a widower, of an amorous complexion, and I am not sure that he has not been guilty of the indelicacy of having en-

deavoured to prevail on the book to come to bed to him. Do not therefore be hard-hearted, and refuse to admit the man into your presence who thus worships your image.

"Believe me, my dear Madam,

"With unalterable regard, yours,

"W. GODWIN."

Constable had called upon her with Godwin on the 10th of December, and she then lent him the MS. about which her friend is so gallant. On the 20th she puts a letter into the post to Godwin, desiring to have her MS. returned. On the 23rd we find the following remark as to the letter which the reader has before him. 25th. "Received an equivocal letter from Mr. Godwin on Mr. Constable's admiration of my MS." 30th. "Mr. Constable called on me between two and three: staid till near four. He praised the two volumes he had read of my MS. most extremely;" and here the matter rested at the close of the year. As it was some time in January that she received it back from Mr. Constable, an involuntary suspicion crosses the mind that it had been hurried down for the opinion of the GREAT UNKNOWN; or at least had pressed, not to say oppressed, the table of 'The Edinburgh Review.'

At Mrs. Voysey's, in Leonard's Place, she appears for some time to have been comfortable; but a life without trouble of any sort, Gil Blas's old

Canon's for instance, was not at all suited to Mrs. Inchbald: she could not long eat a dinner which came at a regular hour; she could eat only when hungry, and appetite was only to be provoked by exercise of some sort. Now she had nothing whatever to do. Hear herself on the 10th of January, 1818:

"I know of no employment that, with my present feelings and taste, (thank God, according with my years!) would afford me so much enjoyment as attending and conversing with the sick. Perhaps this disposition is not so much the result of charity, as of the selfishness which inclines us to seek after the pleasures of importance: and, in cheering the heavy hours of the invalid, I think I could still render myself IMPORTANT."

She will not allow even her self-love to come with a MASK before her.

In August she dropt into the important employment which her fancy had prefigured, easily, and without a search for it. Incidentally it offers a delightful portrait of those hideous nurseries of the spleen—Boarding-houses.

"All the old widows and old maids of this house are stretched upon beds or sofas with swoln legs, nervous head-aches, or slow fevers, brought on by loss of appetite, violent thirst, broken sleep, and other dog-day complaints,—while I am the only young and strong person amongst them, and am called upon to divert their Blue Devils from

bringing them to an untimely end. I love to be of importance, and so the present society is flattering to my vanity. Not so the "Sonnet" which was sent me, I suppose by the author. I was displeased; not for lack of vanity, but the fear of being suspected, at my time of life, to be accomplice to my own puffing. Besides, I hate the word Sonnet: at sixteen it had been applicable, but at sixty-five DIRGE would be more suitable."

"John Kemble called on me the other day, going to Italy—I suspect never to return. He and she dined at Lord Holland's. I am distracted for BOOKS—none to hire, none to borrow. I must have my own, when you come to town. The continual passing of the beautiful and swift royal carriages almost takes from the gloom of the Queen's state of approaching death, scarcely more pitiable than some of the recent weddings."

[Her Majesty lingered to the 17th November of that year, 1818. The reader will use his own Court Kalendar as to the weddings which she calls recent, and think of them according to his own taste and feelings in such matters.]

"I really am very happy here [VERY], and yet I would leave it TO-MORROW could I meet with any pretty airy place nearer to London, and where I could dine at the hour of hunger, and cut a piece of crust off my own loaf. My SISTERS were all poor and dependent, yet THEY sat at their own table and eat their own bread."

The sonnet above alluded to was in all likelihood one of those overflowings of her friend John Taylor on the following occasion: Mr. Taylor had been grievously injured in a newspaper property, indeed had lost his *viaticum* under the 'Sun;' and, in the month of September, his generous friend, Mrs. Inchbald, sent him fifty pounds as a mark of her old regard for him. What CAUTION was used by Mrs. Inchbald in the conveyance of her bounty, is not stated; but the following acknowledgement of it is so very cautiously expressed, that, but for the preceding fact and its date, the letter would be unintelligible. She left by will to this gentleman one hundred pounds more.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"Your caution, like your other qualities, is the effect of good sense and knowledge of mankind. If I did not fear that just praise, at this time, would look like mean flattery, I should express my sense of your kindness in an ample manner; but I shall leave that office to my sister, who will breakfast with me to-morrow, and then wait upon you. My son is too young to be trusted with family secrets, and poor Mrs. Taylor is ill and out of town. God bless you!

"Yours truly,

"JOHN TAYLOR."

"Sun Office, Strand,
Sept. 23rd, 1818."

It is so long since we heard any thing of Mrs. Wells, that probably the sympathy of a young lady may not be unwelcome, particularly when the endorsement of the letter has been remarked.

"Kensington, 9th October, 1818.

"MADAM,

"I hardly know how to apologise for the liberty I take in addressing these lines to you, a perfect stranger; but trust that to a feeling mind like yours philanthropy will plead my excuse. As I do not wish to tire you by being too prolix, I shall briefly inform you that, in the middle of June, I was sent to the sea-side for the recovery of my health, and was then, by mere chance, introduced to Mrs. Wells Sumbel, the dear friend of your early years. Need I tell one who knew her so well, how much I was charmed by that lady's still beautifully expressive countenance, engaging manners, and sensible conversation? Suffice it to say, that I thought her one of the most charming women I ever saw. I knew not why, but she seemed equally pleased with me, and generally made me daily visits at the house in which I was boarding. Often have I observed her, sitting with her head reclining on her hand, examining my features until her eyes filled with tears. I was astonished at her emotion; and, on our further acquaintance, she told me it originated from the strong resemblance

I bore to her dear friend Mrs. Inchbald. On hearing your name, I inquired if it were the same Mrs. Inchbald who had written the 'Simple Story,' and other works which had been so universally and deseryedly admired. She said 'Yes;' and then inquired if I had never seen you at any of the Catholic chapels. As it was my intention, on leaving Margate, a fortnight ago, to spend a few days with my sister at Kensington, she eagerly exclaimed, (while the big tear stood trembling in her eye,) 'O my love, you will see her then, and tell her how much I love her; but,' added she, 'I have unfortunately offended her, and she will never forgive me, nor see me again!' From that moment I conceived the strongest desire to see you, Madam; and, although it was uppermost in my thoughts, I never mentioned my intention. I have now been a week in this place without being able to accomplish my ardent wish; an opportunity has fortunately occurred through the medium of my much esteemed friend Mrs. Rathborne, who has kindly offered to give this to you. I am quite ignorant of the cause of your being disunited; of course, I could not presume to ask it. Should I be the humble instrument, under God, of reconciling you, how happy I should consider myself! Indeed, you must write me her forgiveness, she loves you so tenderly. Our divine Redeemer taught us both by precept and example to forgive injuries;

and it is only by following that, we can hope for forgiveness hereafter; added to which, your charity may contribute to the salvation of her soul. I shall feel highly flattered should you feel inclined either to see me on Monday morning, or write me a few lines at Mrs. Rathborne's, as I leave this place the following day. In the sincere hope that I have not offended you, believe me to remain, Madam,

"Yours, &c.

"CECILIA J. MANN."

The above letter is thus indorsed:—"*Mrs. Inchbald sent a constant remittance to Mrs. Sumbel until her death.*"

The last purchase which Mrs. Inchbald made into the funds was in the present year, 1818; she bought £200 Three per cent. Consols on the 18th of April, for which she paid £160. 15*s.* Her broker, in January, 1802, had changed her funded securities from the Long Annuities, which were to expire on the 1st of January, 1860, to the Five per cents. 1797. She sold her £170 Long Annuities at 19⅝ years purchase, or £3378. 12*s.* 6*d.*; and, with a trifle more, she purchased £3450 Five per cent. 1797, at 98¾ per cent. £3406. 17*s.* 6*d.*; so that she acquired an interminable capital, with an interest of £172. 10*s.*, instead of one ceasing in fifty-eight years principal and interest together of £170. A sensible broker is an invaluable

friend to a lady who would do her best with the property that her own talents have acquired, or she may have inherited from her relations.

Miss Williams was her most frequent companion while she staid at Mrs. Voysey's, and Miss Cruikshank returned, after the usual eternal farewell, to bid another, as she had so frequently done before; perhaps she had taken offence at Miss Williams's apparent ascendancy; or, it might be that her logic was inferior to her fondness, and, as her friend had the stronger mind, instead of avoiding the battle, she always fought her best, and then left the field till the Spring following. Mrs. Inchbald this year lost her friend Mr. Ramus — she appears to have been highly respected by him. On the 26th of October she went once more into private lodgings at the house of a Mrs. Price, No. 148 in Sloane Street; a situation to which she had always professed uncommon dislike. Her amiable friend Mrs. Hardinge called herself there to prevail upon her if possible to pass Christmas-day with her; but she had resolved upon another disposal of it, and wrote her excuses firmly.

The last tales of her friend Miss Edgeworth, upon which she exerted her critical powers, were those of 'Harrington' and 'Ormond.' She must have been greatly astonished at the amazing fertility of the Muse of Erin. Miss Davis, the mistress of Millennium House, was frequently with her at

Kensington, until the month of November, when she took leave of her and that establishment together, and left England for Paris, to which capital her friend Mrs. M'Crohn also repaired.

Her readings were rather confined in 1818: 'Rob Roy,' 'Discourses' by Dr. Chalmers, 'Walks in London,' Miss Aikin's 'Queen Elizabeth,' her friend Mrs. Opie's 'White Lies.' She took her own walks in Kensington regularly in fair weather; and attended mass with that scrupulous piety which had now become her habit, and, why should we not think, her consolation?

As we never hear any thing more of her 'Life' after Mr. Constable, like Robinson, Phillips, and the Longmans, had declined to undertake it, the probability seems to be that she sacrificed at last to conscience what they had shunned from timidity; and though there, no doubt, was much to admire, we conceive there was also much that they and the author would have had equal cause to regret. We are led to infer this, from the never-ending loppings and toppings, and grafts, and "sweet aspersions," as Shakspeare writes, which appeared to herself more and more necessary upon every subsequent revision. All that escaped her consignment to the flames is a kind of Shandyan table of the contents, which we shall lay before the reader, to close our chapter CON LA BOCCA DOLCE. Its model seems to have been the 'Sentimental Journey.'

Summary of the Contents of Mrs. Inchbald's Four Volumes of 'Auto-biography:'—

VOLUME I.

1st. My mother and pocket-book.
2nd. Betty Parker.
3rd. Brother George.
4th. Memoranda—Orah ill and recovers.
5th. Too many memoranda—Go to Bury Fair—Men come after cottages.
6th. Impediment in my speech—Bag with words—Change clothes.
7th. Betty died—Very short chapter.
8th. Resolve to go—Stage to London.
9th. Inn in St. John Street—Lies by me—Walk in the streets—(Vulgar and tiresome in reading.)
10th. See Mr. King and quit the inn—(Vulgar again I fear.)
11th. The shoemaker.
12th. Inn at Holborn Bridge.
13th. Mr. Redman only.
14th. Meet Slender—See my sister—Hear Mr. Inchbald's name.
15th. Two pages only on Slender.
16th. Quarrel with my sister—Go to Mr. Dodd—Talk with my landlady.
17th. Meet and dine with Mr. Inchbald.
18th. Quarrel with Dodd, apply to Mr. Inchbald.

END OF FIRST VOLUME.

VOLUME II.

1st. Marriage.
2nd. Bristol and Cordelia.
3rd. London and Debts.
4th. Garrick.
5th. Sea.
6th. Vessel lost.
7th. Visit to Digges.
8th. Glasgow, Webb, and Wilson.
9th. Mrs. Yates.

10th. River Clyde, and beginning at Greenock. (Nos. 11th and 12th not mentioned.)
13th. Loch Lomond, and Mrs. Webb in the hole.
14th. Edinburgh, Leith Races, love to Digges.
15th. Dolly's letter.
16th. Voyage and walk to Aberdeen.
17th. Illness, Dr. Geddes's letter.
18th. Journey from Aberdeen.
19th. Plan to go to France.
20th. Scarce any thing—Holcroft cut out, &c.

VOLUME III.

1st. St. Vallerie—The judge at Abbeville..
2nd. Convent expences.
3rd. Boat to Amiens.
4th. Sleepy man and police of France pinned up.
5th. Hotel at Paris—Company, trades-people, &c.
6th. Host and young Duke of Orleans.
7th. Stories of the King and Queen.
8th. The Friar's coming—his presents and begging.
9th. Dinner at the tavern.
10th. Ditto at the Convent.
11th. Paris at midnight—Dr. Dodd.
12th. Fabulous cottage.
13th. Brighton—London—Siddons—Farren and Orah (query) mentioned.
14th. Liverpool, Siddons, and Farren—A long chapter.
15th. Manchester—and description of Kemble.
16th. Kersal Moor.
17th. Character of Mrs. Siddons and Kemble.
18th. Execution of Dodd — Canterbury —My mother at Standingfield.
19th. Hull—Wilberforce—Sudden death—Kemble's return—Our content—Sudden death.

VOLUME IV.

1st. Description of the death.
2nd. Kemble no lover—determine on London.
3rd. Come to London and perform there.
4th. Poverty great—Green-room charming—and characters well drawn.
5th. Farce—Novel—Benefit—and Duke of Leeds.
6th. At my mother's—Short and good.
7th. Return to town, with 'I'll Tell You What'—Old Macklin.
8th. Apply to Colman—Haymarket Green-room—Dramas, &c.
9th. Newton's death—Mother's letter to Orah.
10th. Engage for Dublin—Mr. Dive.
11th. Shrewsbury—Sea—Dublin—Characters of the Green-room—Stage-dresses and incidents thereon.
12th. Chapter comprised in this eleventh.
13th. Siddons's success—Quit Ireland.
14th. Arrive in London—New characters in the Green-room—Henderson and Abington's quarrel.
15th. Maid in St. Martin's Lane—Write 'The Mogul Tale'—accepted.
16th. L nent my mother's death—Reading of 'The Mogul Tale.'
17th. 'Mogul' played—Receive the £100.
18th. Mrs. Crawford's refusal to play—Character of Henderson again; no fear of death; love of his child; the story of Job.
19th. Epilogue—Colman and Topham—Myself and Bensley—Miss Farren—Also Edwin's refusal—'Simple Story' and Bookseller.
20th. Orah dies.
21st. Moral.

Upon these Contents we permit ourselves a few remarks. "Orah" is altogether lost. The "meeting brother Slender" escaped destruction, and we have given it in its proper place. We regret "the description of her husband's death" particularly, for reasons which need not be too

plainly mentioned. She had a perfect knowledge on the subject: ours is comparatively imperfect. She might have hit upon the exact terms in which it was possible to talk about it—she was by nature eloquent, and by practice dexterous. We find, among her papers, the state of the Covent-Garden company, which she had survived; entering it in 1780, and composing her list in 1797.

"MEMORANDUM.

"I came to London in the year 80: it is now the year 97. In that short time the following performers have died, who were of Covent-Garden Theatre when I was admitted an unworthy member of that society:—

Mrs. Lessingham,	Mr. and Mrs. Webb,
Mr. Clarke,	Mr. and Mrs. Wilson,
Mr. Egan,	Mr. and Mr. G. Wilson,
Mr. Brett,	Miss Rawson,
Mr. Bowles,	Mr. Ryder,
Mrs. Johnson,	Mrs. Kennedy,
Mr. Henderson,	Mrs. Fawcett,
Mr. Fearon,	Macklin,
Mrs. Yates,	Mrs. Whitford,
Miss Catley,	Mrs. Lee,
Mr. and Mrs. Bates,	Mrs. Pollock,
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin,	Mr. Farren,
Mr. and Mrs. Booth,	Mrs. Pope.

REMAIN.

In the Little Green-room, Thompson and Ledger.
In the Great Green-room, W. T. Lewis alone."

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Inchbald's losses—Sœurs de la Charité—Changes of a Boarding-house—Inspires a youthful passion—The late Mr. Charles Moore—Letters to Mrs. Inchbald—Occasional remarks by the Editor—Portrait-painting discussed—Character of Mrs. Inchbald by Mr. Moore.

We have attended Mrs. Inchbald through the succeeding losses of her sisters; and, although in all cases dependent upon herself, in no one instance is the death ever considered as a relief: this true sister only regrets that she has no longer personal attentions to render; no longer daily comforts to supply: she felt herself like one of the *Sœurs de la Charité*, who had been interdicted by her Supérieure from administering to the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, and grieves to be cut off from her highest enjoyments on earth. She has now the whole of her income at her disposal, unfettered by any positive duties, and yet has no wish to extend her personal style of living. The

changing inhabitants of a boarding-house are not the objects of very attentive observation; so evanescent for the most part, they "come like shadows, so depart;" all character is lost in the usual forms of politeness; they act the important for a time; and their place at either the dinner or the whist-table is only supplied by better or worse appetite, less or more skill. The heart but seldom roots itself in such a soil. Now Mrs. Inchbald was all heart. It is a thousand pities that she quarrelled with her looking-glass so early; and refused, unaccountably in many cases, that union upon PRINCIPLE, which survives or lengthens the reign of passion, and gives to our decline of life something still of interest in the present world. But even after the mirror had begun to disappoint the hopes of the morning pillow, the beauties still remaining were sufficient to inspire a very ardent love for her in a very young man, of very good family, considerable talents, and likely to become no inferior ornament of a brilliant and honorable profession. We allude to the attachment of the late lamented Charles Moore, whom we personally knew and esteemed; whose convivial powers were peculiarly fascinating, and whose melancholy close has already occupied the pen of the lady, whom no disparity of years prevented him from wishing to be the GRACE and the GUIDE of his existence.

We have reserved APART this tribute to her many excellencies, because the letters of our poor friend would have been lost in their casual appearance, and have a romantic and pleasing effect when read as a series. We shall follow such as Mrs. Inchbald preserved by a character of HERSELF, written by her then gay admirer; and the goodness of his heart will not be less apparent in them, than the powers of mind which, seriously and earnestly directed, might have achieved for him in the world a destiny as brilliant at least as that which attended upon his brothers. As to Mrs. Inchbald herself, this recurrence to her captivations as a woman breaks, not unhappily, the *sombre* level of her latter existence; and reminds us that, after all, the merits of the best of human creatures are best seen by their influence upon beings like themselves. In common with other editors of fugitive correspondence, we have to lament the absurd omission of dates, so often occurring in these papers. Tuesday or Friday, noon or evening, testify accurately as to the divisions of some week or other; but, without either month or year, assist but little as to the progress of life. Some public event mentioned by accident may afford an occasional glimpse; which, as given with no such design by the correspondent, leaves the editor indebted solely to chance, if he goes safely on his way.

The first of Mr. Moore's letters has happily both month and year.

CHARLES MOORE, ESQ. TO MRS. INCHBALD.

"Temple, July 5, 1796.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I was made very vain yesterday—but not by you. I intended to have given you an opportunity of humbling me, but would not intrude upon your company. At dinner yesterday my father produced a letter from Lord Lauderdale, in which the following paragraph occurs: —'I wish you would tell Charles (meaning a friend of yours) that though I have only seven votes, I have a legal objection to the title of one of the candidates, which I am sanguine enough to think must replace me in the house. Ask him if he has ingenuity enough, upon the above state of facts, to apply the proverb 'It is an ill wind,' &c. I will have no other counsel but Mr. Adam, in order to give Charles an opportunity of being heard.' What do you think of that, thou amiable lover of dry men? There is an opportunity for your friend either to make or mar his fortune—to speak before the House of Lords on the most interesting private question which has occurred for many a day!

"In order to show me that you wish me joy, pray have the goodness to let me have a walking conversation with you on the earliest day you can conveniently. I like you a thousand times better

in the air than in the house. I send you the Scots paper, containing a full account of the election. Take care of it, and lend it to nobody. I will call for it to-morrow. I walked twice to the Bank to-day, in hopes of meeting a certain animated figure—in vain. I got the character of impudence by staring under the bonnet of every woman I came near; but I saw no face whose whole artillery of features I would not have bartered for one arch glance from the hazel eyes of Dolly's sister.

"Yours, most respectfully and cordially,

"C. MOORE."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Temple, Nov. 2nd.

"DEAR MRS. INCHBALD,

"I am charmed with your comedy in general; and the criticisms I have to offer on particular parts are so minute, and so little detract from its general merit (supposing them to be just), that I rather choose to reserve them for some opportunity when we can read the play together. It is many flights above any of your plays, and is indeed worthy of you. The satire is just throughout, the dialogue animated in the extreme, and the incidents most happily chosen. The *coat* has not its rival on the stage. You have drawn a *general* lover in colors so lively, that I am sure you will bring the blush of shame on the faces of many men of the town. The 'pulsation on the

left side ' is inimitable : I am too *easy* a swain not to feel sore ; but you have improved me so often by your satire and your honesty, that I am not at all surprised by the conscious shame which your description of a *half lover* may excite in bosoms less prepared. Mandred and his daughter, Lady Mary, and Lady Priory, are finely drawn : Bronzely's interview with Lady P. is happily contrived. Sir W. D.'s refusal to extricate his child from merited distress is pathetic in the extreme. You have given to Miss D. an excellent heart, whose feelings are perverted but not destroyed. The gradual developement of the better parts of her character is natural and in the truest taste. Lord P. is too teazing a husband for so good a creature as his wife. His repeated determination to be cool in the midst of rage is too familiar to the stage to strike.

" Believe me, ever yours truly,

" CHARLES MOORE."

The play so highly praised by Mr. Moore is the comedy of ' Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are.' The incident of the change of *coats* struck him to be without a rival upon the stage ; yet it is difficult to see how even a *severe* father, of steady virtue and dignified manners, can descend to exchange coats with a fellow like Bronzely, whom he has every reason to despise ; and thereby incur the obloquy of doing a dirty action.

Perhaps too the occurrence is below the decorum of polite comedy: the mutations of the stage are so convenient for EFFECT, that propriety of character appears an inconsiderable sacrifice to the dramatist, who is anxious chiefly to strike. The 'pulsation on the left side' is a recollection of the 'Way to Keep Him.' A very rigid critic might perhaps say that this comedy is without a *moral;* a sentence that has been pronounced against writings still more important.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Lower Grosvenor Street.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Yesterday a gentleman told me that he had met you lately at dinner. 'Did she say anything about me?' asked I.—'Yes; she asked very kindly about you.'—'Did not she look very pretty?'—'She was by far the prettiest woman in the room.'—'And the youngest?'—'Upon my soul,' said he, 'I never thought about that.'

"You know I always said that Const was a man of sense and taste. He praised you for the very things you would like to be praised for (genius, &c. being always understood), your exquisite simplicity of manner and dress. By his description you must have been a swan amongst daws in borrowed feathers.[1] I hold to my last

[1] This is Francis Const, Esq. the late chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the County. He was for many years a caller upon

feelings about your book: what do people say to you about it? Pray give me a few lines to know how you are employed, and if you shall really be glad to see me about ten days hence if I should be able to hobble to you.

"Like me as well as you can in conscience, and believe me to be, with affectionate respect,

"Yours sincerely,

"C. MOORE."

"N.B. I have got to great perfection in telling the story of 'Bring me a dry man.' If I was Lawrence, I should surely be tempted to paint that very characteristic scene. I have a view of your countenance in my eye, whilst you pronounced the words, which would almost convey their *exact meaning* without the clumsy artifice used in our print-shops of writing them on a label coming out of the mouth. Your most noble Marquis and Lord Lauderdale are become sworn brothers: it tells well for them both: I do love to see men giving a respite to the bitterness of their respective prejudices, and doing fair justice to each other's merits. My eldest brother, one of the most steady and honorable men I have ever

Mrs. Inchbald, and greatly admired her mind and quiet manners. No gentleman at the bar was ever perhaps so closely connected with theatres. He has invariably taken his share in their annoyance, and none of their profits.

Her book, alluded to in the above letter, was her 'Nature and Art,' then recently published.

known, has just taken leave of us to go to the West Indies. My poor mother is miserable, and has only her pride in his acknowledged fine qualities to comfort her. I know you love merit, of both sexes; therefore you can enter into our feelings on this occasion.

"Adieu, but not for ever!"

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Your kind and (I am determined to believe) sincere praises last night have had the most pleasing effect upon my mind. They make me respect myself more, and increase that real affection which I *must be allowed to have* for strong sense, lively energy of thought and expression, and generous feelings, even though they should exist in a person who laughs at my boyish enthusiasm for charms which *she represents* as faded. If you should know the lady who answers this description, you may tell her that if, in spite of her love of sincerity, she chooses to make me dissemble, I must obey her; but, that to counterfeit indifference to her would be on my part the grossest dissimulation.

"Now that you have laughed as much as you choose at the expense of your young friend, (whom you accuse of sometimes laughing at yours,) he has only to add that he has read the 'Child of Nature,' which he thinks admirably calculated for

the stage, and here and there extremely good in the closet. I don't know how to judge of such a character as Amanthis; but I am sure Mrs. Jordan's acting will convince me that it is in the highest degree natural. I will think of the lines the first fine day I can take a walk into the country. I wish you would carry my portrait of you to Lawrence, and ask him what he thinks of it.

"I am, dear Madam, with respectful affection and *filial* regard, yours sincerely,

"C. Moore."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Dear Madam,

"I wrote in my best manner to Mr. Grubb, through the medium of my friend, expressing how much you were flattered, &c.; but at the same time telling how the business stood betwixt you and Mr. Harris. He begged my friend, whom I saw yesterday, *to tell me to tell you* that of course you must be aware it is proper to keep his offer a secret—because he did not, at the time of making it, know of Mr. Harris's being in treaty with you, and that it would be contrary to the etiquette which managers observe to each other for him to have made any offer, *knowing* your play to be in Mr. H.'s hands;—but that if on any *future* occasion you would do his theatre the honour of sending them a play, if you would let

him have it in the summer, he should be proud to attend to it and bring it out as early in the season as you yourself might choose. I meant to have called yesterday, but was kept an hour beyond *the old woman's* time; and after I suspected you must have tripped off to Mr. Twiss's.

"Believe me ever yours very sincerely,

"C. MOORE."

"When am I to see the Play?"

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Pump Court.

"Oh more unsearchable than the source of Nile (for James Bruce has discovered it)! oh more obscure than the Oracle of Delphos (for it had *many* meanings and I suspect your last note had none)! I have ventured however to write to Lawrence that I *thought* you acquiesced in to-morrow as your day of sitting. The day I think *must* be warm, but alas! of what avail is that, when you are determined to be cold? Recollect, too, the fatal truth, that the sun, at the same time that he sheds roses on the cheek, will in the same proportion produce freckles. You will suffer besides the pains and penalties of correctness;—for, if I had known any thing of which you ought to be ashamed, if I should happen to find you pale to-morrow, I should have had the means of conjuring up a blush, which Lawrence, with the

rapidity of genius, might have taken advantage of.

"Excuse my nonsense, and believe me, with sincere esteem, yours, "C. MOORE."

"I *must* tell you a trait of Peter's *tendre* for you. He asked me if he might not go to his father's (which is a great way off), and then, after having made himself completely smart there, wait upon your ladyship! I was churlish enough to refuse his request."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Pump Court.

"Lawrence is so ashamed of making a second excuse to you, that he employs me to do it for him. He is strongly pressed to go to Mr. Angerstein's in the country to-day, to stay a few days with some very particular friends of his who are there at present. He desires me to appoint Monday at nine. Be so good as to let me know if that hour and day are agreeable, and I will give him notice. He tells me to say all the finest things I can for him. But there are some occasions on which my best friends may suspect me of selfishness. I leave to him to make all the impression he can by his own accomplishments; for I find, the more I can flatter myself that I enjoy some portion at least of your esteem, the less willing I shall become to part with an atom of it to anybody else.

"I am sure you would laugh if you knew what strange fancies sometimes pass through my brain on that subject. *Somehow or another*, I do not feel myself degraded when I imagine you are laughing at me, because I know that there is no mixture of contempt with your mirth. You see how my vanity helps me to bear what would be mortification to a modest man. Pray assist me to correct my faults, and be assured of the grateful affection of

"The sincere admirer of your *mind*,

"CHAS. MOORE."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I saw Lawrence to-day: he expects you *for certain*. I am sorry my *refinement* of style made you doubt; but I find you were determined to be revenged upon me by an insinuation that I had been as obscure as yourself. I shall have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow.

"C. MOORE."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Temple, Sunday night.

"A circumstance has occurred since I saw you, which will prevent my going to Tunbridge to-morrow; and as my circuit will commence on Tuesday se'nnight, I shall not go at all. You must rejoice with me in the very de-

lightful accounts we have heard of my brother the General. St. Lucia is taken, and he is extolled by the whole army for his courage and skilful conduct. My father is wild with joy; and my mother has been doing nothing but thanking God and kissing us ever since she heard the news.

"Your company is delightful to me: I wish I could inspire you with half the pleasure with respect to mine, and then you would not complain so grievously that life is a burden to you. You should never light a candle only for the pleasure of putting it out with cold water. I do not *boast* of having always behaved respectfully to you, because my feelings have always impelled me to do so; and I hope you will allow that the severity of your rebuke to-day was rather beyond the importance of the occasion. Impudence has always appeared to me a disgusting quality, and certainly you are not the person whom I should choose to disgust.

"You said to-day that, with the addition of the article of age, you would not object either to my mind or my person. I am strongly bent on rising in my profession—I have lately met with success. I have little taste for fashionable follies; and I have a sober conviction that no man can apply the full energy of his mind to our business, who is distracted by the degrading intercourse of frivolous, and I may add corrupting, gallantry. If I were permitted to indulge a hope that the kind-

ness you expressed to-day was not the cruel playfulness of the moment, I can assure you that the desire of pleasing you would be a very delightful occupation. I am sure I do not flatter when I say, no man can enjoy your regard who acts meanly, foolishly, or basely. On the contrary, I know that to behave honorably, with a laudable zeal in generous and upright pursuits, would be the best means of securing your kindness.

"I am not given to protestations. You know me perhaps better than I do myself. Do you think I shall be wanting in gratitude? Do you think that the beauties of real and superior excellence of heart, head, and form, will ever cease to maintain the power you have innocently and in spite of yourself gained over me?

"Have I talked nonsense?—If I have, laugh at me, but be sure to forgive me.

"Yours, with sincere respect,

"C. MOORE."

"When did you propose to go to Vauxhall? Pray do not tell me you did not mean to go. What do you say to to-night? A boat from the Temple Stairs will take us there in a minute."

"Pump Court, Temple.—[No date.]

"I hope my *young* friend did not find herself the worse for her expedition on Saturday night, and that it did not so wear her spirits but that she could stand the fire of George's prattle.

Though he is a king's counsel, and I a simple barrister, I shall insist upon being at least on an equal footing with him. And, to tell you the truth, my ambition soars a pitch higher; for I am determined, if possible, to be above your ridicule, though below your best opinion. The most absurd thing you know about me is, obstinately continuing to think you young and pretty!

"Why may not I be like the lover in Horace, whom I lately mentioned to you, who was delighted with his mistress's polypus? Why may not I say also—

> 'Your *freckles* first my soul o'ercame,
> Your *hesitation* fann'd the flame;
> But what confirm'd my am'rous rage—
> Would you believe it?—was your *age*.'

"I beg your pardon for nonsense, which is with you the sin against the Holy Ghost; but it is a sin that I am sure your Confessor will not hear much of, without you have humility enough to perjure yourself. Take heed! We ought not to accuse *ourselves* unjustly.

"Pray, if you are at leisure, give me a single line to let me know what you think of the new play. If Peter tells me you are pale, I shall know that it is most provokingly good; but if you look as fresh and blooming as you were on Saturday, I shall guess that it is as stupid as your heart could wish. Yours, &c.

"CHARLES MOORE."

We wonder that, in his *letter*, Mr. Moore did not exactly state whereabout in the works of Horace his inquisitive friend might find these attentions to the lady's polypus; because, as Mrs. Inchbald had a Horace, she might take a fancy to search for this *parallel* to her own *freckles, age*, &c.: and, unluckily, the first allusion to it of the author is in the 12th Ode of the 5th Book, "In anum fœdam," &c.

> "Namque sagacius unus odoror,
> Polypus, an gravis hirsutis cubet hircus in alis,
> Quam canis acer, ubi lateat sus."
>
> "For I a polypus can spy,
> Believe me, with a willing eye;
> And rankness can endure no more
> Than the keen dog, who tracks the boar."—(EDITOR.)

Mr. Moore really alluded to Satire III. "Veluti Balbinum polypus Agnæ:" but had the lady stumbled on the first polypus, he might never have known how he had lost her esteem.

The portrait of her which Mr. Moore wishes she would carry with her to Lawrence, to ask his opinion of it, has already been laid by us before the reader: it closes with that extravagant estimate of her common wearing-apparel, EIGHTPENCE; which certainly Houndsditch would not have ratified! No: poor Miss Beale was right; Guy Fawkes was the only customer, and that not for outside show!

There are in these letters many allusions to Sir

Thomas Lawrence, whose picture of Mrs. Inchbald we remember to have seen unfinished in his gallery. Amateurs but slightly acquainted with painting, and not slightly enamoured of the painter's SITTER, are constantly committing that egregious error of wishing that the artist would catch some particular *look*, in which his subject indulged on some particular occasion; without reflecting that the pain given by such *tricks* of a character, would soon in picture greatly overbalance the pleasure. Suppose the peculiar accompaniment of expression could have been caught, which Mrs. Inchbald gave on the occasion described by Mr. Moore, and that no label was necessary to make what she is saying legible to the eye—what a purgatory would it not be to have a lovely woman constantly saying, with whatever humour, "Bring me a dry man!" and, for thousands of morrows, looking only the same ludicrous direction, to bring to her a DRY MAN! Sir Thomas, in his own exquisite manner, would smile at the simplicity of his friend, but not forget the dignity of his art. Every particular action in portrait, by which we mean one strong enough to excite attention, takes away from the *general* impression of character which ought to grace the canvass, and lead to the exclamation of Fuseli, "It is the man's HISTORY!" —"What is he *doing?*" is a question that should never be heard before a portrait; or if it be, an intelligent artist would at least wish to reply,

"Doing! why NOTHING, I hope—not even sitting for his picture."

Having discussed with our friend his notion of portrait, we present, as we promised before his letters, his character of Mrs. Inchbald to the reader; assuring him that we admire the exactness of its limitations, and think that the lover has even aided the delineation of the philosophical critic:—

CHARACTER OF MRS. INCHBALD BY MR. MOORE.

"INCHBALD, Mrs.—A very lively and ingenious English authoress, whom Fortune maliciously placed in a situation, and threw into a profession, beneath her merits, though her genius were to be left out of the account. Nature felt the affront, and was resolved to vindicate the claims of her favourite. She inspired that energy which looks on difficulty as the natural element of superior minds. She remembered that Shakspeare as a player was only the tame and unskilful representative of his own apparition: as an author he had soared to the sublime enthusiasm of Hamlet and Othello. Our fair authoress, thus instructed, but unsullied by her intercourse with the world, both in her dramatic and other pieces, has displayed a quick intelligence of the foibles of our nature—an horror at vice, yet pity for the vicious—and an assertion throughout of the native dignity of steady

moral principles. Her conversation was easy and animated. Her curiosity was not such as is (blasphemously) imputed to her sex; yet she was inquisitive. Never did an antiquated matron trace a tale of scandal through all its meanders of authority, with more undeviating eagerness, than our heroine hunted out a new source of useful information. Her school was society; to which she gratefully returned, as an instructress, what she had gathered as a scholar. Her passion was the contemplation of superior excellence; and though her personal charms secured her admirers, which flattered her as a woman, she preferred the homage of the MIND, in her higher character of a woman of genius. A little disposition to coquetry perhaps she had, but the frankness of her nature disdained it; and when necessity called for the choice of the one or the other, sincerity was sure to triumph. She was born in the year 1753, and passed to a better life (as one of her contemporaries predicted) in the THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH year of her age!"

CHAPTER XI.

Her Septembers since she married—Why *that* month—Kensington House, April 1819—Inmates of note—Cosway and his wife; both Mystics—Prince Talleyrand—Cosway's guess about him—Protocols—Hogarth and Churchill—Serious illness—Mrs. Inchbald of Malton—Robert and his violence—Casualties among her friends—Miss Whitfield takes her leave—Attention to Queen Caroline—A few texts—Party spirit—Kemble takes Italian leave—Poet Rogers and his present—Eustace's 'Tour'—Roman characters by Jonson and Shakspeare—Divinity of genius—Makes her last will—Death of Mr. Cosway—Gloom of Kensington House—Mrs. Inchbald's last illness and death.

Our last chapter has been devoted to a particular retrospect. The present shall commence with one taken by herself over a portion of her life so large as six-and-thirty years. The reader will thus pass in review the principal features of her busy existence, before she enters upon the retirement of Kensington House; where, in the poet's language, at the advanced age of sixty-six:

> "Life stands a stump,
> And, filleted about with hoops of brass,
> Still lives, though all its pleasant boughs are gone."

This Retrospect she calls, "My Septembers since I married." As however she was married in June, and her birth-day was in October, it does not appear why she fixed upon the month of September by which to chronicle her years. If we may venture an opinion on the subject, (the SEX going a great way in it,) we should think that she commemorates by the choice her first appearance on the stage, in Cordelia, to her husband's Lear, at Bristol, on the 4th of September. In fact, as actress and authoress, hers is truly a stage existence; and as she closes with her reply to Mr. Colman the Younger, the whole paper seems bounded by her theatricals, though embracing other topics in subordination to these. From the stage *alone* she derived the means of existence; for the price of her two novels was inconsiderable in the account of her pecuniary gains, which appear to have been, fractions avoided, about FIVE THOUSAND pounds. As to her salary as an actress, (rarely above thirty shillings a week long together,) while upon the stage she rigidly lived on it—gave her seasonable presents to the servants of the play-house, and some benevolences among her relations and in the houses where she lodged—and never at any moment had a MEANNESS to record.

HER SEPTEMBERS.

(Endorsed by Mrs. Inchbald.)

Account of my Septembers, that did belong to my yearly 'Ladies' own Memorandum Pocket-book.'

Born October 15, 1753. Married in 1772.

Septembers since I married:—

London, the Sea . .	year 1772.		
Aberdeen	1773	1 year,	happy.
Jedburgh, Musselburgh .	1774	2 years,	middling.
Glasgow, Dumfries . .	1775	3 ——	middling.
France, Brighton, Liverpool	1776	4 ——	unhappy.
Canterbury, my mother's, Hull	1777	5 ——	not happy.
Wakefield, Doncaster . .	1778	6 ——	not happy.
Do., a widow . . .	1779	7 ——	not unhappy.
London	1780	8 ——	neither.
London (come from my mother's)	1781	9 ——	unhappy.
London (going to Dublin) .	1782	10 ——	mostly unhappy.
London (going to St. Martin's Lane)	1783	11 ——	unhappy.
London (going to Hart Street after 'The Mogul Tale') . .	1784	12 ——	happy
London (after 'I'll Tell You What,' and before 'Appearance is against Them')	1785	13 ——	happy.
London (in Great Russell Street, after 'The Widow's Vow')	1786	14 ——	happy.
London (after 'Such Things Are,' and 'The Midnight Hour')	1787	15 ——	happy.
London (after 'All on a Summer's Day,' condemned, and 'Animal Magnetism') . . .	1788	16 ——	not unhappy.
1789 London; after 'Child of Nature' and 'Married Man' . . .		17 years,	not happy.
1790 London; after my long illness .		18 ——	not unhappy.
1791 London; after my novel, 'Simple Story,' and 'Next-door Neighbours'		19 ——	very happy.

1792 London; in Leicester Square, after 'Young Men and Old Women'—cheerful, content, and sometimes rather happy . . . . . 20 years.

1793 London; after 'Every One has his Fault'—*quite happy* . . . . . 21 ——

1794 London; after receiving two hundred pounds for a farce, not yet performed—extremely happy but for poor Debby's death . . . . . 22 ——

1795 London; after 'The Wedding Day;' my brother George's death, and an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Gisborne—not happy . . . . . 23 ——

1796 London; after my novel, 'Nature and Art'—in prosperity, and at times very happy; at times not in perfect health, and sometimes very low-spirited 24 ——

1797 London; after 'Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are;' after an alteration in my teeth, and the death of Dr. Warren—yet far from unhappy . 25 ——

1798 London; rehearsing 'Lovers Vows'—happy, but for suspicion amounting almost to certainty of a rapid appearance of age in my face . . . 26 ——

1799 London; after 'Lovers Vows;' after my brother and sister Bigsbys' death; and after having just sold a new German play, going into rehearsal—extremely happy but for the still nearer approach of age . . . . . 27 ——

1800 London; after 'The Wise Man of the East'—still happy but for my still increased appearance of declining years . . . . . 28 ——

1801 London; after the death of my best friend in the world, Mr. Robinson, and in the suspicion of never more being as a young woman again—very happy but for my years . . . . . 29 ——

1802 London; after a disappointment from my translation of 'The Egyptian Boy;' after hearing for certain that my nephew, George Simpson, was dead (his mother also); and after feeling wholly indifferent about Dr. Gisborne—very happy but for ill health, ill looks, &c. . . . . 30 ——

1803 Turnham Green; after quitting Leicester Square probably for ever—after caring scarce at all, or thinking of Dr. Gisborne; entertaining some hopes on the publication of my 'Life,' and some fears of an invasion by the French—very happy . 31 years.

1804 London; wholly retired when at home, and living in view of the Thames; just completed a new play, received with marks of high approbation by the managers; often melancholy, yet often in spirits—seldom either happy or unhappy . . 32 ——

1805 Do. situation: after the moderate success of 'To Marry or Not to Marry;' undetermined as to my future plans of residence, and mostly unhappy . 33 ——

1806 Barton in Suffolk, and London; after the writing and publication of my remarks which had given me most extreme labour and still greater uneasiness; after the death of Dr. Gisborne too, often very unhappy yet mostly cheerful, and on my return to London nearly happy . . . . 34 ——

1807 London; after a certainty that my remarks were disliked—very unhappy . . . . . 35 ——

1808 London; after all my remarks completed, and my public reply to Colman the Younger's address to me; Dolly very ill, and I hesitating whether to go to Aldborough, to Margate, or where—extremely unhappy . . . . . 36 ——

It was in the middle of April, 1819, that Mrs. Inchbald took up her abode at Kensington House, which at that time was a large and most respectable establishment, under the direction of a Mr. and Mrs. Salterelli. In the chapel the Archbishop of Jerusalem performed Mass regularly during the early part of her residence, and the Abbé Mathias officiated, when the Primate quitted

the house. The society was extremely genteel and cheerful, changing however too frequently for perfect cordiality and the formation of intimacy:—the Schiavonetti's however seem to be acquaintances, and Mrs. Beloe, and Mr. Skeene from Aberdeen were old friends, who on their arrival met with an unlooked-for pleasure. The celebrated artists Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, upon leaving Stratford Place, were at Kensington House from August to October, before they settled upon a house in the Edgeware Road. They had long been among her most select friends, and in society were of infinite value from their genius and the high honours which had been paid them by the late sovereigns of France. They were an inexhaustible store of authentic information, and of that sort too which everybody coveted. They were both MYSTICS, and could say almost as much of the "unintelligible world," as of this, which is intelligible even to disgust. We remember the rapid sketch which our friend one day drew, not with his pencil, but with a weapon equally pointed, of the statesman Talleyrand. As a politician he was lavish in his admiration of that unparalleled sagacity, which carried him safe through the dizzy whirl of endless revolutions, and placed absolutely in *his* hands the destinies of so many sovereigns. Cosway's solution of this miracle (still [1833] in operation and progress,) was "EX PEDE HERCULEM." And the secret, he said, was

known to him by an inward sense, which revealed "the Prince" completely to the painter, however since concealed from the unilluminated; we mean, of course the vulgar politicians of *protocol* celebrity, who will now escape the immortality that Hogarth could have bestowed upon them; or HIS great rival and antagonist, Churchill, if another book of "Gotham" were to be, or in truth could be written.

The health of Mrs. Inchbald was very indifferent this year; and her spirits sympathised with her frame. In the month of March she was a good deal disturbed by the symptoms of a complaint, which intermitted, but never entirely left her. After undressing for bed she felt a sensation of tightness in her waist, which she naturally enough attributed to her habit of drawing rather too closely the strings of her under-apparel. This practice, therefore, she discontinued, but was not at all relieved by removing the pressure. She consulted her friend Mr. Phillips, and he prescribed for her: some effect was perceived at first of a favorable nature; but the complaint soon returned with renewed violence. About the middle of April some improvement was perceptible from the operation of a pitch-plaster: in May however the body generally swelled, and great pain was suffered occasionally, subsiding at intervals: thus she continued till July, when she went to town for the purpose of consulting Dr.

Baillie. His treatment of the case was evidently successful; she was progressively improving for some weeks, and on the 3rd of October writes, "my complaint is so much less troublesome, that I begin to hope it is gradually leaving me." A very few days after writing this she unfortunately had a fall, and, though the hurt from it was slight, it greatly affected the disease, which became as bad again as ever; yet, by the close of the year, it had so much remitted, as once more to be thought but little troublesome. But whatever was her own state, the work of beneficence was always in progress. Mrs. Inchbald of Malton Abbey wrote to her about the prospects of the young clergyman her son, who was distinguishing himself at Catherine Hall, Cambridge, and about whom Mrs. Inchbald was much interested.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I take the liberty, suggested by your uniform kindness, of addressing you on a subject which I think I once before mentioned;—it is respecting my son, who is now at Catherine Hall, Cambridge. He will be at home in June, and will return in November; and in February next will have completed his terms. I am happy to tell you that I have received a most favorable account both from Dr. Proctor, the master, and Mr. Turton, the tutor, with respect to his conduct

and habits during his residence at college I assure you I have strained every nerve to support him there; and, although his expenses have been on the most economical plan possible, it has put me to some inconvenience.

"I have often heard Mr. Inchbald of Selby say, when in conversation with his beloved son, that your friends and acquaintance were highly respectable and numerous; and that he thought it very probable you might have it in your power to serve him or his family in the way I am now intending most earnestly to solicit your exertions in behalf of my son. This conversation took place when my ever-to-be-lamented husband, if you recollect, wrote to you requesting your interest at a time when the clerkship of the peace for the North Riding of Yorkshire was likely to become vacant, and which was in the gift of the Duke of Leeds.

"I should feel everlastingly obliged if you could, through the interest of yourself or friends, procure for my son a church living, or get him a situation as domestic chaplain to any nobleman. I know not of any friend or connexion of Mr. Inchbald but yourself; and I am not without hope that you will do all you can to serve me. My reason for educating Joseph for the Church was, that I and my father have a right to half of the perpetual advowson of Thorkbasset, (a small

living,) and it will be our turn next to appoint the incumbent. The present one is a very healthy man, about sixty-five; so that it may be many years before Joseph can have any benefit from this living.

"My dear Madam, yours most truly,

"MARY INCHBALD."

"Old Malton Abbey,
May 1st, 1819."

Ill as she was, she appears immediately to have replied to this respectable connexion of her husband's; what influence she had we may be sure was put in force to render young Inchbald service, though the name itself was not very pleasant to her ear just now. Robert Inchbald, the boy Bob of her wedded life, had been a nearly constant annoyance to her. She appears to have known him to be a spurious issue of her husband, from whom he degenerated shamefully. He was in the practice of pestering and bullying the generous relict of his father; and she regularly threw more money away upon him, instead of shaking him off altogether:—this was the case on the 24th of May; notwithstanding which, in September, he by letter renewed his attacks, and soon after appeared in person at Kensington Houses he had the atrocious indecency to make a riot in the hall, and by the servants was forcibly turned out. Offended as she was, Mrs. Inchbald, accompanied by an expression of severity, left him

an annuity of twenty pounds by will during his life. We hope he was capable of repentance, and enjoyed her unmerited bounty with respect and gratitude. We shall not be at the trouble to inquire about the result.

Mrs. Inchbald had many reasons to felicitate herself upon the strength of mind by which she persevered in her system of life. She had secured herself against the very possibility of reverse; but had the pain to see many striking casualties pull down the splendor or the moderate comforts of her friends. The Whitfields, at the opening of her town life, were in some respects able to assist her widowed exertions, and she prolonged the engagement of Mr. Whitfield at Covent-Garden theatre after he had lost his wife. His daughter Caroline called upon her in November, to take leave, going out, with a colony, to settle in some part of Africa. Mrs. Inchbald gave her ten pounds, with wishes such as her mother would have uttered on the occasion. She probably thought of the scheme itself, as she did when writing her 'NATURE AND ART.' Africa is the great problem in the improvement of the world.

The following year 1820 was passed at Kensington House, with the usual attentions of such as were expected to attend to the *secluded* Muse. Ladies of distinction follow with infinite ardour a reigning charmer, but easily forget retired ex-

cellence. To be out of their sphere of present wonders is, however formerly graced, to be out of the world. Retired friends are in fact "departed spirits," who, if they should ever revisit the glimpses of the moon, would only render the night hideous. The daily papers are the happy medium by which they continue informed, and are united to the existing world. It is not difficult to see the object in the following note to Mrs. Phillips, nor very doubtful from what quarter the "fine letter" in the 'Chronicle' proceeded: but "NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA."

"Thursday, 14th Sept., 1820.

"Pray send me Sir H. Bunbury's letter, for it has been in none of our papers.

"Such a fine letter in the 'Chronicle' of yesterday, with three texts from Scripture.

"*Cor.* i. 7. 'To avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and every woman her own husband.'

"*Matthew*, v. 32. 'Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery.'

"'The wife hath not the power over her own body, but the husband; likewise also the husband hath not the power over his own body, but the wife.'

"*Job*, c. 31. 'If mine heart have been deceived by a woman, or if I have laid wait at my neighbour's door, then let my wife grind unto another, and let others bow down upon her.'

"My kindest affections to Mr. Phillips.

"E. I."

Such are the denunciations of the highest wisdom; and, let us in candour observe, are not *only* decisive when applied to the HIGHEST PLACE. Faction is never so sure of religious truth, as when it can hurl it in the teeth of obnoxious power. Nor can it perceive the total want of Christian charity, in exacting the utmost purity where it is almost a wonder that any restraint is put upon inclination.

It will be observed from her enjoyment of these texts, that her visits to the Priory, and her ambition to be known to an Illustrious Personage, did not in the slightest degree change her leaning in politics. She was firmly opposed to the Government, and to no one measure of the Cabinet more opposed than to the absurd trial of Queen Caroline. Under all the circumstances of long repulsive aversion, and conduct perceptibly lax, any thing VINDICTIVE in high place could not possibly be entertained. All danger to the SUCCESSION was idle, and had previously been put to rest. Faction made a semblance of presuming

innocence; but the female part of the nobility did not visit Brandenburg House; and we are to remember that it was for the ANSPACH establishment that Mrs. Inchbald drew up a "system of regulations." Though she no doubt wished and anticipated the acquittal of the Royal personage, yet we know that she would not subscribe her name to the Address from the Ladies of Kensington; and, filled as the prints of the day were with the most inflammatory writings, she would not have them read aloud before her, in any mixed society of ladies and gentlemen.

At the close of the year 1820, her early friend Kemble called once upon HER, with the rest of his valued acquaintance, before he quitted his native country for ever. He had been drawn over from Lausanne by the death of his partner Mr. Harris, and, remembering that Mrs. Inchbald had been the medium through which he had negotiated his purchase into Covent-Garden theatre, he now communicated to her his determination to be troubled with it no longer. Upon the precedent of Lear, "Know, said he, dear Muse,

> 'Tis our fast intent
> To shake all cares and business from our age,
> Conferring them on younger strength, while we
> Unburthen'd crawl toward death.

"In plain prose I have assigned over my sixth part of the property in absolute fee to my brother

Charles, and 'God give him good on't.' When I left you before, dearest, it was to visit Spain, and you managed for me in my absence; now, I think I shall make out my tour to Italy, and end perhaps like an old Roman." She thought rightly, that she was to see him no more; and he had conjured now a train of melancholy recollections, such as started up whenever she turned her thoughts to the chief part of the towns in Suffolk, Norfolk, and Essex. As she expresses herself to Mrs. Phillips, "they are places in which I have been with those whose loss I had rather not contemplate."

In the following year 1821 she was thinking of Kemble and his Italian tour, when she received the following letter from her affectionate friend Mr. Rogers, the poet of 'Italy,' and the 'Pleasures of Memory.'

"DEAR MRS. INCHBALD,

"You gave me your promise that, if I sent you 'Eustace's Travels,' you would keep them for my sake. It is a promise I shall not release you from; and whenever you open the leaves, may his gentle and enthusiastic spirit be with you.

"Many, many thanks! Your letter I shall treasure up, among the three or four I keep to open and read whenever my spirits fail me

"Ever yours,

1821. "SAM. ROGERS."

Alas! for Italy! the "enthusiasm" she excites is for the past; "gentle pity" is her due for the present wretchedness of a once mighty people. Roman heroism is now only to be drawn from Roman history; or from a still higher Muse, the decorative mind of Shakspeare. If any man can be found to doubt the operation of this transcendent spirit, and think that North's Plutarch might supply the charm to the poet, as it certainly did the actual facts of his Roman plays, let him turn to the Sejanus and the Catiline of Ben Jonson, a man nourished with the genuine lore of antiquity, and compare them with the 'Coriolanus,' the 'Julius Cæsar,' and the 'Antony and Cleopatra' of the Stratford youth. If he do not then discover the DIVINITY of Genius—but we have no fear of the experiment—. Eustace, in the mean time, so presented, could not but greatly interest Mrs. Inchbald. To the last she studied so intensely, that many who loved her affectionately thought it almost a cruelty to interrupt what she made the business of life, by their, as they feared, tiresome solicitude about her health.

In the month of April she recomposed her will, perhaps not greatly varying from that which preceded it. Everything looked gloomy around her at this juncture; and she almost dreaded the arrival of her friend Taylor's Newspaper, 'The Sun.' There however, on the 5th of July, she read that Richard Cosway, R.A., worn down by

bodily infirmity, had expired the evening before, at a house in the Edgeware Road, which he had recently taken. Burke well said of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that "he seemed to descend to Portrait from a higher sphere." We may say the same certainly of Cosway, who bestowed the treasures he had derived from the study of Corregio, Parmegiano, Guido, and the Caracci, upon a superior order of Miniature, and a captivating tinted drawing in small whole-length: for one or both of these the world of fashion literally followed him for years, as they subsequently did the late Sir Thomas Lawrence—and for the same reason, that, if he could not add to the refinement in his sitter, he never lost a particle of it in his record. His funeral was attended by a select number of his academic and personal friends, and many carriages of the nobility and gentry honored his memory, by waiting on his remains to the new church of St. Marylebone, built by his young acquaintance Smirke, the son of his brother academician.

Mrs. Inchbald, as we may suppose, was greatly shocked by such a loss, and at the same time had to witness at home the premature dissolution of a very fine youth, who seemed brought to Kensington House but to expire there, for in a few days after his arrival he died, on the 6th of July. The funeral proceeded from the house, and the relatives took their melancholy departure

immediately after the interment. Upon her religious duties she now relied, to prepare her for the losses of friends, arriving in rapid succession, and her own close of existence, which the flattery of hope could not throw to any great distance. On Sundays, while she had health sufficient, she attended Mass at the Chapel in Holland Street, Kensington, and during the week frequently heard Mass in the domestic chapel of the establishment. At the great divisions of the year she received the Sacrament, after her usual preparations of self-inspection and confession. Soon after the inhabitants of Kensington House began to recover from the gloom which the death of young M'Graw had cast upon them, Mrs. Inchbald felt the commencement of a cold, to which she was remarkably subject, and the rallying powers were no longer to be trusted. Her appetite had been failing by degrees; but she became indifferent about food, when she was unexcited by hunger, the only sauce she coveted through life. She had a sore throat too. On Thursday the 26th of July we find her noticing in the Journal, that her appetite and sore throat were better, but that she felt a sensation of fulness, and considerable pain all day. On Friday she was able to take her usual walk in the garden. Saturday the 28th we find appeared to her a day of gloom and cold: she had felt cold in the night, and recovered no warmth even from exercise. She

had risen soon after six; read some time, and called on Miss Hunter; about two, Miss Humphreys came to see her, and they walked together in the field behind her windows. So far her diary exhibits the usual steady hand-writing. The following notice is evidently added for the next day, and very badly written:—"Went down to dinner; and, very ill of cold and fever, could not eat, and retired to bed." The notice for Sunday appears written at the same time—it is the LAST:—"Heard Miss Trinder was returned from Windsor. Rose at three, for half an hour only." We may presume that from bed she rose no more, for she expired on Wednesday the 1st of August, at nine o'clock in the evening, of an inflammation of the intestines.

CHAPTER XII.

Letters to her Executrix—Mrs. Inchbald buried at Kensington—Grave adjoining to that of Canning's son—John Taylor's intended Epitaph — The actual and preferable one — Letters from Mr. Taylor, Miss Marlow, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Opie, and Miss Williams—Copy of Mrs. Inchbald's Will—Summary of her moral and intellectual character.

It was undoubtedly very consoling to Mrs. Inchbald's friends that, from her seizure by this last of her many illnesses, Mr. Phillips, her medical attendant, never lost sight of her. As we cannot speak professionally on the subject, we shall only say that it seems probable the *tightness* of which she formerly complained was the indication of that malady, which did not quit the frame, though it remitted its attacks, and latent awaited only the excitement of a cold to render her recovery impracticable.

Her invaluable friend Mrs. Phillips was her executrix, in conjunction with her nephew George Huggins the elder, of Southampton. Residing in Pall-Mall, and universally known to be the bosom

confidant of the deceased, she was on the spot to regulate every thing, and received communications from a variety of persons testifying infinite regret for their common loss, and showing the very high place which Mrs. Inchbald held, and deserved to hold, in all their minds. Some of these it is proper to insert:—

MR. JARRETT TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"MADAM,

"The unwelcome communication of the departure of Mrs. Inchbald has so affected Mrs. Jarrett, (although she feared it must take place,) she is incapable of answering your note, but begged me to thank you for your kindness, and to inform you she will be at Kensington House on Saturday morning before ten o'clock; and I will accompany her to pay the last tribute of respect to her most beloved aunt: how she will support herself on the occasion, her present grief will not allow me to judge.

"I am, Madam, most sincerely yours,

"BENJAMIN JARRETT."

"3, City Road, Aug. 2, 1821."

MR. TAYLOR TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"Sun Office, August 3, 1821.

"DEAR MADAM,

"The melancholy tidings in your letter of yesterday gave me a shock that I shall not

attempt to describe. In the course of a long life I have lost many friends and many near relations, but I never was more affected than I have been by the death of my dear, dear Mrs. Inchbald.

"I have been in friendship with her upwards of forty years, and every year increased my respect and esteem for her character. I loved her with all the warmth and all the purity of a brother. It has fallen to my lot to render her several trifling services, which she always overrated. I did not receive your letter till three o'clock this morning, and my son can witness the agony which I felt on reading it. I can assure you that I now write with tears, and feel as deeply at this moment as I did on reading your letter. I will do myself the melancholy pleasure of calling on you to-day, and shall certainly wish to join in the mournful ceremony of her funeral. I should wish to look at her, however dreadful the shock may be.

"I am, Madam, with sincere respects to Mr. Phillips,

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN TAYLOR."

"Mrs. Phillips, 110, Pall-Mall."

On Saturday her remains were deposited in Kensington church-yard. As she was of the Roman Catholic faith, all the rites and ceremonies of her religion were administered to her before and

after her death by two Roman Catholic clergymen, who resided in the same boarding-house with her. Out of respect to her memory, these gentlemen, we think Abbé Masser and Abbé Mathias, attended the funeral service as performed according to the rites of the Church of England. The body was interred in a grave immediately adjoining the monument raised by the Right Hon. GEORGE CANNING to the memory of his eldest son, with a tablet containing an affecting tribute of parental tenderness and sorrow. The Memoirs of her "Life," written by herself, were destroyed at her death by her own peremptory injunction. It was her desire that her funeral might be private, and those who attended it only her relations and intimate friends; otherwise the theatrical community would have testified their respect for her character, by attending her remains to the grave.

Her friend Mr. Taylor, proprietor of "The Sun" newspaper, wrote an intended Epitaph for the grave-stone of Mrs. Inchbald; but being a politician, the adjacent sorrows of George Canning allured him into a mixed compliment, flitting between the infant and the adult,—virtues promising and realised, which, if it had been well done, could but have shown ingenuity misapplied, and a writer thinking more of himself than his subject. It was properly set aside for one at least unobjectionable, for it is at once simple and true: *e. g.*

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO!

Sacred to the Memory
of
ELIZABETH INCHBALD;
Whose Writings will be cherished
While Truth, Simplicity, and Feeling
Command public Admiration;
And whose retired and exemplary Life
Closed, as it existed,
In Acts of Charity and Benevolence.
She died Aug. 1st, 1821, Aged 68 Years.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE!

MR. TAYLOR TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"Sun Office, Strand, Sept. 5, 1821.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"As you desired to have some more copies of the humble tribute to our departed friend, I inclose a few, and will have more done if you want them. I gave no more money to the men, nor did they require any.

"You must have seen the substance of our friend's will in the newspapers, which has been adopted in most of the London and country journals. I think it was very improper in any body to insert it without your permission and full sanction. It first appeared in 'The Morning Herald.' I took it into 'The Sun,' on account of the dis-

tinguished character of the testatrix, omitting, 'Oculist, of the Sun Office, Strand.'

"So uncertain is life, and precarious happiness, that I fear to inquire after your daughter. With sincere wishes for her recovery, and compliments to Mr. Phillips and your son,

"I remain, dear Madam, faithfully yours,

"JOHN TAYLOR."

"To Mrs. Phillips, Pall-Mall."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Sun Office, 112, Strand, August 7th, 1821.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I inclose a paper of this day because it contains an article relating to our late dear friend, which I deemed it my duty to contradict. I consider it a trick to impose some pretended Memoirs on the world, or, if a copy has been taken of what she really wrote, to defraud her executors. If there are relics left which you think worthy of publication, they cannot be assigned to a more liberal and honorable man than Mr. Murray the bookseller, of Albemarle Street.

"I shall make a point of communicating to Mr. Fawcett our dear friend's bequest to the 'Theatrical Fund' of Covent Garden. My best respects and wishes attend your family.

"Dear Madam, yours sincerely,

"JOHN TAYLOR."

"P. S. The slips shall soon be ready for you."

"Mrs. Phillips, 110, Pall-Mall."

We subjoin a copy of the tribute :—

"EPITAPH

Intended for the Grave of Mrs. ELIZABETH INCHBALD, who died on the 1st of August, 1821, in the Sixty-ninth year of her age. Written by JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

"Lo! the White Tablet, emblem of the mind
Of Infant Purity, below enshrined,
Mark'd by the tribute of parental sighs—[1]
Here too at rest lamented INCHBALD lies.
The CHILD presaged, in Time's maturing hour,
To rise a beauteous intellectual flower:
Yet ah! while Hope indulged a fond delight,
The cherish'd blossom felt Death's fatal blight:
Thus INCHBALD'S youth presaged a future claim
To moral dignity and mental fame;
But Time, what Nature form'd with powers so rare,
Touch'd with prophetic zeal, was proud to spare;
Proud to prolong her useful mortal state,
E'en to the verge of our allotted date,
To spread the works of her creative mind,
That, while amusing, meliorate mankind.
Her life was just, benevolent and sage,
As Truth proclaims in her instructive page:
Religion consecrates her honour'd bier,
And a TRUE CHRISTIAN waits for mercy here."

That interesting young lady Miss Marlow received the intelligence of her loss, as it became her to do. Her letter is at once tender and grateful;—

[1] Epitaph written by the Right Honorable GEORGE CANNING on his Eldest Son, buried in Kensington Church-yard.—Mrs. INCHBALD'S is the adjoining grave.

MISS MARLOW TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"Waddon, Aug. 7th, 1821.

"I thank you, my dear Mrs. Phillips, for your kind though melancholy letter. I hope your mind is in some respect at ease with regard to your eldest daughter. I much regret Mrs. Inchbald's death, and that I had not more recently seen her; so true is the maxim 'delays are dangerous.' I had it in contemplation to call on her when I was last at Hammersmith; but whenever I did call, she appeared so overwhelmed with reading and business, that I always felt it an intrusion, and therefore delayed it till my next holiday. I can never cease to esteem and respect her memory, as I consider I am indebted to her, jointly with yourself, for all the good that has been so bountifully manifested towards me,—and the consequent benefit I am now enabled to derive from it. I fear you must have had much to contend with in the last awful scene; you have indeed of late bitterly tasted of the cup of affliction, but your strength of mind will, I firmly hope, sustain you through it; and may there still be many brighter days in store for you, is the earnest wish and prayer of, my dear Mrs. Phillips,

"Your affectionate and obliged friend,

"HARRIET MARLOW."

"I beg to be remembered suitably to all who are interested for me."

MRS. MATTOCKS TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"MADAM,

"I greatly regret not having the pleasure of seeing you when you did me the honour of calling yesterday. I beg you will accept my best acknowledgments for the trouble you gave yourself, and allow me to say that if at any future period you should come to Kensington, I shall be most happy in seeing a lady so deservedly esteemed by one of the best, as well as most superior of women.

"I *knew* her well—that I *loved* her, followed of course . . . . . mine has been a prolonged journey through the world, but in its course I never met with one that possessed such great, such sublime virtues as herself.

"Superior as were her literary talents, they were secondary to the greatness of her mind.

"I have the honour to be, Madam,

"Your most humble servant,

"ISABELLA MATTOCKS."

"Tuesday, 7th August, Kensington.

"To Mrs. Phillips."

MRS. OPIE TO MR. PHILLIPS.

"9th of August, 1821, Norwich.

"DEAR SIR,

"The paper of to-day contains an account of the *funeral* of Mrs. Inchbald, and I had heard neither of her illness nor of her death!

"I need not say how shocked and sorry I am; and I take the liberty of requesting that you will be so kind as to give me *some account* of her illness, last moments, &c.

"I have not seen her *this* year, because I now never leave my father, and have been in Norwich almost ever since I saw her last, which was last September. I *heard* from her last December.

"Pray excuse the freedom of this address, but indeed I am *very* anxious to know something of the closing scene of one whom I have known so long, and have so sincerely admired and respected.

"Yours respectfully,

"AMELIA OPIE."

"George Phillips, Esq.,
Surgeon to his Majesty,
Carlton Palace."

MRS. INCHBALD'S WILL.

"April the twenty-ninth, one thousand eight hundred and "twenty-one. Kensington House, Kensington.

"In the name of God, I Elizabeth Inchbald, "widow, of the parish of Kensington, do make "this my last Will and Testament.

"Humbly and earnestly recommending my "soul to God, through the merits of Jesus Christ, "I desire that my body may be buried in Ken- "sington Church-yard, between the hours of eight "and eleven in the morning; that three mourn- "ing coaches may attend my hearse; and that

"Mass and all other sacred ceremonies may be "performed on my account as are usual upon the "decease of a Roman Catholic Christian; all "such expense to be paid from my effects.

"To my godson George Huggins I leave one "hundred pounds; to my god-daughter Eliza- "beth Cummins of the Theatre Royal York, and "daughter of Alexander Cummins, late of that "theatre, I leave one hundred pounds. To John "Taylor, oculist, of the Sun Office, Strand, I "leave one hundred pounds. To the Catholic "Society for the 'Relief of the Aged Poor,' (see "'Laity Directory') I bequeath fifty pounds. "To Jane M'Crohon, widow, now in France, I "leave fifty pounds. To Isabella Mattocks, late "of Covent-Garden theatre, I leave fifty pounds. "... To the Theatrical Fund of Covent-Gar- "den theatre I leave fifty pounds... To Ann "[Bailey?] in whose house I once lodged, I "leave fifty pounds; the said Ann [.....] to "be heard of at Mr. Jones's, solicitor, near the "Monument ... To Elizabeth Williams at Mr. "Thesiger's, Bloomsbury Square, I leave fifty "pounds ... To the children of my nephew and "my niece George Huggins and Ann Jarrett, "(excepting that child already named in this "will,) I leave fifty pounds each ... To Madame "Lynch, near Bourdeaux in France, and to Eliza- "beth Hunter and Elizabeth Binder, now living "in this house, I leave twenty pounds each for

" mourning rings . . . Also twenty pounds to the " Abbé Masser . . . To Susannah Wire and Robert " Walkyer, the first my late laundress, the other " once my hair-dresser, I leave twenty pounds " each, provided they inquire (as I have not their " address) for my executors on hearing of my " decease. To my aforesaid nephew George " Huggins the elder, I bequeath two hundred " pounds for services hereafter to be named . . . " To Frances Phillips, wife of John Phillips, Esq. " of Pall-Mall, I bequeath five hundred pounds " for services hereafter to be named . . . To the " person calling himself Robert Inchbald, the " illegitimate son of my late husband, I leave " twenty pounds a year; and to Elizabeth Croucher " [. . . . .] I leave ten pounds a year: the money " for the production of such yearly incomes to be " placed in the Long Annuities in the names of " my aforesaid nephew and niece George Hug- " gins and Ann Jarrett; and on the decease of " the aforesaid Robert Inchbald, and Elizabeth " Croucher, the said sum so deposited, as either " die, to devolve on the said George Huggins the " elder, and Ann Jarrett, or on their heirs.

" All these my foregoing legacies shall be paid " in pounds sterling, lawful money.

" To the aforesaid Elizabeth Hunter I also " bequeath my clock.

" And as to all the rest, residue and remainder " of my estate and effects, of what nature and

" kind soever each, and personal, not by me be-
" fore disposed of, I give, devise, and bequeath
" the same and every part thereof to my afore-
" said nephew George Huggins the elder, and
" my aforesaid niece Ann Jarrett, to be divided
" equally between them both, share and share
" alike; that share which devolves on my niece
" to be possessed by her free entirely from any
" control of her husband.

" And I do hereby constitute, nominate, and
" appoint the aforesaid Frances Phillips of Pall-
" Mall, and my aforesaid nephew George Hug-
" gins the elder, joint executors of this my Will.

" I have no debts at present; but such as at my
" death are proved to be just, I desire may be im-
" mediately paid . . . And I do hereby declare this
" to be my last Will, revoking all former Wills and
" Codicils by me made, and declaring this to
" be my only Will and Testament. In witness
" whereof, I hereunto set my hand and seal, this
" twenty-ninth day of April one thousand eight
" hundred and twenty-one.

" ELIZABETH INCHBALD."

The CHARACTER of Mrs. Inchbald is now to be estimated, as well moral as intellectual. From her very dawn of beauty and attraction, she appears always to have considered herself bound to be VIRTUOUS, that she might be worthy of suc-

cess. Very far indeed from insensibility, there are many girlish indications of love in her journals, but as innocent as they were open. He who could presume upon her unprotected sex, or her efforts after independence, found that her mind was greatly above her condition; and that her purity would never be compromised, however artful the assailant or destitute his expected victim. The singular feature of her maiden life is the low estimate at which she placed the other sex, and the fearless confidence with which she exposed herself to personal interviews, or perhaps more ensnaring correspondence. Untried as were then her epistolary powers, she never hesitated to open or continue communications with any one whose interest she hoped to secure, or whose advances she considered to be in their nature serious. This in her was not boldness, but firmness. She had every thing in life to acquire for *herself*, and therefore, without shyness or fear, systematically pursued her object. Not ignorant of life, her caution was never to be lulled; there was ONE being whom she could trust in whatever dilemma, and that being was herself. A fugitive from the parental home, she could hurry up to London without money; accept the hospitality of common inns; pursue her wild object of procuring a stage engagement; and interest such a man as Tom King, by her confidence in his honour, as much as by her personal graces. She had a glaring imperfection in her speech, and yet deter-

mined to be an actress. Though she had relations in London, she could not bring herself to seek their aid; and, by an accidental meeting with one of them, was compelled to a safer, or more respectable asylum, than the "White Swan" at Holborn Bridge. At length she accepted a lawful protector in the person of Mr. Inchbald, and secured her object to be of the theatrical profession; and to be so, without the random annoyances from every witless profligate, to whom the beauties of a stage are by prescription FERÆ NATURÆ. Here she followed the fortune of her husband, whom she perhaps at first rather esteemed than loved. He was a master in his profession; and he made her an actress. She found leisure to make herself a well-read woman; and, at length, discerned a faint hope that, at one time or other, she might achieve an INDEPENDENCE by the powers of her MIND.

In her provincial course, chance threw her into an intimacy with the Siddons and Mr. John Kemble. The latter had a learned education. They were constantly together: while her husband painted, her new friend read aloud. She became systematically a student; and wrote, with a hurried pen, the abstract of his readings. The history of her own country still exists in this flying abridgement; and as she could occasionally borrow the great teachers of truth, she distilled from their works the maxims of life and conduct, and

laid up a store such as few women ever think of accumulating, whose reading for the most part is but pastime—the LEAVES of the tree of knowledge, without a reach after the fruit. So strong were the native powers of her mind, that the whole of this family connexion treated her as their MUSE; and it was the appellation which, to the last hour of their intimacy, they delighted to bestow upon her. Witness the following sportive elegance of John Kemble:—

"Mr. Kemble has the pleasure of Mr. Twiss's company to-day at dinner, and will be infinitely charmed to find the Tenth Muse at his table also.

"Mr. Kemble would not willingly appear ceremonious, so he does not send cards to the *Nine* sisters, as he observes the Tenth never visits without them."

"Saturday morning."

As the Kembles pursued the brilliant course which led them into the first societies of this country, they carried the "amiable MUSE" with them into high life; and she became an object of anxious request among all who could admire powerful talent, graceful manners, and the urbanity of native wit. To her lasting honour, she could live in this higher atmosphere without disdaining that from which she had no wish to remove—*that* in which her relations and humbler friends received her kind offices, and her darling

independence was alone secure! Prosperity in every shape smiled upon her. She accumulated a fortune of some five thousand pounds, and yet had always both the hand and the heart to bestow no scanty succours, not only on her family, which was remarkably unfortunate, but on acquaintances less discreet or less successful than she could have wished them.

To those who remember her in private, she seemed to possess many of the qualities of Swift: like the Dean, "she told a story in an admirable manner;" she absolutely painted while she spoke, and her language started into life. Her sentences, like HIS, were "short and perspicuous; her observations piercing." She too had seen much of the world, and had profited much by experience. She had not the least tincture of "vanity in her conversation, and in truth was too proud to be vain." She was decidedly polite, but in a manner entirely her own. She resembled Swift too in her frankness, for she spoke strictly what she thought, "in all companies, and at all times." In her friendships she was "constant and undisguised. She was the same in her enmities." Lord Orrery supplied us with so much of the preceding that we can only lay claim to the justice of the application. The materials of this biography are entirely her own—the record she wrote was a daily duty which she performed: she could at all times

review her life, with a CERTAINTY that was equally awful to herself and others. Had we been disposed to dress up a perfect model of woman, there are many decided follies that we should have suppressed in pure compassion; for the occasional doubts on the most important of subjects, we might have omitted them, but our portrait so far would have been unlike the original. She herself did not conceal her involuntary scepticism from either her Catholic director, or her clerical friends in the Reformed Church. To the divine, who lent her Grotius's 'Treatise on the Truth of the Christian Religion,' she returned the volume with such a reply as the power of her mind enabled her to make. We have found no copy of these remarks among her papers. She might conscientiously destroy them. Let us not forget that she was at all times disposed to partake in the service of her church; that she was always pious, though in a mode less regular than is desirable: she constantly read and reflected upon her Bible; and, no doubt, frequently with the 'Hermit' of Dr. Beattie, supplicated the Fountain of Light!

"From doubt and from darkness THOU only canst free."

At length, too, even the passion of her *sex* determined her to be a Christian; for, as she said in one of her letters, "It is only in the promises of the Gospel that I can ever hope to be *young*

and beautiful again." But doctrine or ceremony can never save, where the PRACTICE is not vital; and the charity of Mrs. Inchbald was so uniform and pure, that it would have expiated far more than INVOLUNTARY error.

We shall not repeat the opinions which we have already written upon her works. She, as a dramatist, was not inferior to either Centlivre or Cowley; and her audience in the theatre were never ashamed of either their mirth or their tears. As a novelist, she may securely rest upon her 'SIMPLE STORY:' amidst all modish innovations it exists in the fearless strength of 'Nature and Art,' and has nothing to dread from rival genius or greater learning. It will be obvious that we do not admit her OWN estimate of her talents. "It has been the destiny of the writer of this story," said she, "to be occupied throughout her life in what has the least suited either her inclination or capacity." She acknowledged no obligation to the Muses, and drew her inspiration solely from NECESSITY. Necessity is a stimulus of no mean efficacy, it is true; but other powers must concur with it, and some must absent themselves, to produce continued exertion and respectable performance. She has made a VIRTUE of necessity; but necessity found her in possession of ALL the virtues. Her devotion to the comforts of her family—her steady industry—her unimpeachable purity—her love of

truth—her active sympathy, were attested, while she lived, by all who knew her; and at her death more tenderly denoted by their sorrow. Had Rousseau known her, he might, perhaps without blame, have addressed the GREAT BEING, whom he *presumptuously* invoked as to himself, thus for Mrs. Inchbald:—

"Rassemble autour de TOI l'innombrable foule de ses semblables! et qu'une seule te dise, si elle l'ose,—' Je fus meilleure que CETTE FEMME là.' "

[APPENDIX.]

A

CASE OF CONSCIENCE:

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.

PRELIMINARY.

THIS was intended for representation at Drury-Lane Theatre, and written expressly for her friends the Kemble family. But, in 1800 and 1801, the irregularities of the Proprietor compelled Mr. Siddons to withdraw his accomplished wife from the house; and Sheridan patched up a short truce with Mr. Kemble. But the prospect held out by him of his selling his share being delusive, Kemble paid a year's visit to France and Spain, leaving full powers to Mr. Morris, the Master in Chancery, and Mrs. Inchbald, to arrange with Mr. Harris for the purchase of Mr. Lewis's sixth share of Covent-Garden Patent, which that gentleman was inclined to dispose of. In his travels, Mrs. Kemble kept alive her husband's personal interest among the nobility, and communicated, through Mrs. Inchbald, to Mr. Harris, the observations received from Mr. Kemble as to the concern. When he arrived, in 1803, every thing was ready, and the parties signed and sealed.

But the "Case of Conscience" fell to the ground in this change of scene and contention, and was never acted. We have preserved the cast of the characters, as Mrs. Inchbald had planned it, for either theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ROMONO (Marquis of ROMONO)	Mr. Kemble	Cooke
Count OVIEDO	Mr. C. Kemble	Siddons
SALVADOR	Mr. Barrymore	Murray
MANUEL	Mr. Wroughton	Cory
GIRONE	Mr. Bannister	Munden

WOMEN.

ADRIANA (Marchioness of ROMONO)	Mrs. Siddons	Litchfield
EUDORA	Miss Decamp	Murray
BEATRIX	Mrs. Sparks	Davenport

SOLDIERS, SERVANTS, AND OTHER ATTENDANTS.

SCENE—*The Castle of Romono, and the adjacent country, all within a few miles of Madrid.*

Time of representation, a day and half.

N.B. As *Manuel* is a Secular, and not a Monastic Priest, his dress must not be the habit of either a Monk or Friar, but merely plain black, like a Parish Clergyman.

A

CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A large saloon or hall at Romono Castle.*

Enter GIRONE *and* BEATRIX *meeting.*

Gir. Oh my dear wife! [*Embracing her.*]

Beat. Oh my dear husband! welcome back to Spain. [*After looking earnestly at him*] Ah, you have not pined at our long absence I perceive; you look so young!

Gir. By the same token you *have* pined; for you look very old.

Beat. I have had many griefs, besides my separation from you, to impair my looks.

Gir. And I have had many joys to improve mine. My young Lord, as you know, has been most prosperous in this his first campaign;—never sent on an expedition that failed;—and in our very last engagement we stormed and took a city.

Beat. But you were kind to the poor women I hope, Girone?

Gir. Yes, for thy sake.

Beat. And for my sake, I hope not *too* kind.

Gir. No; for your sake, I spared all of your age: but the young ones *we* considered as another class of people, and we were less ceremonious with them.

Beat. Girone, make yourself as wicked as you will, I

can believe you; for since you have been gone I've seen enough of men—and bad is the best of you. Here is even —even my Lord the Marquis Romono, he who once doted on his wife—Oh, I remember well, when I lived maid with her, at the time she married—

Gir. When I lived man with my Lord the Marquis—

Beat. Don't you remember how she looked? and what ecstacies my Lord was in?

Gir. No, I only remember how *you* looked, and what ecstacies I was in!

Beat. Don't you remember the rejoicings on the birth of their son, your present young Lord—their first and only child?

Gir. And cause they had to rejoice; for there is more of good in that one child than in some parents' eight or ten. At school, a scholar; in battle, a hero; and in every place, a man.

Beat. Nay, as to that, he is at present but a boy.

Gir. But a boy!—ask the girls.

Beat. Have you any love-stories of him to tell?—and has he forsaken our poor young lady here at home?

Gir. No, I believe Count Oviedo's heart is as much Eudora's as ever.

Beat. I wish I could say as much of his father the Marquis towards the Marchioness. Would you believe it?—my Lord is become an unkind husband! Can you credit it?—my Lady the Marchioness has lost all her power in this house!

Gir. That 's a bad piece of news indeed!—and yet I can believe it; for women's power seldom lasts longer than their complexion.

Beat. She is as fair as ever—or, if the rose be faded on her cheek, good sense, compassion, and all the Christian virtues, have rendered doubly bright her sparkling eye.

Gir. Ay, he loved her too well at first, to have it last long.

Beat. And yet it has lasted nearly to the age of their son—almost these twenty years.

Gir. Why then she ought to be contented. The Marquis loved the Marchioness better than any woman in the world at the time he married her: but consider how many women have come into the world since; and 'tis impossible for a man to answer for the effects of a race unborn.

Beat. This is always your way—you think a man can't slight his wife without being fond of some one else.

Gir. He is no man who slights a woman for any thing less than another woman.

Beat. But 'tis not so here: my Lord visits no creature in all the neighbourhood; never even goes to Madrid, though not more than a mile or two distant.

Gir. Perhaps he's jealous.

Beat. That is too impossible, for my Lady receives no company; nor has she, for the whole three years her beloved son has been away, gone farther from the castle than the lawn or grove. And, Girone, it would grieve you to see how her once proud spirit is broken by my Lord's unkindness. She, who once, with so much dignity, commanded every thing which belonged to him, now has not even the liberty of being out of temper. That is so hard upon her—has not power even to scold the servants. I do pity her for that, more than for anything!

Gir. But she has leave to cry, I suppose, as much as she pleases?

Beat. Not before my Lord; and she sometimes stifles her tears till she throws herself into a fit of illness.

Gir. And does he give her leave to be ill?

Beat. Oh! then he is alarmed! Then he looks pale and trembles. Still, his manners don't soften, though his heart seems melting.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Girone, my Lady is just returned from walking, and, hearing of your arrival, is seeking for you——

Gir. Coming, my Lady Marchioness—Coming, my La——

Beat. Hush! she 's here.

Enter ADRIANA (*Marchioness of Romono*).

Beat. Here 's my husband, my Lady, with the bravest account of my young Lord.

Adr. Then I'll embrace him. [*Pressing his hand.*] What hast thou been telling her, good Girone? Repeat it all to me.

Gir. Your son the Count Oviedo, (and just now made a General in the army,) has been the pride of all the camp. [ADRIANA *weeps with joy.*] For his youth, the first of soldiers.

Adr. But has he been a good master? Have no vain honours made him forget his love and kindness to his humbler followers?

Gir. Madam, my young Count is as good as he is great. —"Forget his followers!" No, my Lady Marchioness, nor those he left behind. No sooner was a battle over, and he returned to the camp amidst the praise of his superiors and the shouts of the army—fatigued, perhaps, and wounded—than he would reject all my officious services, and cry, "No, no refreshment, Girone, till I have written home, to hush my mother's fears."

Adr. [*Weeping.*] No more, my friend. [*Shaking him by the hand.*] His duty has ever been most precious to me.

Gir. Then, my Lady, there was another certain person he thought of.

Adr. If it is my husband's ward, the fair Eudora, you mean—that he thought of her, gives me joy rather than jealousy.

Beat. And now, Girone, relate to my Lady all the noble deeds you and my young Lord have done since you have been away.

Gir. On that day when my young Lord was the first

who mounted the breach at Almeida,—it was I who placed the feathers in his hat before he set off for the expedition; and they were so singed by the enemy's fire, that as I took them out, on his return, they fairly fell to pieces in my hand. I pulled off his boots when he returned from storming the camp of Mula, and they were wet with the blood of the foe. I took his battered sword out of the scabbard when he had gained a pass, which I—

Adr. Hold, Girone!—[*Listening.*] I thought I heard my Lord Romono's footstep.

Gir. The Marquis?

Adr. And, good Girone, if it be, speak not so lavishly of my son's exploits before him as you have done to me—at least not in my presence. I know my Lord loves him, dotes on his renown; but he may think it gives too much joy to a mother to hear a child rated thus highly; and you know, good Girone, that women's vanity should be sometimes humbled.

Gir. Your Ladyship is quite right: for my part I have always thought so. My wife, indeed, thinks otherwise. But I say to her, "Beatrix, when we men make women proud, why we set them up, to look down on ourselves."

Adr. Then, good Girone, your Lord of late has been fearful of making me proud—he seldom now talks to me on any subject that [*stifling her tears*] would give me joy. Of my son, the pride and only comfort of my heart, he rarely speaks—never with fondness: and even all his noble actions in the field, purposely to grieve me, he has heard with a coldness that——But women should be stinted in their pleasures; we are apt to overrate good news, and think misfortune never will return.

Gir. I never heard a woman talk better, never in my life!

Adr. That my son has been victorious in every expedition with which his youth has been entrusted, is a theme, dear Girone, on which I could dwell with idiot repetition;

and therefore whenever we meet alone, you shall relate to me all that you think the fondest mother would delight to hear.

Gir. You shall hear all, and my Lord nothing.

Adr. Nothing in *my presence*—at least, no vaunting before him when I am present.

Gir. I understand—I'll be slow in my replies; faint in my praise;—I'll be silent.

Adr. Silence then, for here he is.

Gir. Mum, mum. [*Exit* BEATRIX.

Enter MARQUIS ROMONO.

Marq. Oh, my good old soldier and servant, how do you do? You are welcome to Romono Castle.

Gir. Oh, my Lord, we have done such feats!

Marq. I am glad to hear it.

Gir. My young Lord is—is—is——

Marq. What is he?

Gir. A chip of the old block, please your Lordship. All yourself, my Lord, from head to foot. He has made his enemies humble; and his friends proud.

Marq. The dispatches have given me a full account of what has passed in the army; and therefore spare yourself the trouble [*Looking maliciously at the* MARCHIONESS] of relating any of those incidents which concern your Lord.

Gir. But one, please your Lordship—I ask but the privilege of mentioning one. When the young Count, at the battle of Algarva, was surrounded by the foe, and left on the field for dead,——

Marq. [*Trembling*] Was he in such peril?

Adr. Oh Heavens!

Marq. [*Looking sternly on her, then carelessly on* GIRONE] Well, and what then?

Gir. "What then," my Lord? why then, as soon as his faithful soldiers had borne him, apparently lifeless, to

his tent, and he was brought, by medical skill, to breathe, and utter a few words——these were what he said: "If I die, tell my father I expired like his son." [*The* MARQUIS *shows, by involuntary emotions, that he is much affected—*GIRONE *proceeds.*] "Tell him my duty to *him*, as well as to my country, made me rush into the midst of danger."

Marq. [*As fearing the* MARCHIONESS *should see his agitation*] Well, well, he is alive, and can tell me the rest himself when he arrives, which, I suppose, will be by the close of the evening.

Adr. Coming home this very day?

Gir. Yes, my Lady Marchioness: we have made the journey quicker than we thought of, and the Count will be here in a few hours. I was sent before on purpose to tell this good news; but, with the joy of returning home, I totally forgot it. My Lord's letters have made up my deficiency.

Adr. Good news indeed! so good, it almost takes from me the power of enjoying it.

Marq. [*Looking sternly at her*] Leave the room.

Adr. [*Going, returns and speaks fearfully*] My Lord, as Girone has informed us that Oviedo will arrive before the evening, methinks it would not be an improper reward from a mother to her son who returns a conqueror from a hazardous service, were she to go a few miles on the road to meet him. Our tenants, vassals, and all the neighbouring nobility, will, no doubt, prepare to do him that slight honour; and, I must own, I should be pleased to be the foremost among his welcomers.

Marq. You are deceived—no vassal, tenant, or friend of mine are going to form a procession: I have commanded that they do not.

Adr. Is it your pleasure to forbid me also? [*With some degree of pride.*]

Marq. I forbid your taking in your female train my

ward Eudora. Send her instantly to me; then dispose of your vacant hours as best may suit you.

Adr. [*With some resentment*] I will. [*Exit.*

Gir. And I suppose your Lordship permits me to dispose of my vacant hours as best suits me?

Marq. Of course.

Gir. Why then, my Lord, I shall go meet the young Count.

Marq. Have you not seen enough of him abroad?

Gir. So much, that I think I have more cause than any one to long to welcome him home. [*Exit.*

Enter EUDORA.

Eud. Oh my dear Lord, what a joyful day is this!

Marq. How so, Eudora?

Eud. My Lord, can you ask, while every face in this castle is dressed in smiles, and every heart in the village expands its joy in songs of triumph? Will not Count Oviedo return this evening?

Marq. But in consequence of this good news, we are going to experience a loss.

Eud. What loss, my Lord?

Marq. We are going—with concern I speak it—to lose you.

Eud. No, my Lord, I am not going.

Marq. Indeed you are.

Eud. And who will be the cause of my departure? not my Lord Oviedo.

Marq. No, Marquis Romono.

Eud. You!—you said this moment you were concerned at my going.

Marq. And so I am.

Eud. Then be grieved no longer, but let me stay.

Marq. You were but young, Eudora, when you came to this house; and yet I make no doubt you guessed the cause why you were brought hither?

Eud. I should not have guessed it, my Lord; nor have thought of it, if I had not been told.

Marq. Who told you? your governess, or my wife?

Eud. Neither.

Marq. Who then?

Eud. My young Lord Oviedo. [*Confused.*]

Marq. Indeed! And what did he tell you?

Eud. [*Hesitating.*] That he was to be my husband.—If I could love him.

Marq. And what did you say?

Eud. [*Blushing.*] I did not speak.

Marq. Then he put the question again?

Eud. Yes.

Marq. Then you answered softly, "you could love him?"

Eud. Yes. [*Looking down.*]

Marq. Then he took your hand and pressed it to his lips?

Eud. You were hid, and watched us.

Marq. No, I did not watch you, upon my honour.

Eud. How should you know so well then?

Marq. You shall find I know more than you are aware of. Answer me truly as I put these questions:—When Oviedo went to join the army, he swore never to love any one but you—did he not?

Eud. Yes. [*Faintly.*]

Marq. And you swore the same to him—did you not?

Eud. I did. [*Ashamed.*]

Marq. [*Sternly.*] You embraced him ——

Eud. No, *indeed.*

Marq. Do you deny it?

Eud. It was he who embraced me.

Marq. Pshaw! no matter which. You made mutual vows of everlasting love?

Eud. We did.

Marq. And now that I have told you what has passed

between you and him, I will as exactly tell you what 's to come.

Eud. Oh, my Lord, I shall like to hear that, of all things.

Marq. You never will be married to Oviedo.

Eud. Ah, my Lord! [*Screaming.*]

Marq. And yet you will be quite as happy as if you were.

Eud. That is impossible!

Marq. You will shed a few tears, and pass a few days in deep melancholy at the convent where I shall this morning place you; but when a short time has elapsed, and you have taken the veil, you 'll soon forget you ever knew Oviedo, and be the happiest of the joyful sisterhood.

Eud. My Lord, my Lord, indeed you are mistaken. [*Weeping.*] Or, if you can impute to my frivolous sex inconstancy like this, can you suppose that Count Oviedo will forget me?

Marq. Then I'll allow your arguments have reason. He, no doubt, will pine in grief for you till the end of his life—may, perhaps, hasten that end by poison, or a dagger.

Eud. Oh!

Marq. Nay, never weep; but come with cheerful heart along with me to the abbess of the neighbouring monastery —and reflect, that if your lover should live to the age of a hundred, he will probably love you still: or if he should expire in a week by his own hands——"How fair," the world will say, "must be that lady, for whom a youthful hero died!" [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An apartment at Romono Castle.*

Enter ADRIANA, *followed by* MANUEL.

Man. Nay, dearest lady; let not my premature arrival prevent your intended excursion. Greet a hero with that which he will prize beyond the shouts of the populace—maternal respect and love.

Adr. You shall not, holy priest, prevent, but only for a few moments postpone, my setting out to meet my son. It has not been my design to go beyond a few miles; and you must have observed both by the conversation and manners of the Marquis, that it is not by his wish, but rather his reluctant consent, that I go at all.

Man. To one who returns to a well-known spot, what vast alterations do the lapse of twenty years make in all things around! In some parts of these domains, I see woods have been felled, and water forced in their place: in other parts, trees have been reared; and cottages swept away. I like old things the best. But of all the changes I have to lament, is that which I perceive in the countenance and manners of Marquis Romono!

Adr. You married us.

Man. Yes, I plighted your virgin vows and his manly faith.

Adr. For seventeen years I blessed you that you did—prayed for you night and morning. Of late my prayer has been, that you may, ere long, pronounce my funeral service.

Man. Report informed me of this unlooked-for change in my late pupil's conduct; and for his sake, even as

much as for yours—to ward off his punishment in another world as your sufferings in this—I have left the charge of my flock for a time, and am come a tedious journey, in the hope of recalling him back to peace and domestic happiness.

Adr. Yet, beware how you proceed; beware how you raise the storm—it may descend in thunder! At times the air is calm, and heavy clouds but show the brooding tempest: such is his state at present. At other times, not the fierce hurricane that ravages whole islands at a blast, is more outrageous. Good priest, he 'll not be schooled or tutored into kindness—he 'll not be softened by entreaties; else my tears would have subdued him.

Man. Wonderful change from love to hate, without one cause apparent or assigned!

Adr. Ah, Manuel! I am now amply punished by the Marquis for all my cruelty to Duke Cordunna—he to whom my father in my infancy betrothed me, and to whom I willingly pledged my faith, hoping to wed; till Romono, the Marquis of Romono, came from the field of glory, and with superior claims of person as of fame, seized on my heart by force, and perforce made me feel I had never loved till then.

Man. I remember that, at the time, I compassionated with a sense of poignant pain, the sorrows of Cordunna—crushed in his hopes, his rational, honest, virtuous hopes, of becoming your husband.

Adr. Intoxicated as I was with Romono's love, and mine for him, I thought not as I ought to have done on Cordunna's sufferings, his grief, his despair.

Man. Which time has not yet obliterated. Withdrawn to his estate in a distant country, Cordunna, as it seems, has ever since passed his days in total solitude.

Adr. Or in battle has sometimes risked that precious life my falsehood made a burthen.

Man. You inquire then of his fortune! Wherefore? [*Inquisitively.*

Adr. Because, since I have known grief, I have pitied his. But justice has espoused his cause: he has been constant, and I ill-treated in my turn.

Man. You appear to remember too well, and to lament too much, your long-discarded lover.

Adr. I must remember him—I will lament him: and if I submit with patience to Romono's tyranny, 'tis only in atonement for the guilt of having preferred him to Cordunna.

Man. With the fair character you possess, and your exemplary conduct as a wife, I own your provocations from the Marquis are great. But to my eye he looks sad, as well as angry. Ill health is evident in his face and figure: his cheek is pale, his body bent. Some lurking, deadly disorder may be the cause of all those unkind paroxysms.

Adr. Hah! do you think so? Mortal illness! Heaven forbid! Oh! rather let me suffer from his cruelty, his barbarity—suffer any punishment this world can send, rather than my husband's death!

Man. Hark! I hear sounds of rejoicing.

Adr. The tuning of instruments against my son's arrival. He has by this time nearly reached the Castle: I must make speed to meet him on the road. Ah! Manuel, spite of these tears and bewailings, I am no unhappy woman. My son is coming home—my affectionate, my tender, my heroic son! If I have complained, Manuel, as a wife, I for that moment totally forgot—I was a mother!

[*Exit.*

Man. [*Looking towards the opposite side.*] The father comes, but no signs of parental joy are there depicted. A gloomy sullenness overspreads his features, varied by flashes of indignant rage.

Enter MARQUIS ROMONO.

Man. My Lord, I give you joy of your son's near approach.

Marq. [*Starting.*] Is he arrived?

Man. The Marchioness is gone, in hopes to meet him within a short hour's ride.

Marq. Let her. The Marquis will stay here.

[*Sitting down.*

Man. [*Going gently up to him.*] My Lord, will you permit an old experienced man—one whom, when you were a boy, you revered, and whom still, I trust, you love——

Marq. Very much, I assure you, Manuel, very much. [*Shaking him by the hand.*] I revere you too, as ever. But remember, Sir, [*Rising,*] I am no longer your pupil, and will not be lectured.

Man. My Lord, I did not mean you should; but I am a man of more experience than your Lordship.

Marq. Why, thou wert never married!

Man. No, my Lord.

Marq. Then you know nothing of the world: the most intricate, crafty, equivocal part of it—wives.

Man. A priest of the Roman Church, my ordination, you know, forbids me matrimony.

Marq. I applaud the wisdom of the prohibition. Your holy colleges form a body of profound wise men! Now, to prove you have candour as well as wisdom, confess that your only business with me is—to endeavour to reconcile me to my wife.

Man. I own that was the sole intent of my journey hither.

Marq. Your time, at least, shall not be wasted; for you shall witness our final separation.

Man. Heaven forbid! My Lord, when last I saw you in this fair mansion, I beheld you blessed beyond the general lot of human kind.

Marq. You saw me then living in ignorance. Oh, Manuel! you who have known me in my earliest days, know that mediocrity of passion was never a native of this

breast; you know that I both love and hate in the extreme—that I am from nature tender as a child, or savage as a beast of prey. But that which your calm lessons of philosophy could not effect, my wife Adriana's beauty did accomplish; and, for seventeen years after our marriage, I bore myself as a man well governing all his appetites—a happy, a *contented* man. Those pleasant days, my friend, were but a scene of soft delusion; and I view them with a retrospective eye, as the most humiliating of any that could be dealt, in Heaven's wrath, upon his favorite work the lord of the creation!

Man. Complain not, without saying wherefore. What has brought calamity upon you?

Marq. Treachery, deceit, falsehood. Not the common falsehood of a common friend, or treachery of an enemy; not the deceit of a brother or a parent; but the united cruelty of all in one—all, all combined and strengthened in a wife.

Man. Impossible! Adriana loves you to distraction.

Marq. I grant it.

Man. She preferred you to a noble youth to whom she was affianced; and not a breath of scandal has ever dared to taint her conjugal reputation.

Marq. Granted. . . . . Manuel, if I unfold my inmost thoughts to you, (for the events which this day must produce, urge me to relieve my wounded heart by utterance,) say, will you preserve my confidence with the same religious secrecy, as if you listened at the sacramental ordinance of confession?

Man. I will—I swear.

Marq. [*After a pause, and looking earnestly on him.*] Yet, so it is, that though I know you, by your profession, accustomed to hear the crimes of human nature—still, before I can take courage to impart to you the wickedness I have to disclose, my blood freezes in my veins—damp dew issues from every pore—and a convulsive motion seizes

my limbs! What I am going to speak, my lips did never yet dare to utter, though my thoughts, since it came first to my knowledge, have never ceased to dwell thereon. But to *speak* my wrongs seems even more painful than to bear them; and when I have told my shame——

Man. What shame?

Marq. Here, about a mile distant from this castle, has been for many years a hermitage, whose pious inhabitant has seldom left the spot but on some holy pilgrimage or other religious duty. It is now two years since he was taken suddenly ill, and, thinking his life in danger, he sent humbly imploring a visit from me at his cell. I thought myself honoured by the good man's invitation, and more so by the confidence he placed in me.—"A case of conscience," he told me, "a case of most peculiar concern, did at that moment occupy the judgment of an ecclesiastical court, of which he was a member; and various curious writings on the subject—a secret subject of illegal love—had been sent from this court for his perusal. These writings were," he said, "of such high importance, that he could not die in peace till he had placed them in the hands of a person of most strict character and observance."—I took charge of the papers to return them on his recovery, or on his decease to send them to Rome. I took them with a positive intent to do as I had promised; nor did my curiosity once excite me to know their contents, till, going to secure them in my cabinet, a miniature picture of my wife—of my wife!—fell from the loosely-closed packet. Without reflecting on my promise to the hermit, instantaneously I tore the parcel open; and read, in the hand-writing of the Duke Cordunna, (my wife's former lover,) a minute confession of having formerly won the honour of a blooming virgin, whose beloved portrait, beset with gems, he there resigned to the church as a fit penance for his crime.

Man. Good Heaven!

Marq. You are concerned to find I took a wanton to my bed. This is trivial to what follows. The illegitimate son of these my worst, my cruelest enemies, is my heir—sole heir to my name and honours! She came to my arms in a state which gives the Duke a right to call the child I received in transport as *mine*—his unlawful issue.

Man. Your words have struck me to the heart.

Marq. The purport of this "case of conscience," then, is—whether the repentant seducer, ere he can gain absolution of his guilt, must not avow to the injured husband his having imposed a false heir to his house?

Man. I will not add to your rage by saying you have no just cause for belief in your wrongs; yet, for a while, *doubt*. This paper of the Duke's confession may be a forgery.

Marq. And for what end? Can her picture be too a forgery? and their mutual letters dictated by the fondest love?—All these the packet contained.

Man. Did the holy hermit recover? If so, have you interrogated him on the subject?

Marq. He recovered, and heard me relate my breach of trust in opening the writings, with some degree of composure, as not one name was mentioned in the papers that might lead to the discovery of the persons implicated, of whom himself was totally ignorant. But when I told him I was the wronged husband, he was confounded, and on his knees implored me not to make known my injuries till the religious council had awarded my revenge. I yielded to his prayer: but the delay of the council, and the unexpected return of him they call Count Oviedo to this his supposed paternal abode, have made me resolve to wait no longer for the uncertain judgment which a court of casuists may pronounce. I will myself be accuser, judge, and executioner.

Man. Yet, before you turn your wife from your house, or discard the hapless, unoffending cause of your sorrow,

once more converse with the hermit, or gain an interview with some other member of the holy synod. Do nothing rashly—nothing without compassion. Punish, but still with lenity.

Marq. Think you, however fixed I at times feel my resentment, that my heart is yet hardened to the task I have to perform? Think you, though hatred to my wife is ever predominant in my mind, I can so easily hate and pursue with my vengeance the innocent and long-cherished child of my bosom? No: I have for twenty years so fondly loved him, and so proved his love for me, that though he were to rush to my arms with all the mixed features of his detested parents, and in my just revenge I should stab him for the resemblance; yet still my heart would yearn, and my eyes involuntarily shed tears on his breathless corse. But my name!—my dignities! shall they adorn a base-born villain? Shall the stock, the line, the noble house of Romono, be sullied by a bastard breed? No; something shall be done, and speedily. And yet the youth, though dishonorably born, is of that wondrous worth!—has ever been so dutiful, so affectionate to me his supposed father, that it wrings my soul——Hark! [*Warlike music is heard from without.*] He is arrived—my son is arrived! No, Cordunna's son by Adriana!

Man. Have you not seen him since you were acquainted with this fatal secret?

Marq. Never. He was with the army at the time I came to the knowledge.

Man. Now, then, be a man; and let those events which you have to none but me revealed——

Warlike music sounds now at the very entrance of the apartment; after which, enter COUNT OVIEDO, *runs to the* MARQUIS, *and falls on his knees.*

Ov. My dear, my ever-honoured father!

Marq. [*Showing a desire to embrace him, but restraining*

himself.] Rise, Oviedo. I give you joy of your success in arms.

Ov. The greatest joy of all I have experienced, my Lord, is your congratulations. If I have but your approbation on my prosperous——

Marq. Oh, I approve, no doubt. But as to my praises, you have had other men's of far more value:—witness these ornaments, which many a warrior of twice your age have fought in vain to attain.

Ov. True, my Lord; and I wear them as badges of high honour. Yet, were they not considered such by *you*, they would in my estimation hang like the gaudy trappings of a May-day puppet, and I should blush at the decoration.

Marq. [*Taking hold of a ribbon that crosses* OVIEDO's *shoulder.*] Here I recognise the Emperor's boon.

Ov. And this sword, my Lord, is the attestation of my services by the Governor of Murcia. This ring of value is a gift from the burgesses of Evara, whose city I saved from rapine.

Marq. Excellent boy! [*Embraces him, then starts suddenly away, and recovers from his warmth.*] Good, very good!

Ov. But of all the tributes paid me by men of high rank or eminent for talents, none seemed so warm, so heartfelt, as those which I received from a Spanish nobleman of illustrious birth, the Duke Cordunna. [*The* MARQUIS *starts.*] No gifts, no military honours did he bestow; but, as I passed his domains in my way home, he came forth to meet me from his solitary castle, where he lives sequestered from the world, and, falling on my neck, bathed my face with tears, while he professed for me the warmest friendship. Are you not well, my Lord?

Marq. Yes; but a sudden pain struck me here. [MANUEL *goes round to the other side of the* MARQUIS, *who leans on him.*]

Ov. You change colour.

Marq. No matter: I shall be better soon. Have you seen your mother yet?

Ove. Yes, my Lord, and with rapture she received me; but my impatience to pay my duty to you——Oh, dear my Lord! [*Most affectionately.*] my dear, dear father! let me attend you to your chamber.

Marq. [*Recovering, and in a commanding voice.*] No, Sir; stay where you are. You, Manuel, [*Mildly,*] go with me. And remember, young man, that all the happiness which you at present enjoy, may not have power to avert impending ill—some dire calamity, such as mortals in this state of trial are all exposed to bear.

[*Exit with* MANUEL.

Ov. What does my father mean? His words, but more his looks, terrify my soul!—"Some dire calamity——"

Enter GIRONE.

Gir. A calamity indeed! and a most dire one indeed!

Ov. What is it?

Gir. You have lost your true love.

Ov. How!

Gir. She was conveyed out of this house just before you came into it: and you have now been in it near twenty minutes, and have never so much as asked to see her.

Ov. My mother told me she was well: and the instant I had paid my respects to my father, I was going——

Gir. And where will you go to find her? That churchman whom you saw with the Marquis—he, it seems, is to take her away with him to some distant country, and you are never to see her more.

Ov. Impossible! It must not, *shall* not be.

Gir. Ay, that's right; show your valour at home as well as abroad, or you are no soldier. Make women yield

as well as men, or you 'll be thought nothing of in the army.

Ov. Now I perceive the reason of my father's cold reception of me, and his pretended pain, to escape my presence. He felt he had injured me in the tenderest point, and was above cajoling me with fondness. His prophetic warning is now also explained, and the prediction verified. Have I then gained fame in arms, to forfeit my reputation as a lover?

Gir. No, Sir; keep faith with an enemy—much more with a friend—and most of all with a female friend.

Ov. I see the Marquis's interested views—unlike his usual character, I own—my late success may make me aspire to one of yet nobler birth than his ward. Detested thought! Girone, tell me instantly all you know of my beloved Eudora, and from whence you gain your intelligence.

Gir. My Lord, I have already told you all I dare disclose—that she is gone from this castle, and is in a few days to go much farther, and that you are not to be her husband. All this, herself, half-distracted with grief, told to my wife.

Ov. But where is she now?

Gir. That is such a profound secret, I *cannot* divulge it. But wherever she is, my Lord, a party of your light troops escorted you hither: give but the word of command—they 'll scour the country and bring you proper intelligence, I warrant.

Ov. [*Angrily.*] If you know, I charge you to say where Eudora is.

Gir. My Lord, I *do* know, but I am sworn to secrecy; and 'tis so unmanly to tell! But I will lead you to my wife, who knows also; and being a woman, she would unsex herself as much by keeping the secret, as I should by revealing it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Plantations, or other grounds belonging to the Castle, with a distant view of a Hermitage.*

Enter MARQUIS ROMONO *and* SALVADOR.

Marq. I 'll be no longer restrained by vain hopes of justice from the repentant criminal. I 'll wait no longer the decision of your tardy court. Nor talk to me of doubts! I have not once doubted that I was the injured husband, since my suspicion led me to a breach of trust. And yet the struggle to retain one slender thread of hope in Adriana's virtue has kept me thus long passive.

Salv. And what, impetuous man, what will you *do* when you act?

Marq. Remember my wife, and my wife's child—then sink into despair. Behold the charge [*Giving him a paper*] I have drawn up to deliver to our civil courts, and publish to the world.

Salv. In the name of heaven alter your intentions; and, ere you scandalize your noble family upon the mere evidence of a hand-writing, or a trivial picture, pursue some private means that must infallibly end your fears or confirm them.

Marq. How? [*Eagerly.*] But tell me how, and I will bless you for the relief you give.

Salv. Suppose some friend in whom you can confide, and who will conscientiously repeat to you all he shall hear, be introduced to the Marchioness; then, as by accident, left alone with her — on which he might pretend to have gained admittance to the house by stratagem, for that he comes a secret messenger from her old lover

the Duke Cordunna. Let him talk to her on the subject of the Count Oviedo, as the Duke's son; and, by her replies—.

Marq. I understand you. Exquisite contrivance! And by her replies prove her guilt or innocence? But whom can I trust with a plot so promising to my anxiety? None but a stranger can pretend he comes from the Duke, and how can I trust a person unknown upon an occasion like this? You are the only stranger I can introduce: the neighbouring hermit, and, at times, a pilgrim, whom she has often expressed a wish to see—you are the only proper man to excite her confidence—the only one on whom I can rely for receiving and remitting faithfully her answers such as they shall be.

Salv. I cannot accept the offer; and, upon reflection, there is in it a degree of dissimulation—.

Marq. Only to come at truth. If she be virtuous, you will clear a virtuous woman; if she be a hypocrite, you but practise on *her* her own arts. I 'll lead you to the castle this instant, and present you to the Marchioness; then, on some pretence, I will retire; and, after a short absence, return for your intelligence, as for my life or death.

Salv. I see weighty reasons why I should, and why I should not, comply with your request. Before I finally resolve on either, I would pass an hour in my cell imploring Heaven to direct me for the best, and to bestow a blessing on my purposes. [*Going.*

Marq. Within the hour I 'll call for you at your hermitage. [*Exit* SALVADOR.] If I could pray as composed as he can, my supplications should be such as his, and still more fervent!

[*Sitting down on a bench in the plantation.*

Enter GIRONE, *with a letter in his hand.*

Whither are you going with that letter?

Gir. [*Confused.*] My Lord, my Lord, 'tis a, a—

Marq. A love-letter?

Gir. Yes, my Lord.

Marq. And comes from your young Lord, and is for my ward Eudora. But do you know that she is in a convent, and probably will take the veil—and that I have forbidden all intercourse between her and Oviedo?

Gir. Yes, my Lord, I do know all this; but when I consider how much they love one another!

Marq. Pshaw! a childish passion.

Gir. True, my Lord; love is a childish passion; but then you know it was made for young people. Don't you remember, my Lord, how you once loved my lady the Marchioness, and she you? Her father would have given his very life that she had kept his promise with Duke Cordunna; but, in spite of a father, the instant you made love to her she dismissed his Grace.

Marq. And so she did. [*With pleasure.*]

Gir. And, though it nearly broke her lover's heart! I never shall forget, I saw him tear his hair like one distracted!—and then he made such bitter vows that he would be revenged!—and yet, there again his love was still so great, that within the twelvemonth he wrote in secret to my wife to inquire how my Lady and her infant child did.

Marq. Hah! [*Starting.*] This is the longest hour I ever knew. Suspense makes time eternity. Let me but cast all lingering doubt away, and welcome certain misery. [*Exit.*

Gir. In turning his thoughts upon his own love-sick days, he has wholly forgot my letter, and has given me no commands not to deliver it. Hark! I hear the convent bell, which announces the boarders at liberty to speak with their friends; and, if I can but convey this to her hands, she will think me the best friend she has in the world. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Convent parlour appropriated to receiving visitors.*

Enter MANUEL *and* EUDORA.

Man. Should Heaven ordain you to be secluded from the world, submit with patience to its high decree.

Eud. What part does Heaven take in my seclusion?

Man. Heaven acts in the person of your guardian.

Eud. Oh, if in the Marquis Romono Heaven is personified, I can be no longer obedient to its will. A severe, yet a capricious man. A few years ago he betrothed me to his son; now, without one pretence, he breaks the sacred union. Morose and cruel in exacting virtue, easy and pliant in swerving towards vice; proudly insisting on perfection of character, and giving in return follies, faults, and crimes. If all this be as an emblem of Heaven, Heaven is profaned—or I will hope for some better place in the next world.

Man. What passion in this harangue! Recollect yourself. The abbess has spoken in commendation of you. The short time you have been here, she says, you have prayed fervently.

Eud. Yes, to get out.

Man. Answer me then—you are not inclined to take the vows?

Eud. No;—none but marriage vows.

Man. I am sorry for it. I would have you happy hereafter.

Eud. And why not here, likewise? Happiness here is a sweet token of joys to come. It gives the soul alacrity for virtuous deeds; and, by temporary bliss, progressively prepares it for bliss eternal.

Enter a Nun.

Nun. A person from Marquis Romono requests to speak with Eudora.

Enter GIRONE.—*Both he and* MANUEL *start.*

Man. Do you come from the marquis?

Gir. This moment left him.

Man. What is your errand?

Gir. To ask that lady [*confused*]—how she does.

Man. Answer him.

Eud. I am very ill.

Man. You are answered.

Gir. I have another question to put—how do you think you shall like a convent life?

Eud. Very ill.

Man. Friend, I suspect you did not come from the marquis; nor must Eudora, by his command, see any one visitor here, except myself as her confessor; therefore, in vain you strive to deceive me by your pretended messages.

Gir. Why then, to be plain, Sir, I was not sent here by the marquis, but by the marquis's son, to fetch from hence a letter, which he told me Eudora would have ready against I came, laid in a certain private spot. And here I see it is.

Man. Where—where? [*Looking about.*

Gir. Under the foot of this table. [*Stoops, and, pretending to take it up, draws from his bosom the letter he has brought with him; then holding it out.*] And you may depend on it, lady, that my young lord shall have it instantly. [*Going.*

Man. Stop. Not a line goes out of this convent from Eudora to Oviedo. Return the letter into Eudora's own an s. Give it her instantly, Sir.

Gir. There, madam. [*Giving* EUDORA *the letter.*

Man. And now, Sir, return to your lord, and give him a full account of the success of your errand.

Gir. I will, Sir. [*Exit* GIRONE.

Man. And you, madam, retire with your letter; and think yourself kindly treated that I have the delicacy not to insist on seeing the contents.

Eud. I do. And I am more obliged to you than I can express—more than you would suppose! [*Exit* EUDORA.

Man. That's well! There wants nothing but management when women turn out ill. [*Exit on the opposite side.*

SCENE III.—*An apartment at Romono Castle.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* OVIEDO.

Adr. My dear Oviedo, slight not a woman's counsel, although that woman be your mother. Ever distrust your judgment where your heart is much concerned. Submit then to your father's unimpassioned sense; deprecate his anger, and soothe my grief.

Ov. Mother, in the heat of battle ofttimes the thoughts of you urged me on to conquest; and shall I only hazard life for your sake, and be a coward when something dearer is concerned—my love? No. But then her happiness as well as mine is perhaps involved in my fidelity. Hear how far I am engaged, and how much I am willing to sacrifice to your request, and my father's command. My honour is pledged to use certain means to take Eudora from her convent this very night. If I succeed, forgive me, mother, for my word was passed before I listened to your tender admonition. But, if my present plan should fail, so much I wish to prove my filial duty and affection, that I swear — never again, except with your consent, will I think of my Eudora, but as one lost to me for ever!

Adr. [*Embracing him.*] My dearest child! my only joy

on earth! In thy return my wounded heart seems healed! And may you prove a friend—an advocate for me with my dear Romono, and bring back those happy times, when you and I were by turns the mediator with him for each other in all my female, and your boyish, faults.

Ov. Has he then been more stern since I have left you?

Adr. Oh! [*weeping.*]

Ov. Confide in me, my mother! Trust my filial affection with all your cares; and give to my future life importance. I must own that the cold reception which I received from my father——

Adr. Hush! He's here. Watch his piercing eye, and tremble to make it flash in anger!

Enter MARQUIS ROMONO *and* SALVADOR *from folding-doors that open on the lawn, at the back of the stage. The mother and son appear awed.*

Marq. [*To* SALVADOR.] The air is most enticing, but the heat of the sun requires a few hours' shelter. [*To* ADRIANA.] This good hermit, for many years our neighbour, now, for the first time, claims the privilege of neighbourhood to greet you on the return of the Count Oviedo.

Adr. A welcome tribute. [*Goes to* SALVADOR, *bows, and kisses the cross hanging at his side.*]

Salv. Lady, my blessing and constant prayers for your happiness are all I have to offer as your guest.

Adr. Gifts of no small estimation! and, let my husband and my son but share in your holy bounty, and you enhance its value!

Marq. Oh, they were the hermit's prayers, no doubt, which caused your son to beat the foe!

Ov. Continue your orisons then, I beseech you, good father, till I have gained other success on which my happiness is fixed.

Adr. Pray for his happy marriage, good hermit; that it may have the full approbation of his friends, or else——

Marq. Well remembered. [*To* OVIEDO.] Sir, your old servant Girone, just returned from the adjacent convent on your errand, waits for you on the lawn, to acquaint you with its result.

Ov. [*Confused.*] My Lord, I—I—, please your Lordship——

Marq. [*Sternly.*] He waits for you on the lawn.

Ov. [*Bowing.*] My Lord, I obey your commands.

[*Exit.*

Marq. That hero, good hermit, like most fabulous heroes, fancies himself in love. He has been bred his mother's darling; listened to love songs and tales of chivalry from her waiting-woman, and now——

Adr. Is just returned from performing acts of wonder which his father's genius taught him.

Marq. I did not mean to slur his warlike talents. I acknowledge his merits; still they are not of that quality to obliterate his faults. He has most assuredly imbibed——

Enter a Servant, who whispers the MARQUIS.

Marq. I will come instantly. [*Exit Servant.*] By your leave, good father, for a few moments. I 'll presently despatch the business on which I am called away, and return to conduct you to your hermitage. [*Exit.*

Adr. [*Having looked after him with a melancholy earnestness, then turning to* SALVADOR.] In the mean time, good hermit——

Salv. Lady—[*He pauses, and fixing his eye on her*] the kindness with which you have received me, and the accident which has left me with you here alone, encourages me to say that I sought this interview for other motives than those which you have just heard stated by your Lord. I

am the bearer of a message to you from one whom, in times past, it was said you loved.

Adr. [*Starting.*] From the Duke Cordunna? [*The hermit pauses.*] Reply quickly, and ease my throbbing heart.

Salv. Why does it throb? Why does the colour fade upon your cheek, and trembling seize your frame?

Adr. Because I fear some ill may have befallen Cordunna. He may perhaps be dying or dead, [*trembling exceedingly*] and has commissioned you with a last farewell, or some departing request.

Salv. And what if it should be so?

Adr. Then I implore you deliver not your message now; abruptly I cannot hear it! But some other time, and in some other place, I will meet you: in the interim, I will collect my agitated spirits, and resolve to do whatever he has required.

Salv. He is not dead, or dying.

Adr. Thanks to all-powerful Providence!

[*Falling on her knees.*

Salv. But wherefore this fear of his death? this joy on hearing that he lives?

Adr. Because I have injured him. It was through me that he passed all his youthful days in sorrow; and it would be a weight on my soul, never to be removed, were he to quit this world without receiving some atonement.

Salv. What atonement? [*With surprise.*]

Adr. Such as to hear that I am unhappy now, as well as he; that my sins to him have at length met with their punishment; and that I often turn my thoughts back on his affection with repentant grief.

Salv. Whatever his affections or passions may have been, they are at this time moderated to the sole desire of preserving you from the designs of a malignant husband.

Adr. How has he learnt the tidings of Romono's late unkindness?

Salv. A lover gains instructions when other men are dull: he sees where others are blind; hears when they are inattentive; and receives intelligence from a word, a look, where volumes are required to teach another. A real lover has spies in every corner of the world,—in every spot where his mistress ranges: her lover beholds her when she thinks she is unseen;—is near her when she fancies herself alone. Though years of supposed forgetfulness intervene, *his* memory is still uninterrupted; his pursuit unremitting; his love the same as ever.

[*Falls on his knees, and takes off his hood and beard.*

Adr. Cordunna!

[*She faints, and he receives her in his arms.*

Cor. My Adriana! Oh look up, and read this paper [*giving her the paper that he took from the* MARQUIS ROMONO], that will consign you to the rigid punishment of a solitary cell, unless you escape with me, and find a refuge under my protection.

Adr. [*After looking over the paper with hasty eagerness.*] Escape!—and with thee! Forsake my house! Leave my husband! Abandon my son! Resign my virtue! Never.

Cor. That virtue you so boast is, you read, in his own hand, suspected by the marquis.

Adr. A trivial misfortune, while I am conscious he suspects me wrongfully. Cordunna, I pity your sufferings; reverence your constancy; own your wonderous deserts; implore your pardon for my ingratitude,—but cannot love you as I love Romono.

Cor. Your love for him, I trust, is past. Make the trial.

Adr. No. When I forsook you, my faithful lover, I deserved the punishment I have known; but should I desert my husband, tenfold misery will avenge the husband's cause!

Cor. Compare our passions—his satiated fondness, to my continued affection. On your marriage-day my hermitage was built; where I have dwelt, constrained to pensive solitude, calm looks, and saintly deportment; while internal agonies of love, of envy, jealousy, malice, and revenge, tore my fond heart, and racked my heated brain!

Adr. In that hermitage for twenty years!——

Cor. At times, on pretence of performing pilgrimage, I have visited for a few months my native place; at times sought death in the field of battle. But on that spot, from whence I watched the habitation of my Adriana, saw at times from afar her garments flowing before the wind; or, in imagination, heard her melodious voice sound from the neighbouring echo. There were passed my happiest hours. Yet think not that my tame submission was the effect of despair. No; some distant cheering hope revived my fainting heart, which else would have ceased to love, and ceased to beat. I hoped in Romono's inconstancy when blessed. I hoped in your judgment, when years of maturity should have yet more refined it; in your justice, when time should prove how worthy I was of preference. And when I heard of Romono's cruel treatment, hope taught me, under this disguise, to seek his acquaintance, so gain admittance to your presence—once more to cast my life and fortunes at your feet.

Adr. [*Trembling, and riveting her eye on him.*] Thou hast just now declared thyself envious, malicious, revengeful towards Romono; say, Cordunna, have any of these worst passions, (which still in the human heart are oft allied with the very best)—say, have any, or all of them together, enticed thee to plan deep and black schemes against our conjugal peace? Oh! if it be so, repent—confess at once—and at *once* receive my pardon.

Cor. From thee provocation is familiar, and I heed it not.

Adr. True; I was born to injure you: forgive my idle suspicion.

Cor. Angelic woman! from my soul I pardon you all my sufferings past, and all the tortures I may yet endure for your sake. But, in return for this my affection, will you not seek your own safety and confide yourself to my protecting care?

Adr. [*With deep consideration and much emotion.*] I have courage—great courage, but I want the perspicuity to know on what point it should be fixed! At present my nerves are shaken, and my thoughts confused! Various designs—various apprehensions, including the happiness of my son—various and tumultuous passions possess my soul, and contend within my bosom! They take from me the power of explanation!—almost the power of utterance! [*Looking towards the scenes.*] I see the Marquis at a distance on the lawn, as if returning to join us. [CORDUNNA *puts on his hood, or other disguise, as before.*] My spirits droop at his sight, and fear takes place of every other passion! Between the hours of three and four in the morning—to-morrow morning—just as day-light appears, be at the avenue leading to the southern gate of our castle, accompanied by a faithful attendant. I will there meet you; and then, as in gratitude I am bound, will give you a summary account of all my determinations.

Cor. Yet, ere you come, reflect that should you then lose the opportunity of flying with me——

Adr. [*Looking towards the door.*] Silence! Beware!

Enter MARQUIS ROMONO, *looking with a fearful penetration on both parties. He passes* ADRIANA; *and, standing between them, again looks on them both with a kind of agonizing inquiry. His emotions now evince that her embarrassment and confusion, joined to the hermit's pretended look of deep concern, are evidences which confirm all his fears of her guilt. After a short pause,*

Marq. [*To* ADRIANA.] Leave the room.

[*Exit* ADRIANA.

[*The* MARQUIS *now fixes his eyes wholly, yet fearfully, on the hermit, as if dreading to hear that intelligence, the purport of which he fancies he already knows.*]

Salv. In my cell, [*still affecting deep concern,*] a few hours hence, I will converse with you, and advise you how to act on this important subject. [*Exit.*

Marq. A few hours hence! No—no, it shall be instantly.

[*Exit, following* SALVADOR.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Fields or woods near Romono Castle; with a distant view of a Convent.*

Enter COUNT OVIEDO *at the lower part of the stage, and* GIRONE *from the top, running.*

Gir. My Lord, my Lord, I give you joy; we have been victorious. We have stormed the Convent: don't you hear the sound of distress in that bell, and see it in that black flag displayed on the roof? We have terrified the nuns, half killed the abbess, and taken the fair Eudora prisoner.

Ov. What is it you tell me? What have you been doing?

Gir. Go and look, my Lord. Only made a little breach in the wall by the side of the dormitory, and put in a couple of your grenadiers at the aperture. The nuns were instantly seen scampering about the house, with their veils, gowns, and petticoats in their hands; and during this confusion we secured our prize.

Ov. What have you done?

Gir. What you desired me.

Ov. 'Tis false.

Gir. You threatened to do it yourself; and as my valour has often been brought in question during the campaign, I thought this was a proper opportunity to prove I was no coward.

Ov. By frightening women! Where's Eudora?

Gir. She's very safe. I left her in the hands of the soldiers, in a deep swoon.

Ov. Villain! execrable villain! [*Exit in haste.*

Gir. Is that a proper name for an old servant? a tried and trusty servant too. But envy is the crime of all military men. He grudges me even this little petty triumph; which is scarcely to be compared with his exploits, nor can in any degree take from his renown! When I was running away at the sound of the cannon, it was "Poor Girone," with an affectionate stroke on my shoulder; but no sooner do I imitate his courage than I am a villain.

Enter OVIEDO, *leading on* EUDORA; *Soldiers following.*

Ov. Comrades, I thank you for your intentions to serve me, though you have mistaken my wishes. My designs were to do nothing by force; but all by gentle means. Now begone, and seek your safety; for if the sounds of that bell have been heard, or that flag seen, at Madrid, the officers of the severest of all tribunals, the Inquisition, are come forth, and will seize every suspected person, and bear the sacrilegious criminals to that fatal prison, from whence death is the sole release.

Gir. Away instantly, and offer your services to the Convent, to search for the delinquents. Beg to know what clothes the culprits wore, which road they went; and pour forth execrations on the monsters who could rush into the bed-chamber of so many single ladies unexpectedly. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Ov. Girone! Girone! [*Reproachfully.*]

Gir. Don't be offended, my Lord; it was following you to the camp which has taught me these arts.

Ov. My dearest Eudora, revive your drooping spirits.

Eud. Convey me to some place of safety, or I die with terror.

Ov. Where?—To whom can I entrust you under the present dangerous circumstances? Who will receive you? [*To Girone.*] Officious, wrong-headed man! My whole fortune would I lay down that this open violation had not taken place.

Gir. Would *you* do the same, Madam?

Eud. Most willingly.

Gir. Then all I have done may be undone in a moment. My Lord, do you return the lady back to the Convent, and present yourself as the person who has rescued her from her ravishers; and present me as the person who laid one of the assailants dead. Come, my Lord, let us hasten back, deliver up the lady, and all suspicion that we were the thieves will instantly vanish.

Ov. No. Since my Eudora is in my possession, I cannot part with her.

Gir. But you, Madam, insist upon being conveyed back?

Eud. No, friend, since I have escaped, I will not give you the trouble to return with me.

Gir. Then have the gratitude to thank me for what I have done.

Ov. Well; we do, we do. [*Kissing her hand.*]

Eud. Yes; we do, we do. [*Pressing his.*]

Ov. Ah! as I live, I see at a distance the officers of the Inquisition, and they bend their steps this way. Fly we must, somewhere. Now, my Eudora, if you wish not to be divided from me for ever, exert your strength to escape, or ——

Gir. My Lord, here is the old hermit, whom the Cou-

vent bell has roused: suppose you ask him to hide my young lady in his cell—no one under heaven will think of looking for her there.

Ov. But dare we ask it? Will he not resent our making the request, and betray us?

Gir. Oh, consider he has not lodged with a young woman this many a year; and who knows what kind effects the temptation may have on him?

Enter SALVADOR.

Ov. Forgive me, holy father, if I entreat a favour of you—such as you have not, I am sure, been used to grant —but one which strong compassion may yet induce you to accord.

Salv. Is it the Lord Oviedo speaks to me? he to whom this morning I was introduced at the Castle?

Ov. The same: who casting himself on your charity, entreats your protection a few hours for this unfortunate, but innocent female, who is pursued by persons that have no right to retain her.

Salv. Young Lord, she may retire into my hermitage; but, while she is there, I must, by the rules of my order, be absent.

Ov. Be it so—and I, good father, will accompany her.

Salv. That must not be, either.

Gir. Do you suppose he would suffer a young man to be with her, when he cannot trust an old one?

Salv. But my advice is, if she be distressed, or destitute of an abode, convey her to that Convent; the best asylum for unfortunate females.

Ov. We cannot go there.

Salv. Wherefore?

Gir. Because we are just come from thence.

Salv. How! [*Starting.*]

Ov. Oh! holy hermit, though you may never have experienced the passion of love, pity the state of two un-

happy lovers. Without instant protection from you, that Convent incloses her, and the prison of the Inquisition confines me for life.

Salv. If I had never loved, I had never worn this garb. Follow me, lady.

[*Exit* SALVADOR, EUDORA *following him.*

Gir. My Lord, won't you take the liberty to follow at a distance? You are not a true Spaniard unless you do.

Ov. In the mean time do you take care to guard yourself; for if the officers should come to this spot, tremble for your safety. [*Exit.*

Gir. O no; now the woman is disposed of, I fear them not. I should not have liked, indeed, to have been taken with the goods upon me. But, as it is, I defy all fear.

[*Going off.*

Enter MANUEL.

Man. [*Calling out.*] Ho! ho! officers! officers! I seize you as a suspected person— [*Taking hold of Girone,*

(*Enter several* OFFICERS *of the* INQUISITION)

and give you into the hands of these officers, piously rigorous both in their inquiries and punishment of sacrilegious outrage.

Gir. Do you know, gentlemen, that I am the favourite servant of the Marquis Romono, the only one in whom he can confide?

1*st Officer.* Indeed! The marquis is a great man, and his voice has more weight in our court than that of any nobleman who may at times be a secret member of it.

Man. If my Lord Romono be a secret member of the Inquisition, as by some 'tis said he is, then it is his peculiar duty to be the guardian of religious houses, and strictly to punish their profanation. Bring the criminal along.

[*Exit* MANUEL.

Gir. [*To the Officers.*] Stay, gentlemen, stay- don't be in such haste—permit me to tell you of what importance I am: and how——

Enter OVIEDO.

Oh dear, my Lord, save me from these furious men—could I assist in storming the Convent? Don't deny me a character on this occasion—you know me for a coward.

Ov. I am the son of the Marquis of Romono—this is my servant. Give him up to me, and I will answer for his appearance at your tribunal when called upon.

1*st Officer.* My Lord, we cannot give up this man to any but a member of our court, having once arrested him. And as your Lordship has declared yourself to be the Count Oviedo, we have orders also to arrest you.

Ov. Whither would you take me?

1*st Officer.* To the prison of the Inquisition.

Ov. [*Apart.*] My courage, which the fiercest battle could not subdue, sinks before such dastard yet tyrannic force.—Have you any objection, officers, as we pass Romono Castle, to suffer me to stop and speak a few words to my father?—[*Apart.*] Death on the scaffold only more terrible than such an interview, on such an occasion!

1*st Officer.* [*After consulting another.*] My Lord, we will call at the Castle.

Ov. Lead on then.

Gir. Oh! that we were going to be tried for stealing a pretty girl by any court but a religious one! We should be sure of acquittal before a court-martial.

[*Exeunt* COUNT OVIEDO *and* GIRONE,
surrounded by the Officers.

SCENE II.—*The Marquis's Library at the Castle.*

Enter MARQUIS ROMONO *and* MANUEL.

Marq. His servant, you say, is already secured. See that the strictest search be made for *him*; and that he be de-

livered to the Inquisition for exemplary punishment. Instead of giving me pain, your news rejoices me; and I have, in the prospect of full and complete revenge, all the happiness which this world now can give me.

Man. Do you then feel no compassion? no yearnings of paternal pity towards your son?

Marq. My son! This crime alone which he has committed, had I no stronger proof, would convince me he was not mine.

Man. Be not too soon confirmed on a doubtful subject.

Marq. 'Tis no longer doubtful. She has confessed to the hermit—I introduced him to her for the purpose—plainly confessed, on his pretending a message from the Duke, that he, Cordunna, is Oviedo's father.

Man. Has the hermit told you so?

Marq. He has—and Heaven, in pity to my thirst of vengeance, has prompted the rash vain-glorious boy to give me ample means to satiate my longing. I yield him up to the full rage of the Inquisition. Let the holy council know I do; and add in secrecy, that though, as his nominal father, I cannot sit as one of the judges in his cause, yet, would custom allow me to give a vote on his punishment, it should be death.

Man. Unhappy youth!

Marq. Do you lament him? Rather rejoice that thus at once, without further process, I rid me of a spurious heir to my name and honours! But why dwell on him? Heaven is my witness, Manuel, I bear the young man no resentment. [*Pathetic.*] His parents are the persons I mean to slay in *his* execution; his mother and his father—Cordunna and Adriana! [*Raging.*] The groans of the youth shall sound in their ears, and reach their guilty hearts—and while the ministers of justice shall bind him to the instruments of torture, shall lacerate his tender flesh, or dislocate his well-formed joints—then—then——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Please you, my Lord Marquis, the Count Oviedo is made prisoner by a party of the guards of the Inquisition.

Marq. Is he taken? [*Starting and trembling.*]

Serv. My Lord, they hold him in such close custody, they will permit no one to speak to him: but he requests most anxiously to have an audience of you.

Marq. Does he? [*Turns to Manuel.*] Poor boy! poor boy! he takes me for his father! [*To the Servant.*] I will see him. Let them conduct him here in a few minutes. [*Exit Servant.*] One may indulge a weakness when 'tis for the last time. Manuel, you must not stay to see me descend—descend, perchance, to tenderness towards him: for tenderness to him has been so habitual to my heart, it may burst forth, in spite of all my wrongs, and unman my purpose.—As a caution, do you haste away to the Grand Inquisitor, and let him know those wishes on the subject which I have just now expressed.—Oviedo must die. Away on your errand.

Man. Never, my Lord! Let the youth have a just trial, whether he be your son, or mine, or Cordunna's. I am an advocate for the severe laws of the Inquisition: but for the universe I would not add to their rigour.

[*Exit Manuel.*

Marq. Not he! The Hermit is the man for my purpose —his enthusiastic piety will make him treat as the blackest criminal one whom merely the ardour of a youthful passion ——. He comes! once the cherished son of my bosom, the pride, the blessing of my life!—now, the loathed, yet innocent, object of my detestation!

Enter COUNT OVIEDO, *guarded. The Guards form at a distance.* OVIEDO *walks some few steps forward; then stands before the* MARQUIS *in deep dejection and confusion.*

Ov. [*After a short pause.*] I see your just resentment

in your frowns, and dare not even kneel to sue for pardon.

Marq. Never kneel more to me. [*Much agitated.*] The crime of which you are accused is of that atrocious, sacrilegious nature, that from this hour I banish you from my sight for ever.

Ov. Oh! Heavens! [*With the greatest grief.*]

Marq. Go, seek for friends, family, and fortune elsewhere—for, by the sanctity with which I have ever kept my word, I from this hour disown, disclaim all ties, all kindred, all connexion with you, and hold you as a stranger.

Ov. Your word was ever sacred; and the solemnity with which you have now given it freezes my very soul.—But, great as is my supposed crime, my Lord, this punishment is greater; and I dare boldly utter—you are unjust.

Marq. 'Tis well. Pour on my head your execrations, and prove your title to my paternal love.

Ov. No; rather let me implore—but not upon my knees, since you have forbid me—if ever I did well in your sight; if, from my childhood till this fatal event, I have deserved your affection, oh! cast me not from you for my first offence. Hear, at least, my vindication; know my innocence of the blackest part of the charge of which I am accused.

Marq. Vindicate yourself to the tribunal before which you'll presently be arraigned.

Ov. And will my father, without one effort, yield me up to the rigid trial of an Inquisition. There, my judges will be less inclined to hear my defence than you are. Revengefully bent to enforce their merciless laws, when they know *you* have condemned me, they'll gladly follow your example. And must I expiate my fault not only by death, but ignominy? Oh! if not for the honour of your noble family—your former love to me—my reverence towards you—for my mother's sake!——

Marq. Ah! that plea for mercy was well-timed; it gives

firmness to my resolves. Oviedo, in the name of your mother (though for her sake you were once more dear to me than for my own)—in the name of Adriana—whether you are acquitted by your religious judges or not, such is my firm unshaken determination, that at this interview you and I part for ever. Mind—observe—we, from this time, see each other never again.

Ov. Then, as a last parting, sure it may be tender; and you will suffer me to kneel for your blessing.—It is the prerogative of a child to kneel to his parent; and I claim my due. It is his *right* to ask his parent's blessing; and I will not resign my privilege. [*Kneeling.*] Father, I supplicate your last blessing on a hapless son, who, except in one moment of passion, lived but to obey you; and would have died to have preserved your life.

Marq. [*Aside.*] If I could trust the power he has over my heart, I would swear the Hermit lied.—But, 'tis Cordunna's son at my feet.—Guards, take him hence—he uses unwarrantable means to shake my resolution—appeals to my pity, not my justice!

[*The Guards going to seize him.*

Ov. My Lord, hear but one more sentence from me, and I will go to prison like a soldier—not a culprit. I pleaded for your compassion only because I deserved it—I wished but to excite that tenderness for me under all my offences, that I feel for you beneath all your severity. Deprived of these, I still long to obtain a last embrace—your blessing and forgiveness to uphold me on my trial, and soothe my hurried spirits on the verge of eternity.

[*Exit* OVIEDO, *surrounded by the Guards.*

GIRONE *rushes forward from the midst of those Guards.*

Gir. Oh! my dear Lord Marquis, you surely will not suffer the young Count to go to that prison, from whence no one comes back but those whose friends make powerful intercession with the Court.

Marq. [*Much agitated.*] Don't trouble me, sir, or I shall send you there.

Gir. My Lord, I am going: going, to my no small sorrow. I am now in custody of these Guards.

Marq. For aiding your master?

Gir. No, my Lord; my master is going for aiding me. I commanded the grenadiers who waked the nuns—who gave notice to the Inquisition—who took me prisoner.

Marq. Poor fellow! out of love to thy Lord thou hast done this? If so, on your interrogation in the prison, declare by whose authority you were induced to commit the crime of which you are charged; and, though your Lord be found guilty, you will be acquitted, as acting under his influence.

Gir. Your Lordship has condescended to give me advice in a very eloquent speech; but to my dull comprehension the whole tenour of it is—that I should turn informer; which I would not do, even against a common culprit like myself, much less against my Lord—and such a Lord to me! You make me weep only to think of it!

Marq. What is the meaning, Girone, of this foolish attachment to a misguided youth?

Gir. My Lord, I can't account for it, except it is from an equally foolish attachment I once had to his father.

Marq. Would I have tarnished my honour by a ruffian's achievement?

Gir. My Lord, I remember the time when you would have stormed all the convents in Spain, would have put into the world all the nuns, and out of the world all the friars, to have come at my Lady his mother. And, my Lord, begging your pardon, you did steal her at last, though not from a convent, almost at the altar, where she was preparing to go with another.

[*During this speech the Marquis's anger returns.*

Marq. I'll hear no more. Take him away. But hold him prisoner in this castle till his Lord has been interro-

gated at the Inquisition. His partial evidence might impede the course of justice. Away!

[*Exit* GIRONE, *guarded.*

Enter a SERVANT *on the opposite side.*

Serv. My Lord, the Marchioness, like one distracted, is seeking you through every room in the castle.

Marq. Is her son with her?

Serv. No, my Lord; he has just now been forced from her arms by the Officers of the Inquisition.

Marq. [*Aside.*] Now my revenge begins!

Enter ADRIANA *hastily. On seeing the Marquis she starts, though evidently she comes in search of him.—The Servant retires at a distant door.*

Adr. [*Looking furiously, yet with great fortitude, at the Marquis.*] I am come prepared to kneel or to rave! To be most humble, or most haughty! All gratitude, or all indignation! To love, or to hate you, Romono, while thought retains its station. Which of all these will your conduct exact? You know the subject—answer me—Am I to live a mother, bless'd beyond Heaven's common bounty in my offspring? or am I in a few days, or hours perhaps, to become childless?

Marq. The weight of evidence in the young Oviedo's case I have not yet precisely calculated; but, no doubt, the hero, who is all-glorious in the field, will acquit himself with honour before his civil judges.

Adr. You are sarcastic on this awful subject. Your heart has been hard to me for this many a day, but I hoped there was a kind recess there for my child.

Marq. Have the Marquis of Romono's actions, or any part of his conduct, given hope of his shelter to the assassin, the murderer, or sacrilegious robber?

Adr. Say, not—still he may be the cause of these crimes in others. You broke your promise with your son, to

whom you had betrothed your ward, and so taught him to break your commands.

Marq. If his sin originated with me, I yield myself submissively to punishment; and, without effort against the will of Heaven, give up that only son to death, as an atonement.

Adr. I will present myself before his judges! You I solicit no more. The cries of an afflicted mother shall reach *their* ears, and teach them, for the first time, mercy.

[*Going.*

Marq. [*Laying hold of her.*] A virtuous mother, can you add? [*In a whisper.*]

Adr. [*Boldly.*] A virtuous mother! [*Going.*

Marq. Hold! Were you not contracted to Duke Cordunna at the time you were married?

Adr. I was.

Marq. Have you no remaining love for him?

[*All in an under voice.*

Adr. I have.

Marq. When heard you of him last?

Adr. Lately—very lately.

Marq. You have never seen him since your marriage? [*She shows great emotion.*] Nay, no trembling, but answer me—Have you ever seen him since your marriage?

Adr. Yes; I have.

Marq. S'death!—When? By what means? How long ago?

Adr. But now—this very day!—And torn, distracted by your cruelty, I have this very day resolved to fly from your tyranny to the protection of his love.

Marq. Matchless audacity!

Adr. —— But hear me, Romono——I had rather be your slave than his legal wife. Only be kind to me *as* a slave, and I will conform to vassalage in the strictest sense; let me but in return sometimes enjoy my master's gracious smiles, and see my son beloved by him as ever.

Marq. Impossible! That can never be. For that, threats or entreaties are vain.

Adr. Oh! what a heart you throw from you.

[*Exit* ADRIANA.

Marq. This son *shall* be the sacrifice for her guilty love. There is no other way to reach his mother's and his father's callous hearts. A poniard would not cut so deep as Oviedo's execution—that I prove; that I can tell by the agonies that now rack mine—only his foster-parent. [*Enter Salvador.*] Ah! to my wishes welcome! Fly instantly to the Grand Inquisitor. [*The Marquis looks around; then leads him to the bottom of the stage, and whispers him.*] Nay, start not, but take this ring as a proof you came from me; and to my message add, that the rightful posterity of a noble house depends upon this my request. Will you perform the commission?

Salv. I will: and be assured your request must be granted. For, though the youth be innocent of his mother's guilt, yet sacrilege, such as he has this night committed, ought not to be punished with less than death.

Marq. Then instantly away—and depend on my future friendship. [*Shaking him by the hand.*] Now will my revenge be complete. [*Exit.*

Salv. And mine. [*Exit on the opposite side.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon at Romono Castle.*

Enter GIRONE, *followed by* BEATRIX.

Gir. What an unhappy morning is this! no pleasure from rising, for I have not had the pleasure of going to bed.

Bea. You are parted from your young Lord; but what is that to my distress? for I have lost my Lady, his mother.

Gir. Has she followed him to prison?

Bea. Would she had! No, Girone, no. I will tell you, for it must soon be known; she is fled from this castle, never to return again.

Gir. How do you know?

Bea. Because she is gone away with her old lover, the Duke.

Gir. Impossible! How dare you utter such a sentence?

Bea. Because I saw her go, supported by his arm, to an equipage in waiting. Having little sleep, I rose at break of day, and saw her, from my window, stealing down the avenue beneath. Thinking her rest only disturbed as my own, I made bold to follow her; on which she returned a few paces, and, taking me by the hand, pressed me to go back: then, in a flood of tears, she said, "She was going to quit her home, her husband, and me, for ever!"

Gir. Did she say nothing more?

Bea. No: but she looked as if she would have said, "Be sure, Beatrix, do not follow my example. Be faithful to your husband, and never let the seducing tongue of faithless man prevail on you to break your marriage-vows."

Enter MANUEL, *hastily.*

Man. Where is the Marquis? Where is Romono?

Gir. He has been sitting up all night in his study, expecting dispatches from Madrid.

Man. Let him know I am come from Madrid.

Gir. [*Going, returns.*] Any good news, Reverend Sir?

Man. Let the Marquis instantly know I am here.

[*Exit* GIRONE.

Bea. [*After a pause.*] No bad news, I hope?

Man. Good Lady, you may retire.

Bea. I understand you, Reverend Sir. But if there

had been any good, or any ill news, or any news at all, I should have liked to have heard it. [*Exit* BEATRIX.]

Enter MARQUIS ROMONO.

Marq. Adriana has fled my house!—fled with her adulterous lover!—boldly triumphed in her guilt, scorning my reproaches. You are the man who refused to rid me of the detested load she has left behind—her son. You refused to take my message to his judges.

Man. But you found some other messenger.

Marq. One who pretended he would execute my commands; but who, no doubt, has been nicely scrupulous like you.

Man. No: your desires have been fulfilled, and in their strictest sense.

Marq. How do you know?

Man. By their effects.

Marq. What of Oviedo? Where is he?

Man. His body is in the prison of the Inquisition, stretched on a bier—his soul, I trust, is in Heaven!

Marq. Dead! Oviedo dead!

Man. Was it not your desire he should die?

Marq. If it was, how has a moment changed me! The sentence "he is no more," has made me feel as if I would give the universe he were in existence! But 'tis Cordunna and Adriana who are bereft of their child, not I: it is for me to rejoice in their agony! And yet, if it is half as excruciating as my own, I could pity them! How dare the Court proceed so hastily, as not ——

Man. Oviedo passed through no regular trial: undergoing the torture to confess where he had placed Eudora, he expired.

Marq. In tortures less than mine! I forget his father and his mother's guilt, in my affliction for him! Oh, Manuel! you were kind, my best of friends, in refusing my commission!—that villanous hermit did his errand completely!

Man. I suspected he was the person you sent, on my refusal; for, going to Madrid on other business, I saw him enter the gates of the Inquisition with malicious swiftness, and as alertly return.

Marq. Tear down his hermitage—it must not blast my eyes again, nor any vestige of the murderer. *His* crime was murder; *mine* but mad revenge. Poor helpless boy! he called me father, till I have imbibed all the feelings of a parent. Order my horses: I will not bear these pangs alone: *she* shall have her share. I will pursue the fugitive.

Man. In my way from Madrid but now, I met one of the servants of Cordunna, who informed me of Adriana's elopement with the Duke; and, for a bribe, this man has consented to conduct me the road they took, himself having orders to follow them.

Marq. Instantly, then, let us away; and let me triumph over her and her profligate lover in their son's death. [*With a despondency and other expressions wholly opposed to the words.*] I long to behold the agonies that will rend their hearts! To see their anguish will be the only cure for mine! [*Exeunt* ROMONO *and* MANUEL.

SCENE II.—*A beautiful Country, within a few miles of Romono Castle.*

Enter ADRIANA, *leaning on* CORDUNNA, *no longer in disguise. After walking a few paces, she sinks down.*

Cor. Adriana! my Adriana! why this fatigue? This is not of the body, but the mind. You asked to quit the carriage to receive the air before we are come one league; but no sooner are you gratified in your request, than you sink on the turf inanimate.

Adr. My conscience weighs me down. Till now my heart was light. I have felt grief, great grief; but remorse

had no share in all I suffered. Compared to what I now endure, my former state was bliss!

Cor. Unkind! Am I ever to be the object of your punishment?

Adr. What was Romono's cruelty to me? His sin was on his own head, while I merited not his indignation. I could have been happy in a convent's gloom and childless, superlatively happy, compared to that misery with which approaching guilt now threatens me!

Cor. Adriana, I have a melancholy secret to unfold, which will destroy all your lingering affection towards Romono. Your son, the brave Oviedo——

Adr. I know he is in prison—say, what more fatal has befallen him?

Cor. He, who was *your* pride, and the nation's glory!——

Adr. Speak!—keep me not in suspense!—What of my son?

Cor. He died this morning as a criminal.

Adr. Oh! oh! my son, my beloved Oviedo. [*In the most pathetic manner.*] Bear me instantly back to Romono. Let me fly to him.

Cor. Wherefore?

Adr. To console him for his loss—to join my tears with his—he will require my comfort.

Cor. Still you will err, and force me to explain. Your son died by Romono's intrigues, by his command.

Adr. Then Romono's grief will want more comfort still: it will be treble to a common sorrow, and I will use my efforts to console him. [*Going;* CORDUNNA *holds her.*] Leave me, Cordunna: in my sufferings for Romono's anguish, your presence is loathsome, is hideous to me!

Cor. This is temporary wildness! [*He makes a sign to his attendants without; two of them enter.*] Touch her as gently as the sacred altar to which you would fly for refuge; but bear her to the carriage; then drive with speed till you arrive. [*The attendants lay hold of her.*

Adr. Ruffians! leave me to die here, or take me back to the sweet home I have reluctantly left. Bear me to my husband, to my beloved Romono!

Rom. [*Without.*] Who calls upon Romono?

Enter ROMONO.

Adr. [*Running towards him.*] Thou dearest of all earthly blessings! never so dear as at this perilous, precious moment! Romono, in sorrow such as ours, enemies become friends. Oviedo is no more, and I compassionate you more than I weep for him.

Marq. It was by my command he died! I robbed you of your son.

Adr. You gave him to me! It was you who made me a mother! You cannot take from me those joys I have experienced from my child, or prevent those that are to come when we meet in Heaven.

Marq. Ah! dost *thou* hope for Heaven? But if your heart be so hardened as not to lament the death of your own offspring, say, Cordunna, [*Going up to him,*] has thine no tender part? The pledge of your guilty loves expired this morning.

Cor. You speak of the young Oviedo?

Marq. He died by my command!

Cor. Behold, Adriana, this dupe of my revenge!—the man for whose love you rejected my generous passion! [*To him.*] Through jealousy thou hast cast a virtuous wife from thy bosom, to commit the very crime thou didst unjustly suspect; and out of malice hast condemned thy only son to death, supposing him mine.

Marq. I knew him such.

Adr. How! Had not the boy a soul, as well as features, to tell you he was your own?

Cor. But, continue positive for a time, with all the credulity of folly; and then run mad on being undeceived.

Marq. Who, or what shall undeceive me? The protestations of a faithless wife, or the oaths of her vile paramour?

Enter several Officers of the Inquisition.

First Officer. Duke of Cordunna, by warrant from the Inquisition, I arrest you for having worn a religious habit, to which no holy vow entitled you; and for having, under that sacred robe, committed acts of imposition as a holy hermit, and your name Salvador.

Marq. He! Cordunna the hermit! [*Trembling.*] Then it was thee I commissioned to be the means of Oviedo's death! Were you, or were you not so?

Cor. I was.

Marq. Then thou wert *not* his father! [*Falling down.*

Cor. Have I not told thee so? Now, Romono! 'tis now my turn to triumph! You have not put to death my child—'tis I who have murdered yours! Farewell, Adriana! Thy husband's years of unkindness have been the work of my years of machination. But when you imprecate that passion of revenge which has of late possessed my soul, reflect—that it was first inspired by love.

[*Exit* CORDUNNA, *attended by the Officers.*

Adr. [*Kneeling by Romono.*] From what has been just now uttered, I can collect all the sad story of your late inquietude; and oh, my dear Romono! though you have suspected me wrongfully, you have had some powerful cause, I am sure, for your suspicions; and I most freely pardon ——

Marq. Look not on me, unless to strike me dead! Shock me not by tenderness!

Adr. Affection like mine for you, Romono, depends on no time, place, or *circumstances.* I loved my son to excess, because he was yours, and, in lamenting him, I will try to comfort you.

Marq. [*Rising.*] Lead me to his mangled corse! Let

me press his cold bosom to mine, while I kneel to Heaven and thee!

Enter Manuel.

Man. My Lord, your steed has had the better of mine. But I am come in time to witness an act disgraceful to our nation. Duke Cordunna has been just now rescued from the Guards, who it seems made him prisoner for injuries to you.

Marq. Has he? Then my vengeance shall——

[*Drawing his sword, and going.*

Man. Hold! [*Stopping him, and looking towards the scenes.*] The very man who rescued him has now turned his arms against him. He has presented him with a weapon, and now they fight.

Marq. [*Looking towards them.*] As if they meant death to follow every blow. This is an act of chivalry worthy our ancient knights.

Man. They come this way. Shelter Adriana.

[*She faints in the Marquis's arms.*

[*The combatants enter fighting.* CORDUNNA *comes on first; the other combatant has, of course, his back to the audience. After a short struggle for victory,* CORDUNNA *falls, and expires. The other combatant instantly throws himself at the feet of the* MARQUIS *and* MARCHIONESS, *and shows he is* OVIEDO. *The* MARQUIS *falls on his neck, and embraces him with ecstacy of joy.*]

Ov. My Lord, command what I shall do more to prove myself *your* son.

Marq. It is my reason that has erred: my heart always acknowledged thee.

[*The Marchioness embraces and presses* OVIEDO *to her bosom.*

Ov. Mother, I saved Cordunna from the executioner's arm, because he once loved thee.

Adr. [*Going towards the body.*] Ill-fated man!—the bitter, the accumulated wrongs you meant to pour upon

me could alone have steeled my heart to such a sight as this!

[*The attendants of the Duke enter, and bear off the body.*

Marq. [*Taking her by the hand.*] Turn, my Adriana, from that sight of horror! and with me inquire, to what unhoped-for, blessed incident we owe this full restoration to our former happiness. [*Embracing his son.*]

Ov. To the means of my enlargement I am myself a stranger, except through what that holy priest has informed me.

Man. Anxious and inquisitive on a subject from whence I saw dark fate impending, I learnt at the Count's prison-gate, that the hermit Salvador was admitted to an audience with the Grand Inquisitor, on a message from you, my Lord Marquis. Instantly I suspected he had undertaken the office I refused to perform; and no sooner did I doubt his sanctity, than I had my doubts that he was altogether an impostor. Representing this my suspicion to the officers of the prison, they followed him from thence, and beheld him cast off his disguise, on taking the Marchioness from Romono Castle; and the Judges of the Inquisition, on issuing their orders for his arrest, did, to reward me for the information of my just suspicions, grant me the boon I asked—your son's release! But, to prepare your heart for the gradual unfolding of these tidings, and to force repentance for your vengeful designs, I dared to swerve from truth in saying that he suffered under them.

Marq. In having made me contrite for my sin, you have a claim to my forgiveness for every pang I have endured through your means.

Enter GIRONE.

Gir. [*To Manuel.*] Reverend Sir, you told me you thought my young Lord would be very ill after being in the prison of the Inquisition, and you ordered me to procure for him the best physician I was able. By your permission I have brought the very best, in my poor judg-

ment, that I could any where find. [*Leads on Eudora.*

Marq. [*Giving her to* OVIEDO.] Take her, my son: every obstacle is now removed; and may the joy of this union become the cure of all our sorrows!

[*The Marchioness embraces Eudora.*

Man. There is but one grief that I fear may remain from the late misfortunes. [*To the* MARCHIONESS.] You, Lady, may at times feel grief for the dire effect of your early promises broken to Duke Cordunna. But, lest such reflection should inspire a sensation like remorse, understand—that it was Virtue, not Vice, to break every promise extorted by your parents, before your judgment and experience were matured, so as to comprehend the nature of the vow you gave. To the man rejected, it was far nobler dealing, than to become his wife while your heart was another's. Wrongs before marriage cannot equal those that may follow after.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS.

The letters which follow were not copied out for the Editor until the work was already at press. They will make the Volume fuller, and have considerable variety as well as interest.—EDIT.

Mrs. Joanna Baillie's Letter on reading the 'Simple Story.'

Hampstead, May 13th.

MY DEAR MISS C.* . .

I return to you Mrs. Inchbald's book, and feel quite ashamed that I have kept it so long, notwithstanding Mrs. Inchbald's goodness in permitting me to keep it as long as I pleased. I had admired this celebrated Novel many years ago, when I first read it; and on reading it again, which I have done with great interest and pleasure, I am not less inclined to think it deserving of its high reputation. The characters of Miss Milner and Dorriforth are original, well imagined, and skilfully delineated; and it is rich in passages of amusing sprightliness, and of great interest and pathos. I beg, when you see Mrs. Inchbald, you will have the goodness to present to her my best respects, and many thanks for the gratification I have received. I obeyed her faithfully, by not taking out the pin from the few pages of preface by Mrs. Barbauld till I had read through the book.

I hope you will come and spend a day with us soon. Will you come to us next Thursday or Friday? I mean the Thursday or Friday of next week; either of those days that suits you best: we shall be happy to see you at Hampstead. My sister sends her kind regards.

Always truly yours,

J. BAILLIE.

* Probably Miss Cruikshanks.

Fragment of a Letter of Mr. Godwin's, upon perusing a part of her second Novel.

I approve. I perceive in this sketch the same sureness of aim and steadiness of hand, which first told me what you were capable of, in the 'Simple Story.' It seems to me that the drama puts shackles upon you, and that the compression it requires prevents your genius from expanding itself.

There are weak and abortive passages; but, at least at present, it is not worth while to point them out. When I began, what you had said about the MS. terrified me, and I feared that I should find in it the decline of your genius; but the farther I advanced, the more my fears vanished. The character of the Dean, his Lady and Son, are masterpieces. The scene is exquisitely imagined for the introduction and display of your solitaire. The story is told with beautiful simplicity, and the reader feels as if the execution always came up to the author's idea. I know not what is to come, but what I have already seen leads me confidently to hope the same mastery in the execution of the remainder of your plan. Do not, I conjure you, let female caprice, or false calculation, lead you to desert a beginning that promises so much instruction and delight! If, by any accident, this fragment should be published among your posthumous works, you may lay your account in the execrations of the latest posterity for having left it a fragment.

M. MORGAN TO MRS. INCHBALD.

My dear Friend,

Heartily, most heartily, do I congratulate you on the success of your excellent Comedy: it is, by much, the most equal I have seen produced a long time; and I hope

sincerely your great merit will be rewarded as I wish. I have received many congratulations on your account, and am charged with many compliments for you:—do let me relieve myself from the load, by letting me see you soon.

Can you conveniently favour my brother with an admission for two this evening, or Saturday next?

Affectionately yours,

M. MORGAN.

March 7th.

Mr. Godwin tells me you are inclined to read 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and I send it, that so good an inclination may not be balked. Have you had your fourth night, and was it a good one? Pray tell me who was treasurer when you got £1000 by 'SUCH THINGS ARE.' When shall such things be again? I have a new Comedy, which is likely to get stale, because I desire to have justice. I wished to stipulate for the third part of nine nights, instead of three nights subject to regulations, but was refused. If authors, or a *few* of them were unanimous, just compliance would be inevitable; but they seem to shun or envy each other.

MR. GODWIN TO MRS. INCHBALD.

Skinner-street, February 11, 1820.

DEAR MADAM,

I have all my life been unwilling to put an ill construction on an ambiguous action; and therefore, though I was sent away in somewhat of a rude manner from your door some months ago, I would not believe that any thing unkind or unfriendly was intended. The repetition of the same thing last Monday seems to leave no room for doubt.

One reason of my confidence was the clearness of my conscience, and my perfect assurance, that since I had last the pleasure of seeing you at Earl's Terrace and Lennard

House, I had done nothing that could give you the slightest occasion for displeasure. Is it too much to ask what is my offence? My creed does not direct me to confess to a priest; but I am not the less anxious to stand discharged to my own conscience.

I have had the happiness to know you five-and-twenty years; and in all that time I can fully acquit you of any capricious action towards me. Is it worth while to change the tenour of your conduct towards me so late in the day? You, I have no doubt, can say with King Henry, in the song, "God-a-mercy, I have a hundred as good as ever was he," and therefore can part with me without compunction. But I must take up the exclamation of King James, "Alas, and woe is me, such another England within, in faith, shall never be!"

Give me leave to subscribe myself, with much regard and attachment,

Very faithfully yours,
WILLIAM GODWIN.

GEORGE HARDINGE, ESQ. TO MRS. INCHBALD.

The curtains were *trumpery* articles of *parade;* and *indeed* you did *not* like them—I have only to say, that altho' I joked with you about them, I never *intended* such *folly* should *appear* in *judgment* against me.

The *oysters* had my *heart;* and I have told Mrs. Hardinge, who is a judge of dress, that your *night-cap* had more true elegance in it than she ever saw at Court: wear it for ever, my dear friend, and put all feathers, diamonds, &c. to shame!

When I wrote my *other* letter to you this morning, I had *not* received yours to me; but I had learnt *one* of your perfections, that shall be *nameless.*

I have that sweet letter now before me, and cannot part with it *ever,* unless to the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's*

Dream, who shall keep it for me, if they will promise to sit at your elbow when you read my billets-doux.

Your compliment is very embarrassing; but if I have interested you *at all*, I will bless and consecrate the generous partiality of your mind. It appears that you like me not only better than you expected, but as the reverse of my picture; and as you have only mentioned a *piercing eye*, which you never *could* have *seen*, (but with your mind's determination that it should be there,) I am sorry that, as a *man of honor*, I *must* undeceive you, and refuse the wreath you offer to me, especially as you are so *blind*. I have *grey eyes*; and if they *mean* any thing more than a power of *seeing*, they have not let *me* into the secret: yours, that have no *such* power, *have* the expression which you ascribe to mine; but they have sweetness too, and playfulness, and a sort of *interest* about them which *leaves* the impression it has *made* upon the tablets of the heart, when *you* are not answerable for it, but run away from it, and refuse to *account* for it.

I will now be as frank with you, and will own to you that *you* are extremely different from the picture I had made, enchanting as it *was*: you are *prettier*, and *milder*, and *more* eloquent; (your voice is music, and therefore in all your soliloquies you must *hear* what you hate: as to your *impediment*, as *you call* it, I can *swear* to it as an *improvement*, and before any Justice of Peace;) you have *more* vivacity, and *more* sweetness—but, *above all*, you are *more feminine*—*more* delicate—and have *more* tenderness of nature (without prejudice either to good sense or wit,)—more polished manners, and more exquisite propriety of behaviour, without losing one feather of the most original genius that ever tempted others to the false pride of singularity in trifles. You see the difference between *your* expectation and *mine*. *I* expected *all* that I *found*, but in a *less degree of perfection*: you expected the *reverse* of that which you found:—so that you must have bargained for

squinting eyes, or eyes that were *asleep*, tho' broad *awake*, or eyes like *oysters*, or *no eyes at all*.

The turn which you give to the difference of our new style from the old, is a compliment that would come with a better effect of *truth* from *poor me*; but I never *could* have reached the fancy of thought, or beauty of expression, which has covered it.

Indeed, my dear Mrs. I., whether you may call it the *old* style or the *new*, my portrait of your character, and of its effect upon me, a portrait which at least was *homely* enough to be *honest*, (tho' *you* have taught me to put *no trust in homeliness*,) was the ingenuous work of my own judgment, such as it is, "*without partiality and without hypocrisy*."—Bible.

I care not for Kemble, and will *not* recall the "*feminine softness*" of your manners. It appears in every thing you say, or act, or look.

Your account of Kemble, and of your *spiritual* inferences against the sex, which he *assumes*, is just one of a thousand passages in your interesting manner, which are above all imitation, as they are above all *praise*. Do you know, by the way, (and I forgot that *little feature* of the portrait,) that you have a taste for *double-entendre*, half archness and half simplicity, that would make *your favourite*, the Archbishop, leave his procession to Lambeth Chapel, and give you, Catholic as you are, a most comfortable kiss—I know him well.

What a shocking idea you must have, my dear saint, of a sermon and of me, if you can say it would "*entertain you to hear a sermon with me!*" O fie! you injure both of us. I am no bigot—no more are you, but we *love and fear* the Celestial Shepherd of us all—not with a superstition degrading the noble creatures he has made from the dust—but with an amiable and sweet respect, without which there can be *no true love*. But are you "*firm to your text?*" If you are, I shall call upon you *Sun-*

day next. My *animated* I thank for *an old pogram of a Judge,* which is now the character that has interested you. I shall always love *old women* hereafter; as *in that likeness* I have *captivated you.*

Oh, you can draw "*iron tears down Pluto's cheek*" in the act of passing sentence; to which you think me so equal, when you tell me your *affecting* reason for not loving Imogen, &c. God of mercy! *can* such things be! that such a dear soul can have suffered those wretched nights in barns, &c.!! Yes! but see the end of them all! even in this world! Is there an angel upon earth more admired, more beloved, and (speaking for *myself,* I *will* say,) more *envied* than 70 to a year, up two pair of stairs? What did I say about *letter* and *spirit?* Oh, it was about *St. Henry. He* has long been my saint in what Kemble *would* be if he *could*—and *you* shall be his companion—*Orate!*

My *piercing eye* has discovered that you spell *principle* wrong. Hurray! Hurray!

G. H.

On her Nature and Art.

Tuesday.

DEAR MADAM,

"All praise is *odious* [feminine mildness!!!!!] to me but," &c. in answer to a kind Note!! Really you do not encourage me to be sincere. Because I was cautious of trusting *my own feelings* in giving my judgment on your Novel, and wished as much as possible to give you my *real* impressions, (you will recollect originally conceived under the pressure of a violent head-ache,) as if I had been an indifferent person, (as much as I could make myself so in your concerns, I made myself so,) I am told with an asperity, which is at least misplaced, that my "highest praise would have given you no pride;" which I do not,

in the first place, believe, or you are wanting in sincerity in the praises you have sometimes deigned to bestow on me. If you say it, feeling the contrary, your sincerity is equally in question. Reading twice is an advice I would certainly not give with respect to a work which I did not very much admire at the first reading. I did not surely mean to exclude amusement from the first perusal, as you suppose. On the contrary, I think the reader of your work will be much *amused* in the first reading, and much *instructed* in the second; by which last word I do not mean the moral effect likely to be produced, but the knowledge of the genuine workings of the passions which he may acquire by it. To those who say (whether Marquises or Commoners) that the second volume is *by far the best*, I have nothing to say, but to beg of them to produce me from the second volume passages of equal merit to the following, which I shall enumerate in the first:—1. The whole happy playfulness relative to the creative power of Henry's fiddle;—2. Henry's delight when he first sees William in his canonicals, which is true nature, or I am an ignoramus;—3. The description of William's emotions on the death of Henry's wife, with the sublime question, "Or is there in death, &c."?—4. Young Henry's first appearance, the wig, little man, &c.—5. Young Henry's questions about "persecute" and "prosecute," and the whole conversation in which they are to be found;—6. What he says about massacre, and his triumph in that conversation;—7. The most exquisitely happy application made by Young Henry of the Dean's Pamphlet against the Dean himself;—Lastly, and above all, the lovely picture you give us of his unsophisticated and natural feelings of devotion, so advantageously contrasted with the mechanical mummery of the Dean's piety. I would not wish a line of any of these passages altered; but yet I think it is the very circumstance of their peculiar kind of merit which will prevent them from being generally popular in a country whose prevailing

manners they tend so bitterly to satirise. You will observe that I can give an air of plausibility to my preference, and, till the list on the other side is made out, I shall be contented to be alone in my judgment. Indeed, indeed, you are a flagrant aristocrat. The Marquis comes in on Saturday, and makes "fine observations," and "you are afraid you have sunk in his estimation." Whereas I, a poor commoner, do not indeed make fine observations, but endeavour as well as I can, in an enfeebled state of my mind, to give you a simple account of my feelings; and "my highest praises would have given you no pride."—How *can* you feel "the GREATEST POSSIBLE HUMILITY" (your very words) from his observations, who could raise no emotion of pride?

[The rest wanting.]

MISS HOARE to MRS. INCHBALD.

Beckenham, Feb. 22, 1807.

My dear Madam,

You will, I trust, readily believe how greatly I consider myself obliged and flattered by your allowing me to suggest a subject for the exercise of your talents to enrich my brother's publication. You must at the same time acknowledge the task not easy, to fix the choice on any *one* when the writer excels on so many.

I am sure that nobody could please me so entirely as yourself on the *art* of novel writing—the *art* of dramatic composition—the *art* of conversation: or (if it may be called an *art*) that of propriety of female conduct.

Now, if you will be gracious, perhaps you will give us lights on each of these topics in due time: meanwhile, and to begin, who is so ably qualified as yourself to write an essay on *natural pathos?*

I hope your hard heart will relent the next time I go to

town, and that you will not again deny the great pleasure of your company to My dear Madam,

Yours ever truly,

M. HOARE.

MISS HOARE to MRS. INCHBALD.

Beckenham, March 6, 1807.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I was ill when I was favoured with your letter, or I should not have a moment delayed assuring you of the *very* great disappointment it brought both to my brother and myself—*so* great, that we know not how to acquiesce, but wish to indulge a hope that you may yet be prevailed on to afford your aid in whatever manner or department may be most agreeable to you.

That you are not qualified to write on any of *the liberal arts*, not all your *art of reasoning* can ever persuade me. However, I shall not trouble you with my sentiments at present on that subject.

Allow me only to say, that the very way in which you acknowledge you could most easily write, namely, "some short essays upon some chosen motto, or text, that would delineate character, or introduce incident to illustrate the subject," is precisely what would be of the highest advantage to my brother's publication: you would, by this means, interweave a variety, a grace, and diffuse a charm over the whole work, that nobody else could impart. The motto could by no one be so well suggested as by yourself.

Many thanks for your obliging promise of letting me have the pleasure of seeing you when I next go to town. I shall not fail to claim it.

And now, hoping, my dear Madam, that you will graciously condescend to grant the above humble request,

I remain, with great regard,

Yours very sincerely,

M. HOARE.

MRS. SIDDONS TO MRS. INCHBALD.

[No date.]

DEAR MADAM,

I am sorry you compel me to reproach you with niggardliness, though at the same time must confess your letters are gifts too precious to be often repeated; nor can I boast any claim to them but that of a solicitude to hear of your welfare; and, if a most sincere wish for your uninterrupted and continued happiness can in any wise entitle me to a place in your memory, I think I may without presumption say I deserve it. I should have given myself this pleasure long ago had I not been prevented by incessant study; but I assure you that I executed your business given in charge the instant I had the pleasure of your commands, and hope by this time you have reaped the fruits of my diligence. My mother forwarded the letter to Stow-in-the-Wold, where she was informed Mr. G. Inchbald then was. I played Hamlet in Liverpool to near an hundred pounds, and wish I had taken it to myself; but the fear of charges, which you know are most tremendous circumstances, persuaded me to take part of a benefit with Barry, for which I have since been very much blamed; but he, I believe, was well satisfied, and, in short, so am I. Strange revolutions are forming in our theatrical ministry: one of them I think very prudent: (this little rogue Harry is chattering to such a degree I scarce know what I am about:) but to proceed: our managers have determined to employ no more exotics: they have found that Miss Younge's late visit to us (which you must have heard of) has rather hurt than done them service; so that Liverpool must from this time forth be content with such homely fare as we *small folks* can furnish to its delicate sense. I am very glad to hear of Mr. Inchbald's industry, and shall be extremely happy in any circumstance that may conduce to our meeting: pray give my best respects to him. I will

likewise trouble you to present our kind compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, and tell the former I never mention his name but I wish to be regaling with him over a pinch of his most excellent Irish *snuff*, which I have never had a snift of, but in idea, since I left York. I am much obliged to your kind inquiries about my little ones, who are both well. Harry desires his compliments to Betsy Inchbald, and wants to know if she has got snecks.

And now, my dear Mrs. Inchbald, pray give me the pleasure to hear from you when you have no *business* to *transact*, which will be an assurance to me that there still remains in your memory such a person as your

Sincerely affectionate

S. SIDDONS.

MR. SIDDONS TO MRS. INCHBALD.

49, Great Marlborough Street, May 3rd, 1799.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I am infinitely obliged to you for the trouble you have taken with Mr. Robinson. My friend Mr. Whalley * has left the treaty for the sale of his tragedy entirely with me, who, I am sorry to say, am as ignorant as himself about such matters. I have heard of first-rate plays bringing two hundred pounds, others a hundred and fifty, and middling ones a hundred: partial as I am to my friend, I do not expect it will bring the first price: it has been unfortunate in its progress, and is so at present in being kept back by benefits; yet I still think it will gain credit by repetition. I should like to get the second price, yet would not wish to ask unreasonably, if Mr. Robinson should think it is so: what if we leave it to him to say what he will give betwixt that and the third sum? He is a gentleman of very fair and liberal dealings, I have always

* The Rev. Thomas Sedgwick Whalley. The tragedy was called 'The Castle of Montval.'

heard; and his award shall fix it. If you will favour me by enclosing this to him, he will see at once what is wished; and I will expect the favour of his answer as soon as convenient.

In the mean time, believe me,
most sincerely your obliged, &c. &c.
WM. SIDDONS.

MRS. SIDDONS TO MRS. INCHBALD.

MY DEAR MRS. INCHBALD,

It gives us all real concern to hear of your illness. I should make my inquiries in person if it were in my power, but we are also a house of invalids. We are really anxious to know how you are, and most happy should I be if I could in any way administer to your comfort. Shall I send you some jelly or broth? Send me a line by the Penny Post, and think yourself doing *me* a kindness by suffering me to be of use to you.

Your true admirer and affectionate
S. SIDDONS.

MRS. SIDDONS TO MRS. INCHBALD.

MY DEAR MRS. INCHBALD,

In the first place let me thank you, as I do from my heart, for the noble warmth with which you have entered into my feelings; and be assured, however this matter terminates, I shall always retain the liveliest sense of obligation to you. I send you (I think verbatim) the counterpart of my letter to John. Mr. H. you say is to dine with him on *Tuesday*, and *another* letter will not reach him in the *usual* course before *Wednesday*: but there is probably a coach to-morrow: therefore, if after reading what I sent you would advise *another* letter, let Patty see you for a quarter of an hour this evening, and take your opinion.

I am always
Your affectionate and grateful
The servant waits. S. SIDDONS.

MR. KEMBLE TO MRS. INCHBALD.

[An early letter.]

MADAM,

I take the liberty of presenting you my compliments, and saying that Mr. Burghall, according to your desire, communicated the last paragraph of your letter to me at dinner-time. If you had been indifferent to me I should have smiled at it, and enjoyed your mistakes: but as I admire your understanding and value your friendship, I should think myself an unpardonable blockhead to barter the latter for half a dozen rhymes; and could have but a poor opinion of the former, were I not assured that it will show this fracas, when explained, in such a light as must ensure me even your approbation.

The reception Henry and Emma met in Hull absolutely determined me never again to expose myself in it. I have made two similar resolutions: yet Pamplet is a very good character, and Le Fevre confessedly a much more affecting tale than the Nut-Brown Maid.

Mrs. Cumming applied to me for this interlude on Mr. Oram's night. He hadn't it—though I saw the danger I was in of incurring the displeasure even of our whole Lodge by refusing him. This will prove (though there is much stress laid upon hissing) my objection to this piece of weightier substance than a little hiss, propelled through the grinders of fools. There was no danger of my being hiss'd at Mason's Play, so *that* could not have been my first motive. If Mr. Oram had had this poem, you couldn't have dreamed of taking it:—you must now perceive that your request arises from my prior denial; the reason of all others, why I can't comply with it. I needn't tell you, Ma'am, such duplicity of conduct would subject me to my own contempt; to ten thousand sneers from others; it would provoke the worst natured reflections on more than one, and entangle me in everlasting quarrels.

I believe I may say that it was a little unreasonable to ask me to go on for *any* thing, after intending to load me with the quantity of Arabic that Almaimon raves through!

I have another very potent argument in my favour, but I purposely omit it, because in your present temper it might not be safe to use it.

Putting yourself and Mr. Oram out of the question, you will perhaps say I had no right to refuse playing anything I had acted before. If this be true, you push away its base, and dash my fine pillar to pieces. But in answer, I have at this moment a letter before me from Mr. Wilkinson, where he says, "nobody has any right to ask you to play in an interlude." I could quote more in defence of what I have done; but I trust what I have already said will be enough to justify me, especially to a person who (notwithstanding the polite style of her letter) may truly be persuaded there is but one thing in the world I wouldn't undertake for her service.

I thank you, Madam, for your good wishes, though I must beg leave to hint to you how forgetfully you express them.—"ANOTHER Toyman,"—ANOTHER is so strong an insinuation of my having had the *Toyshop* from you, that my own just vindication constrains me to tell Mr. Burghall and you, that I had very many times played the Toyman with very much applause before I ever saw York. This circumstance was not unknown to Mr. Wilkinson, whom I told, soliciting me to play it, I dare say a month before your night, that I was fixed on reserving it for my friend Inchbald's benefit:—my friend thanked me kindly for my remembrance of him. On second thoughts, Ma'am, I'll be bound you'll recollect, that when I first mentioned it, you did not know there was such a production in existence. You mustn't be displeased at what I have said; my necessities force me to it. I have more obligations already than I shall ever be able to return:—you'll not wonder therefore that I am jealous how I receive

any more, for I don't know in the world so bad a character as the bankrupt in gratitude.

Your performance of my Lucretia commands my utmost diligence in Almaimon, though I should in reality find Mrs. Rovewell an outcast. I can't believe you think me so void of taste as to imagine Prior's verses can deserve censure, or so vain as to compare my hobbling numbers with his courtly compositions. No, indeed, Ma'am. I thank God I am as well convinced of my defects, as the greatest enemy I have on earth can be. Your eyes ache with reading this close scrawl. I didn't think I should have written half so much:—but I have done, when I shall have observed, that however mean an opinion you, Ma'am, or any body else may entertain of my understanding and writings, I can venture to affirm that the one is so enlarged, and the other so honest, that no provocation will ever betray me into the indulgence of an illiberal resentment, or the use of a disingenuous expression.

Your very sincere friend
and servant,
J. P. KEMBLE.

Friday Evening.

MR. KEMBLE TO MRS. INCHBALD.

[About 1784.]

MY DEAR MADAM,

Was your laconic epistle designed to put me into a worse humour by disappointing all the expectations I had formed of vivacity and wit, when I saw your hand in the superscription, or only to put me to the expense of the post? I have not credit enough to be even with you in the first way, but I am resolved to match you in the second.

You know, I imagine, before now that I shall be the lord of your tenement in about a fortnight. I understand, moreover, that I am to enter it just as it is. You won't

surely be so cruel as to be aiding or consenting to the removal of any part of the furniture. One piece there is in the house I shall be very happy, proud, transported, &c. &c. &c. to have in my keeping; and, by the way, I can tell you it would be very idle to keep it locked up any longer, for it must grow more and more old-fashioned every day, and by and by will be hardly fit for use. There 's no persuading some folks to reason; and to be sure people have a right to do what they please with their own.

Don't you think this was good nonsense? They were talking of Sir James Lowther's peerage t'other day, and somebody asked what he was to be styled? I replied, Lord-Ship. If you don't laugh at that, I 'll never forgive you. I said something in a letter to Twiss about invincible ignorance. I don't believe he thoroughly understands it. I beg you will explain it to him. There 's no villany in it, so you need not be ashamed to speak of it:—if there were, indeed, he would not tell it you.

Poor Mr. Younger will perhaps be no more by the time this reaches you. His doctors despair of him. I think I am rather better than I have been lately.

Thine, by yea and nay,

J. P. KEMBLE.

When you write to George, say that I hope there will be plenty of nuts in Walnut-tree Green. Remember me to Mr. Thing-am-ee at the Gravel-pit. Has he more than five cows? Do the horses break out of River Lea? How go on the clubs at Sickle's Moor Waggon and the Harrow? Are there good prospects from the Little Clump, Great Clump, High Field, Hone Field, Long Meadow, Cow Pasture, Light Pasture, Cook's Ground, the Hurst? Beg my compliments to Rob. Tiffney, S. Padly, Rolph, Leeks, Carter, Fairs, Pratt, Sturgeon, Tiffney, and Leeks, just by Twiss.

My dear Muse,

I do not know what my wife intends about going to the Priory: she has never left poor Sally these three days and nights; but I will call at Mr. Siddons's and inquire for you this morning.

Mr. Sheridan never came near me, after keeping me at home all day, (*for the fourth time.*)

Yours truly,

J. P. Kemble.

March 31st, 1803.

MR. KEMBLE TO MRS. INCHBALD.

Dear Sir—Madam, I mean—I send you a volume of Mr. Bayle's Dictionary, and beg you will read four Articles, with as quick dispatch as you can—Grandier (Urban, p. 210)—Helen (p. 263)—Heloisa (p. 379)—Zouzaga (Isabella, p. 186). I have been running your whole person over this half hour, yet cannot find out what the thirty perfections of beauty are that were in Helen. Now I enjoin you to try, and give me the catalogue; for I am sure you 'll understand the verses better than I do.

Yours,

J. P. Kemble.

Thursday Morning.

MRS. KEMBLE TO MRS. INCHBALD.

July 23rd, London.

Dear Mrs. Inchbald,

I send you enclosed in this a black net for your head. I have made most diligent inquiry to find if I knew any body that would pass your door, but can find none; my only mode therefore was, I thought, the post. Mrs. Sid. has made me one: she has left Cheltenham to go to Mr. Fitzhughs's, and Mr. Sid. has gone to Bath for a month: on Tuesday we go to Margate. Mr. Harris

dined with us yesterday: they are beginning to paint the Theatre, and they tell me it is very pretty and much improved. Mr. Harris has not heard from Lewis, which he wonders much at. I tell him the business I hear is very indifferent, and, circumstanced as he is, he does not like to tell Mr. Harris so. Will you not come to London when the Theatre opens? Surely you will for a day or two. I begin to be very much alarmed about these French torments; they surely will endeavour to land after all this vapouring. It is well we are pretty strong this year at Covent Garden; for it will want, in the present times, all the strength they can muster. I think every creature is now going out of town. Do you know, I think I like London in the summer better than the winter; we have lived so pleasantly, and had society enough, and not too much. You talk of not seeing a man except the old priest. I would have you make much of him, for we shall not have any other left, as they must now all turn soldiers. Mrs. Siddons writes in very good spirits. I hear they have engaged Elliston at Drury-Lane at £20 per week. Mr. Harris says, as they make a point there to engage all persons who are actually in articles elsewhere, he makes no doubt it is true. Mr. H. told Mr. Kemble yesterday that he felt himself happier now than he had felt for many years. Mrs. Sid. says, if her brother wishes it, she will open the Theatre for him, or any thing else he asks of her. There 's for you! Patty Wilkinson goes to York on Tuesday to her father, only a visit I suppose. Mr. Kemble desires his best affections, and bids me say, if he had a horse, he would call and see you very often; but, as it is, you must take the will for the deed. I will write whenever I have anything to tell you that I think you would like to know. God bless you!

Your obliged and affectionate Friend,

P. KEMBLE.

MRS. KEMBLE TO MRS. INCHBALD.

London, August 30, 1803.

My dear Mrs. Inchbald,

I am really quite longing to see you, and have asked every body that I thought had a carriage if they would take me; but I have not yet succeeded. Did you get the net veil I sent you from Mrs. Siddons by the post. All goes on as pleasantly as possible in the new firm. Mr. Kemble goes down to Belmont on Thursday. Harris has dined with us often. I have not yet seen the Theatre, but I hear it will be very pretty: it opens on Monday se'nnight with '*Speed the Plough.*' Neither Mr. Kemble nor his sister play the first week. Mrs. Siddons comes to town on Saturday week; Charles to-morrow week. He is to be with us till he gets a lodging. Mr. Siddons is come to town, looking very well; and I hear from every body that Mrs. S. is very well. We went to Margate, where no one was but ourselves I think. However, Mr. K. acted on, and gave the manager up half he agreed for. We then went to Walder-shaw, and stayed a few days with my Lord Guildford, which we passed very pleasantly indeed.

Your affectionate friend,

P. Kemble.

M. DESCHAMPS TO MRS. INCHBALD.

Madame,

Permettez-moi de vous offrir votre propre ouvrage traduit dans la langue d'un peuple accoutumé à sentir et à distinguer tout ce qui porte l'empreinte du génie, des graces, et de la vérité. C'est à tous ces titres que je lui ai présenté '*Simple Histoire,*' et il en saisira tout le mérite, malgré la foiblesse de ma traduction.

Vous-même, Madame, puissiez-vous ne pas méconnoître votre ouvrage, quoiqu'il ne soit plus exactement tel qu'il est sorti de tes mains; mais en le destinant à de nou-

veaux lecteurs, j'ai cru devoir modifier celles des formes qui se seroient trop éloignées de nos usages et de notre goût: j'ose assurer, pourtant, que ces altérations n'ont pas influé sur les caractères des personnages ; et ma scrupuleuse attention à ne perdre aucun des traits essentiels dont vous aviez su les peindre, me permet de croire que la copie n'en est pas infidèle: je n'ai pas pris moins de soins pour transporter dans ma traduction l'aimable simplicité qui fait le charme de l'original; pour saisir les nuances délicates, la justesse, la précision, la vérité du dialogue, pour conserver le plus qu'il m'a été possible de ces détails précieux par le sentiment qui les anime, par la finesse et la légéreté de la plaisanterie, et surtout par une profonde connoissance du cœur et des passions.

Le plaisir de faire connoître chez nous 'Simple Histoire' m'avoit fermé les yeux sur le travail et les peines qu'elle coûteroit à son traducteur. Le mérite même de votre style n'a pas peu servi à les augmenter. J'avois à rendre non-seulement les pensées, mais encore la force ou la grace des expressions; et si je n'ai pas réussi entièrement, la difficulté de l'entreprise doit auprès de vous, Madame, me servir d'excuse.

Ce que vous me pardonnerez moins aisément, peut-être, c'est de m'être arrêté presqu'au commencement du troisième volume, et de n'avoir pas joint l'histoire de Lady Mathilde à celle de sa mère: il m'en a coûté beaucoup, Madame, pour prendre sur moi de séparer ce que vous aviez cru pouvoir unir; mais cette réunion même de deux tableaux différents dans un même cadre auroit passé chez nous pour une hardiesse que peut-être le succès n'eût point justifiée: en m'écartant ainsi de mon modèle, j'ai exposé, à la fin du 2me. volume de la traduction, les raisons qui m'avoient déterminé. Ayez la bonté de les lire, Madame; et permettez-moi d'ajouter, que ce sacrifice, qui m'étoit commandé par le goût de mes lecteurs, n'est que le

sacrifice du moment; car je compte publier bientôt l'histoire de Lady Mathilde. Il me sera d'autant plus facile de reprendre cette suite de 'Simple Histoire,' que my Lord Elmwood, considéré dans la première partie comme tuteur et comme époux de Miss Milner, et dans la seconde comme père de l'enfant qu'elle a laissée, servira de lien pour unir ces deux parties: que d'ailleurs, l'interêt qui commence à naître pour Lady Mathilde doit lui ouvrir tous les cœurs dès qu'elle paroîtra sur la scène; qu'enfin les derniers moments de My Lady Elmwood, qui me restent à tracer à mes lecteurs, réveilleront assez l'impression profonde qu'elle a dû leur laisser, pour que dans tout le cours de cette seconde partie les larmes recommencent à couler sur elle, toutes les fois que je rappellerai son nom et son souvenir.

Si pour me justifier de ne vous avoir pas suivie dans cette occasion et dans quelques autres, je me suis permis quelques critiques, croyez, Madame, qu'il m'a été bien plus doux de vous rendre, pour tout le reste, la justice qui vous est due; et par le plaisir que j'ai trouvé à exprimer plus d'une fois à mes lecteurs la profonde admiration dont j'étois rempli pour vos talents, jugez de tout celui que j'éprouve aujourd'hui, Madame, à vous offrir à vous-même l'hommage de ce sentiment, et celui du respect avec lequel je suis,

Madame,

Votre très humble

et très obéissant serviteur,

DESCHAMPS.

Paris, Hôtel de Beaurace, ce 30 Janvier, 1792.

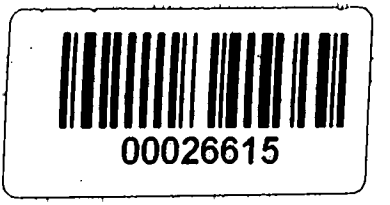
P. S. Comme je n'étois pas à Paris lorsqu'on a imprimé cette traduction, je n'ai pu revoir les épreuves, et il s'est glissé plusieurs fautes d'impression: les plus essen-

tielles sont corrigées à la main dans l'exemplaire que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer.

Je prends aussi la liberté de joindre à cet envoi les jugements qu'ont portés de '*Simple Histoire*' nos Journaux les plus estimés : il y a environ trois semaines que cette traduction a été rendue publique.

THE END.

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